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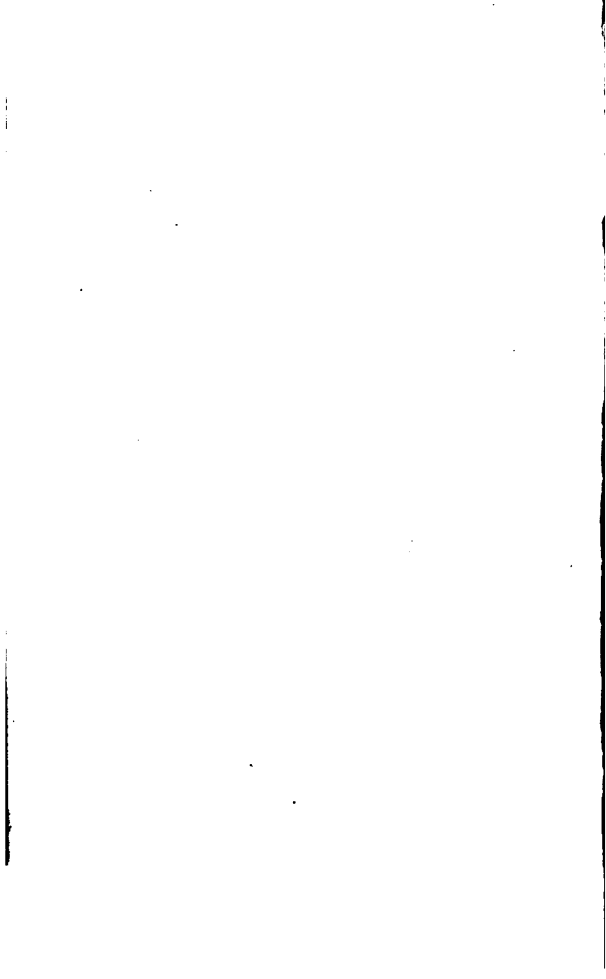
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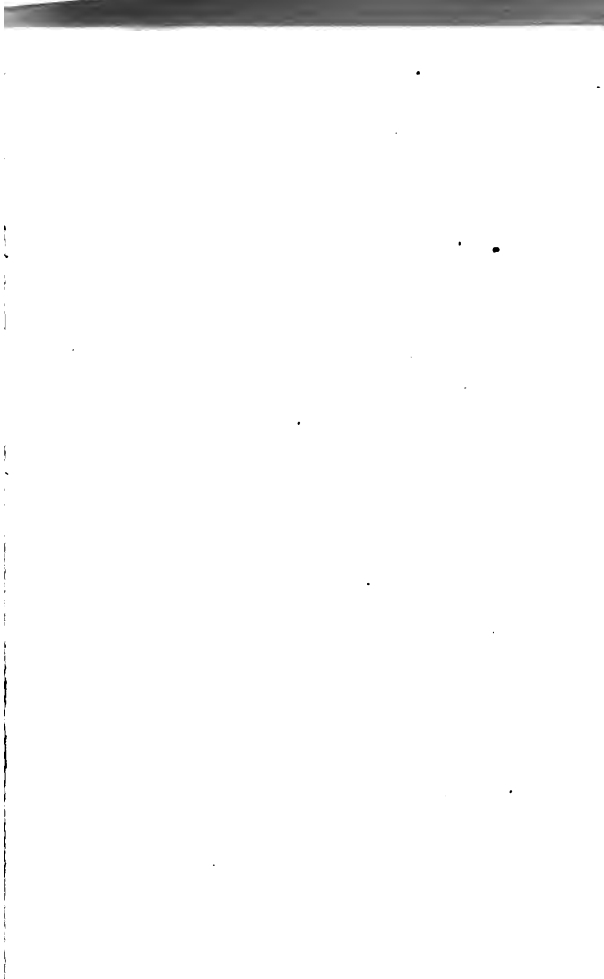
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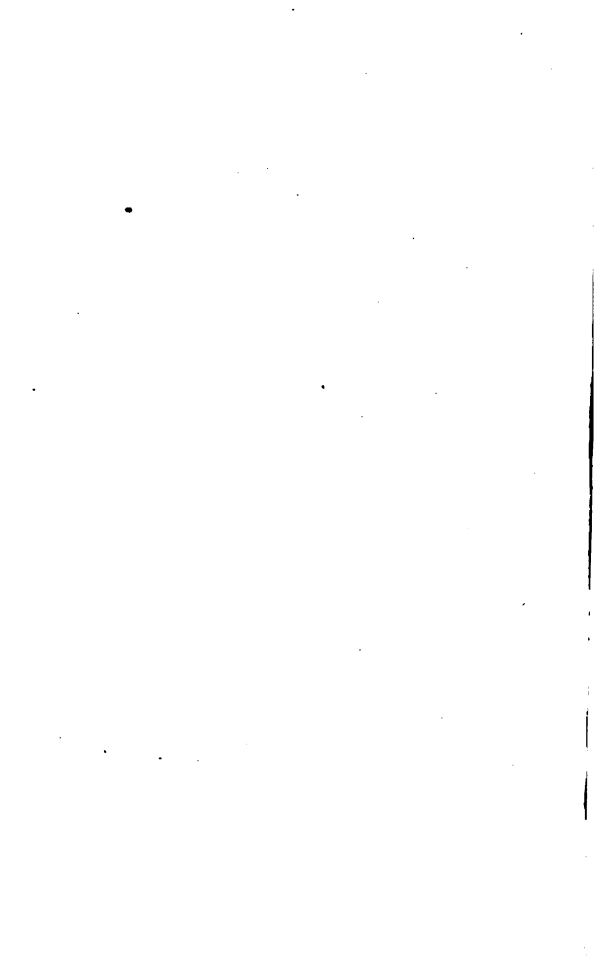
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VOL. III.

Whittingham's Edition.



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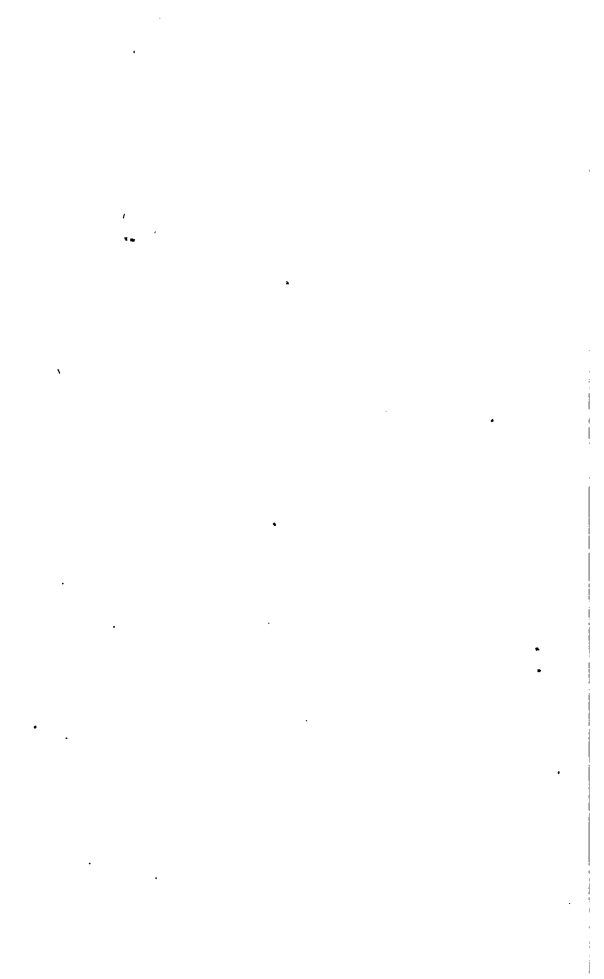
PART V.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS.



He had in one hand a lighted torch. p. 147.

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1827.



NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

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MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

Prose and Epistolary Writers.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF WHITTINGHAM'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

III.

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CONTENTS.

PART V.

Satirical and Humorous.

Page

A VISIT on Business	<i>Hook.</i>	1
The Comforts of a Voyage.....	<i>Coleridge.</i>	9
The Right of Discovery vindicated...	<i>W. Irving.</i>	10
A zealous Domestic.....	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i>	17
Character of a Cockney	<i>Hazlitt.</i>	29
The talking Lady	<i>Miss Mitford.</i>	36
The Art of Bookmaking	<i>W. Irving.</i>	44
A notable Wife	<i>Johnson.</i>	52
The Life of Dick Tinto	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i>	57
The Monopolizer of Conversation....	<i>Mackenzie.</i>	68
The Bargain Buyer.....	<i>Johnson.</i>	70
The Manufacture of a Victory	<i>Anonymous.</i>	74
The Busybody	<i>W. Irving.</i>	81
How to grow rich	<i>Hook.</i>	87
Description of Dominie Sampson...	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i>	94
The Race of the Effigies	<i>Galt.</i>	98
Ned Drugget	<i>Johnson.</i>	103
An old Bachelor's Complaint.....	<i>Cowper.</i>	107
An agreeable Visitor	<i>Hook.</i>	113
Dick Shifter's Visit to the Country....	<i>Johnson.</i>	135
Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Friar Tuck.	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i>	141

	Page
The Misadventure of Goose Gibbie at the Review	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 158
The young Author	<i>Anonymous.</i> 166
Wouter Van Twiller	<i>W. Irving.</i> 173
Doctors differ	<i>Coleridye.</i> 177
Anglo-German Dictionaries	<i>Anonymous.</i> 179
Trinity College, Cambridge, Forty Years ago.	<i>Anonymous.</i> 182
The Widow's Retinue	<i>W. Irving.</i> 189

PART VI.

Descriptive.

	Page
THE BORNON Cavalry.....	<i>Major Denham.</i> 193
African Mode of Warfare	<i>Ditto.</i> 196
The Cataract of Niagara	<i>Hewison.</i> 200
The Aurora Borealis.....	<i>Captain Parry.</i> 206
Venice at Sunset.....	<i>Mrs. Radcliffe.</i> 207
The Vengeance of Ulrica, and the Death of Reginald Front de Bœuf.....	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 211
Albania and its Inhabitants	<i>Lord Byron.</i> 219
The Rookery	<i>W. Irving.</i> 221
Athens	<i>Dr. Holland.</i> 230
The Scenery of the Island of Lewchew...MacLeod.	233
Discovery of Fire on Board the Kent, East India-man.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 235
Transfer of Passengers from the Kent to the Cambria.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 240
Constantinople, and the Approach to it from the Black Sea	<i>Dr. Clarke.</i> 246
The Vicinity of Constantinople at the Return of Spring	<i>Hope.</i> 254
The Eve of Battle	<i>Anonymous.</i> 256
A Fox Chase on the Scottish Border..	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 257
Nice and its Environs	<i>Mrs. Radcliffe.</i> 261
Lalla Rookh's Departure for Cashmere..	<i>T. Moore.</i> 264
The Massacre of the Greeks at Scio...Anonymous.	266
The Remains of Pompeii	<i>Eustace.</i> 269
The Remains of Pompeii	<i>Matthews.</i> 272
Ætna at Sunrise	<i>Brydone.</i> 278
Character of Grecian Scenery	<i>Anonymous.</i> 290

	Page
The Abbey of St. Ruth	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 291
The Battle of Corunna and Death of Sir John Moore	<i>Southey.</i> 295
A Military Execution.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 300
The Bay of Naples, seen from the City...	<i>Eustace.</i> 303
The Pontine Marshes seen at Twilight. <i>Anonymous.</i>	305
Moscow, before the Conflagration ...	<i>Dr. Clarke.</i> 307
A Scene on the River Spey	<i>Mrs. Grant.</i> 309
A Highland Inn of former Times...	<i>Mrs. Brunton.</i> 311
Osbaldistone Hall, and the Family of the Osbal- distones	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 315
A Fire in Dublin.....	<i>Maturin.</i> 321
Scenes in the Apennines	<i>Mrs. Radcliffe.</i> 324
The Upland Farms of the Norwegians. <i>Dr. Clarke.</i>	337
A Scene, nearly two Centuries ago, on the River Hudson	<i>W. Irving.</i> 342
The Prior of Jourvaux and the Knight Templar on their Way to the Tournament...	<i>Sir W. Scott.</i> 345
A Storm in the Wicklow Mountains....	<i>Maturin.</i> 350
Tom Cordery	<i>Miss Mitford.</i> 352
Portrait of a Country Dowager	<i>Mackenzie.</i> 363
The Storming of Constantinople	<i>Gibbon.</i> 369
The Endriago, and the Combat of Amadis de Gaul with the Monster	<i>Southey.</i> 375
Constantinople, as approached from the Sea of Marmora	<i>Hope.</i> 379

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART V.

Satirical and Humorous.

A VISIT ON BUSINESS.

THE Abberlys were at dinner when their guests arrived, the guests themselves having dined early, to please the old gentleman, at some distance from the metropolis. The meal was speedily finished, and the dessert put down, and Arden, who, as the reader may imagine, was most anxious to hear tidings of his misguided nephew, commenced a series of inquiries upon the interesting subject, when Mrs. Abberly interrupted the conversation, by asking her husband "just to ring the bell."

This request having been complied with, a servant appeared, to whom his mistress whispered, "Tell Dawes to bring the children:" the man disappeared, and the lady, turning to Louisa, with one of those sweet smiles which ladies about to praise themselves are in the habit of putting on, said, "We are very old fashioned folks, Miss

Neville. Mr. A. and myself make it a rule to have all the children round us every day after dinner—some people don't like it, but I hope and trust we shall never be so fashionable as *that* comes to."

Miss Neville was about to rejoin something very laudatory, touching infantine attraction and maternal affection, when a considerable uproar and squalling was heard in the hall, and the parlour door flying open, Dawes made her appearance, attended by seven fine healthy creatures, varying in their height from four feet two to two feet four, and in their ages from ten to three years. Chairs were ranged round the table for the young fry, who were extremely orderly and well behaved for a short time, and in the first instance taken to the colonel to be praised: the old gentleman, who was not particularly fond of nestlings at any time, but whose whole heart and soul were at the present moment occupied in the affairs of his prodigal nephew, kissed one and patted the other, and "blessed the little heart" of *this* one, and "pretty deared" *that* one, until the ceremony of inspection and approbation having been fully gone through, the whole party was turned over to Louisa, to undergo a second similar operation; after this, they were placed upon the chairs assigned to them, Dawes retired, and the conversation was resumed.

"And pray now," said the colonel, "what is your real opinion, Mr. Abberly, of the state of poor George's pecuniary affairs?"

"Sir," said Abberly, "I really think, if you wish me to speak candidly—Maria, my dear,

look at Georgina,—she is spilling all the sugar over the table.”

“Georgina,” said Mrs. Abberly, emphatically, “keep still, child; Sophy, help your sister to some sugar.”

“I really believe,” continued Mr. Abberly, “that Mr. George Arden—Sophy, put down that knife,—Maria, that child will cut her finger off, how *can* you let her do so—I wonder at you—upon my word, Sophy, I am quite ashamed of you.”

“Sophy, you naughty girl,” cried her mamma, “put down that knife directly, or I’ll send you up stairs.”

“I was only cutting the cake, ma,” said Sophy.

“Don’t do it again, then, and sit still,” exclaimed the mother, and turning to Louisa, added in an undertone, “Pretty dears, it is so difficult to keep them quiet at that age.”

“Well, sir,” again said the colonel, “but let me beg you to tell me seriously what you advise then to be done in the first instance.”

“Why, there is but one course,” answered the lawyer, who was a man of first rate talent; “you know, sir, there are different modes of treating different cases, but in this instance the course, I think, is clear and evident—Tom, you naughty child, you’ll be down; get off the back of Colonel Arden’s chair directly.”

“What a funny pigtail,” exclaimed somebody, in reference to a minute article of that sort worn by the colonel. Sophy laughed, and slapped her brother’s shoulder.

"Hush, William," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly, holding up her hand in a menacing posture.

"And that course," continued the master of the house, "if there be a chance yet left of preserving the young man, it will be absolutely necessary to pursue."

"Tell me, then, for God's sake," said the colonel, deeply interested, and highly agitated, "what you propose *should* be our first measure."

"George, my love," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly to her husband, "will you be good enough to speak to Robert, he won't leave Sophy alone, and he don't mind *me* the least in the world."

"Robert, be quiet," thundered out his father in an awful tone.

"She won't give me any cherries, pa," said Robert.

"That's a story, now, Robert," cried the eldest girl, who was nearly ten years old, and was screwed in, and poked out, to look like a woman; with curls, and a necklace, and a dress exactly like her mother's, who was forty.

"I'm sure you have had more than Sophy,—only you are such a rude boy."

"Bless my heart!" said the colonel, half aside, and warming a little with the events, "I beg your pardon, what did you say you would advise, Mr. Abberly?"

"Decidedly this," said Abberly, "I——"

"My love," interrupted Mrs. Abberly, once more, "is that port or claret near you? Dr. Mango says Maria is to have half a glass of port wine every day after dinner, this hot weather,—half a glass—thank you—there—not more—that

will do, dear ;"—here Mr. Abberly had concluded the operation of pouring out. "Tom," said mama, "go and fetch the wine for your sister, there's a dear love."

Tom did as he was bid, tripped his toe over a corner of the rug in passing round the table, and deposited the major part of the port wine in the lap of Miss Louisa Neville, who was habited in an apple green silk pelisse (which she had not taken off since her arrival), that was by no means improved in its appearance by the accidental reception of the contents of Miss Maria's glass.

"Good God! Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly, "what an awkward child you are!—dear Miss Neville,—what shall we do?—ring the bell, Sophy, send for Simmons, or send for Miss Neville's maid.—Miss Neville, pray take off your pelisse."

"Oh, I assure you it is not of the slightest consequence," said Louisa, with one of her sweetest smiles, at the same moment wishing Tom had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before he had given her the benefit of his *gaucherie*; a stain upon a silk dress being, as every body knows, at all times and seasons a feminine aggravation of the first class.

Tom, anticipating a beating from some quarter, but *which* he did not stop to calculate, set up a most mellifluous howling; this awakened from its peaceful slumbers a fat poodle, who had been reposing, after a hearty dinner, beneath the table, and who forthwith commenced a most terrific barking.

"Be quiet, Tom," said Mr. Abberly,—"Maria, my angel, do keep the children still."

"Ma," exclaimed Maria junior, "I'm not to lose my wine,—am I, pa?"

"No, my love, to be sure," said Abberly; "come here and fetch it yourself, my darling."

"She had better drink it *there*, Mr. A.," said the prudent mother.

And accordingly, under the *surveillance* of his wife, who kept watching him as to the exact quantity, periodically cautioning him with—There, my love—there, my dear—that will do—no more, my love, &c. Mr. A., as she *Bloomsburily* called him, poured out another half glass of port wine, as prescribed by Dr. Mango, for his daughter.

Old Arden, whose patience was nearly exhausted, and who thought that Mrs. Abberly was, like Lady Cock's chairs upon state occasions, screwed to her place, sought what he considered a favourable "lull," as the sailors call it, to endeavour to ascertain what Abberly's plan for the redemption of his nephew actually was, and had just wound himself into an interrogative shape, when Mrs. Abberly called his attention, by observing, "that a certain little lady," looking very archly at Miss Maria, "wanted very much to let him hear how well she could repeat a little poem without book."

Mrs. Abberly had prepared Louisa for this, by whispering to her, that such exhibitions created emulation in the nursery; and that Dawes was a very superior person, and with Miss Gubbins (who was quite invaluable) brought them on delightfully.

"I shall be charmed, ma'am," said the colonel, heaving a sigh. And accordingly, the child stood up at his side, and began that beautiful bit of

Barbauldism, so extremely popular in the lower forms of preparatory schools, called "The Beggar's Petition." Arden could not, however, suppress a significant ejaculation, quite intelligible to his niece, when the dear little Maria, smelling of soap and bread and butter, with her shoulders pushed back, her head stuck up, and her claviculæ developed like drum sticks, squeaked out the opening line—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

"Ah!" exclaimed Arden, at the same time pushing back his chair and twirling his thumbs.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,"

continued the sweet innocent,

"Whose trembling limbs has bore him to oo door,
Whose dace are dwilden'd to is sortest pan,
Oh!—"

"Give relief,"

said Mrs. Abberly.

"Give a leaf,"

said the child.

"And Heaven,"

continued Mrs. Abberly.

"Give a leaf and Heaven,"—

repeated Maria,

"And Heaven——"

"Well, what's next?" said Mrs. Abberly.

"Give a leaf and Heaven, well, what's next?"

said the child.

"No, my dear love," said her papa, patting her little head,—

"Heaven will bless your store."

Why, you said it yesterday, my darling, without missing a single word."

"Heaven—will bless your store,"

said the child.

"Now that's all learnt from the book, colonel," said Mrs. Abberly, "not by rote!"

"Very pretty indeed, ma'am," said the colonel, "very clever!"

"Ah! but there are six more verses, sir," said Sophy; "she only knows three,—I can say 'em all!"

"That you can't," said Tom; "I can say 'em better than you; besides, I can say all about 'The Black-beetle's Ball,' and 'The Bull and the Watering-pot.'"

"Oh, you story teller, Tom!"

"I can," said Tom; "you may go and ask Miss Gubbins if I can't."

"I know you can't, Tom, and Miss Gubbins said so only yesterday," replied Sophy.

"Hush, hush, my dears!" said the master of the house, "never mind who says that; you know you are older than Tom, my love. Pray, colonel," said the fond father, turning to the agitated old man, "do you think Sophy grows like her mother?"

HOOK,

THE COMFORTS OF A VOYAGE.

IMAGINATIVE reader! have you ever been in a gale of wind on the edge of the Bay of Biscay? If not, and you are fond of variety, it is really worth your while to take a trip to Lisbon or Madeira for the chance of meeting with one. Calculate your season well in December or January, when the south-wester has properly set in, and you will find it one of the finest and most uncomfortable things in the world. *My* gale lasted from Sunday till Wednesday evening, which is somewhat long perhaps for amusement, but it gave ample room for observation and philosophy. I think I still hear that ineffable hubbub of plates and glasses breaking, chairs and tables falling, women screaming, sailors piping, officers swearing, the wind whistling, and the sea roaring, which awakened me about two o'clock on Monday morning, from one of those sweet dreams, wherein, through infinite changes and indistinct combinations of imagery, thy loved form, Eugenia, for ever prevails in its real and natural beauty. The Atlantic was gushing in through my port, in a very refreshing manner, and ebbing and flowing under and around my bed with every roll of the ship. My clothes were floating on the face of the waters. I turned to sleep again, but the sea came with that awful dead sledge-hammer beat, which makes a landsman's heart tremble, and the impertinent quotation of some poor scholar in the next cabin, about *quatuor aut septem digitos*, brushed every atom of Morphic dust from my eyes. I sat bolt upright,

and for some time contemplated, by the glimmering of the sentry's lantern, the huge disarray of my pretty den ; I fished for my clothes, but they were bathing ; I essayed to rise, but I could find no resting place for the sole of a rheumatic foot. However, I was somewhat consoled by a sailor, who came to bale out the water at daybreak ;—
“ A fine breeze, sir, only its dead on end for us ; and to be sure, I minds the Apollo and thirty-two marchantmen were lost somewhere in these here parts.” It was kindly meant of Jack, no doubt, though he was out of his latitude by eight degrees at least.

COLERIDGE.

THE

RIGHT OF DISCOVERY VINDICATED.

THUS were the European worthies who first discovered America clearly entitled to the soil ; and not only entitled to the soil, but likewise to the eternal thanks of these infidel savages, for having come so far, endured so many perils by sea and land, and taken such unwearied pains, for no other purpose but to improve their forlorn, uncivilized, and heathenish condition—for having made them acquainted with the comforts of life—for having introduced among them the light of religion ; and, finally, for having hurried them out of the world, to enjoy its reward !

But as argument is never so well understood by us selfish mortals, as when it comes home to ourselves, and as I am particularly anxious that

this question should be put to rest for ever, I will suppose a parallel case, by way of arousing the candid attention of my readers.

Let us suppose then, that the inhabitants of the moon, by astonishing advancement in science, and by a profound insight into that ineffable lunar philosophy, the mere flickerings of which have of late years dazzled the feeble optics, and addled the shallow brains of the good people of our globe—let us suppose, I say, that the inhabitants of the moon, by these means, had arrived at such a command of their energies, such an enviable state of perfectibility, as to control the elements and navigate the boundless regions of space. Let us suppose a roving crew of these soaring philosophers, in the course of an aerial voyage of discovery among the stars, should chance to alight upon this outlandish planet.

And here I beg my readers will not have the uncharitableness to smile, as is too frequently the fault of volatile readers, when perusing the grave speculations of philosophers. I am far from indulging in any sportive vein at present; nor is the supposition I have been making so wild as many may deem it. It has long been a very serious and anxious question with me, and many a time and oft, in the course of my overwhelming cares and contrivances for the welfare and protection of this my native planet, have I lain awake whole nights, debating in my mind whether it were most probable we should first discover and civilize the moon, or the moon discover and civilize our globe. Neither would the prodigy of sailing in the air and cruising among

the stars be a whit more astonishing and incomprehensible to us, than was the European mystery of navigating floating castles through the world of waters to the simple savages. We have already discovered the art of coasting along the aerial shores of our planet, by means of balloons, as the savages had of venturing along their coasts in canoes; and the disparity between the former and the aerial vehicles of the philosophers from the moon, might not be greater than that between the bark canoes of the savages and the mighty ships of their discoverers.

I might here pursue an endless chain of similar speculations; but as they would be unimportant to my subject, I abandon them to my reader, particularly if he be a philosopher, as matters well worthy his attentive consideration.

To return then to my supposition—let us suppose that the aerial visitants I have mentioned, possessed of vastly superior knowledge to ourselves, that is to say, possessed of superior knowledge in the art of extermination—riding on hippogriffs—defended with impenetrable armour—armed with concentrated sunbeams, and provided with vast engines to hurl enormous moon stones: in short, let us suppose them, if our vanity will permit the supposition, as superior to us in knowledge, and consequently in power, as the Europeans were to the Indians when they first discovered them. All this is very possible, it is only our self-sufficiency that makes us think otherwise; and I warrant the poor savages, before they had any knowledge of the white men, armed in all the terrors of glittering steel and

tremendous gunpowder, were as perfectly convinced that they themselves were the wisest, the most virtuous, powerful, and perfect of created beings, as are, at this present moment, the lordly inhabitants of old England, the volatile populace of France, or even the self-satisfied citizens of this most enlightened republic.

Let us suppose, moreover, that the aerial voyagers, finding this planet to be nothing but a howling wilderness, inhabited by us poor savages and wild beasts, shall take formal possession of it, in the name of his most gracious and philosophic excellency the man in the moon. Finding, however, that their numbers are incompetent to hold it in complete subjection, on account of the ferocious barbarity of its inhabitants; they shall take our worthy President, the King of England, the Emperor of Hayti, the mighty Buonaparte, and the great King of Bantam, and returning to their native planet, shall carry them to court, as were the Indian chiefs led about as spectacles in the courts of Europe.

Then, making such obeisance as the etiquette of the court requires, they shall address the puissant man in the moon in, as near as I can conjecture, the following terms:—

“Most serene and mighty potentate, whose dominions extend as far as the eye can reach, who rideth on the Great Bear, useth the sun as a looking-glass, and maintaineth unrivaled control over tides, madmen, and sea-crabs; we thy liege subjects, have just returned from a voyage of discovery, in the course of which we have landed and taken possession of that obscure little dirty

planet, which thou beholdest at a distance. The five uncouth monsters, which we have brought in this august presence, were once very important chiefs among their fellow savages, who are a race of beings totally destitute of the common attributes of humanity; and differing in every thing from the inhabitants of the moon, inasmuch as they carry their heads upon their shoulders, instead of under their arms—have two eyes instead of one—are utterly destitute of tails, and are of a variety of unseemly complexions, particularly of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea-green.

“ We have moreover found these miserable savages sunk into a state of the utmost ignorance and depravity, every man shamelessly living with his own wife, and rearing his own children, instead of indulging in that community of wives enjoined by the law of nature, as expounded by the philosophers of the moon. In a word, they have scarcely a gleam of true philosophy among them, but are, in fact, utter heretics, ignoramuses and barbarians. Taking compassion, therefore, on the sad condition of these sublunary wretches, we have endeavoured, while we remained on their planet, to introduce among them the light of reason—and the comforts of the moon. We have treated them to mouthfuls of moonshine, and draughts of nitrous oxyde, which they swallowed with incredible voracity, particularly the females; and we have likewise endeavoured to instil into them the precepts of lunar philosophy. We have insisted upon their renouncing the contemptible shackles of religion and common sense, and

adoring the profound, omnipotent, and all perfect energy, and the ecstatic, immutable, immovable, perfection. But such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these wretched savages, that they persisted in cleaving to their wives and adhering to their religion, and absolutely set at nought the sublime doctrines of the moon—nay, among other abominable heresies, they even went so far as blasphemously to declare that this ineffable planet was made of nothing more nor less than green cheese !”

At these words the great man in the moon (being a very profound philosopher) shall fall into a terrible passion, and possessing equal authority over things that do not belong to him, as did whilome his holiness the Pope, shall forthwith issue a formidable bull—specifying, “ That whereas a certain crew of lunatics have lately discovered and taken possession of a newly discovered planet called the earth ; and that whereas it is inhabited by none but a race of two legged animals that carry their heads on their shoulders instead of under their arms—cannot talk the lunatic language—have two eyes instead of one—are destitute of tails, and of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea-green ; therefore, and for a variety of other excellent reasons, they are considered incapable of possessing any property in the planet they infest, and the right and title to it are confirmed to its original discoverers.—And furthermore, the colonists who are now about to depart to the aforesaid planet, are authorized and commanded to use every means to convert these

infidel savages from the darkness of Christianity, and make them thorough and absolute lunatics.

In consequence of this benevolent bull, philosophic benefactors go to work with hearty zeal. They seize upon our fertile territories, scourge us from our rightful possessions, relieve us from our wives; and when we are unreasonable enough to complain, they will turn upon us and say, "Miserable barbarians! ungrateful wretches!—have we not come thousands of miles to improve your worthless planet?—have we not fed you with moonshine?—have we not intoxicated you with nitrous oxyde?—does not our moon give you light every day?—and have you the baseness to murmur, when we claim a pitiful return for all these benefits?" But finding that we not only persist, in absolute contempt of their reasoning, and disbelief in their philosophy, but even go so far as daringly to defend our property, their patience shall be exhausted, and they shall resort to their superior powers of argument—hunt us with hippogriffs, transfix us with concentrated sunbeams, demolish our cities with moonstones; until having, by main force, converted us to the true faith, they shall graciously permit us to exist in the torrid deserts of Arabia, or the frozen regions of Lapland, there to enjoy the blessings of civilization, and the charms of lunar philosophy—in much the same manner as the reformed and enlightened savages of this country are kindly suffered to inhabit the inhospitable forests of the north, or the impenetrable wilderness of South America.

W. IRVING.

A ZEALOUS DOMESTIC.

THE roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle; the founder of the fortress had perched his eyry. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that toward the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge; but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow court-yard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a grayish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror.

Although the night was not far advanced, there was no sign of living inhabitant about this for-

lorn abode, excepting that one, and only one, of the narrow and staunchelled windows, which appeared at irregular heights and distances in the walls of the building, showed a small glimmer of light.

"There," said Ravenswood, "sits the only male domestic that remains to the house of Ravenswood; and it is well that he does remain there, since otherwise we had little hope to find either light or fire. But follow me cautiously; the road is narrow, and admits only one horse in front."

In effect, the path led along a kind of isthmus, at the peninsular extremity of which the tower was situated, with that exclusive attention to strength and security, in preference to every circumstance of convenience, which dictated to the Scottish barons the choice of their situations, as well as their style of building.

By adopting the cautious mode of approach, recommended by the proprietor of this wild hold, they entered the court-yard in safety. But it was long ere the efforts of Ravenswood, though loudly exerted by knocking at the low-browed entrance, and repeated shouts to Caleb to open the gate and admit them, received any answer.

"The old man must be departed," he began to say, "or fallen into some fit; for the noise I have made would have waked the seven sleepers."

At length a timid and hesitating voice replied,—"Master—Master of Ravenswood, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, Caleb; open the door quickly."

"But is it you in very blood and body? For I would sooner face fifty deevils as my maister's

ghaist, or even his wraith,—wherefore aroint ye, if ye were ten times my master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith, and limb."

"It is I, you old fool," answered Ravenswood, "in bodily shape, and alive; save that I am half dead with cold."

The light at the upper window disappeared, and glancing from loophole to loophole in slow succession, gave intimation that the bearer was in the act of descending, with great deliberation, a winding staircase, occupying one of the turrets which graced the angles of the old tower. The tardiness of his descent extracted some exclamations of impatience from Ravenswood, and several oaths from his less patient and more mercurial companion. Caleb again paused ere he unbolted the door, and once more asked, if they were men of mould that demanded entrance at this time of night?

"Were I near you, you old fool," said Bucklaw, "I would give you sufficient proofs of my bodily condition."

"Open the gate, Caleb," said his master in a more soothing tone, partly from his regard to the ancient and faithful seneschal, partly, perhaps, because he thought that angry words would be thrown away, so long as Caleb had a stout iron-clenched oaken door betwixt his person and the speakers.

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin gray hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while

he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous courteous glance which he threw around him—the effect of the partial light upon his white hair and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travellers were too impatient for security against the rising storm to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. “Is it you, my dear master? is it you yourself, indeed?” exclaimed the old domestic. “I am wae ye suld hae stude waiting at your ain gate; but wha wad hae thought o’ seeing ye sae sune, and a strange gentleman with a— (here he exclaimed apart as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard in the court)—Mysie—Mysie woman, stir for dear life, and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or ony thing that’s readiest, that will make a lowe.—I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hae been received conform till your rank, as gude right is; but natheless”——

“Natheless, Caleb,” said the Master, “we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected!”

“Sorry, my lord!—I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi’ honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a whig’s leave.—Sorry to see the lord of Ravenswood at ane of his ain castles!—(Then again apart to his unseen associate behind the screen)—Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them care that come ahint,—

No, to say it's our best dwelling," he added, turning to Bucklaw, "but just a strength for the lord of Ravenswood to flee until,—that is, no to *flee*, but to retreat until in troublous times, like the present, when it was ill convenient for him to live farther in the country in any of his better and mair principal manors; but, for its antiquity, maist folk think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal."

"And you are determined we shall have time to make it," said Ravenswood, somewhat amused with the shifts the old man used to detain them without doors, until his confederate Mysie had made her preparations within.

"O, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend," said Bucklaw; "let's see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that's all."

"O yes, sir—ay, sir,—unquestionably, sir,—my lord and any of his honourable companions"—

"But our horses, my old friend—our horses; they will be dead-foundered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses," exclaimed Bucklaw.

"True—ay—your horses—yes—I will call the grooms;" and sturdily did Caleb roar till the old tower rung again,—“John—William—Saunders!—The lads are gane out, or sleeping,” he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. “A’ gaes wrang when the master’s out bye; but I’ll take care o’ your cattle mysel.”

“I think you had better,” said Ravenswood;

"otherwise I see little chance of their being attended to at all."

"Whisht, my lord,—whisht, for God's sake," said Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his master; "if ye dinna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we'll hae hard aneugh wark to make a decent night o't, wi' a' the lies I can tell."

"Well, well, never mind," said his master; "go to the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?"

"On ay, plenty of hay and corn;" this was uttered boldly and aloud, and, in a lower tone, "there was some half fow's o' aits, and some taits o' meadow hay, left after the burial."

"Very well," said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic's unwilling hand, "I will show the stranger up stairs myself."

"I canna think o' that, my lord;—if ye wad but have five minutes, or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour's patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass and North Berwick Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason is ye suld be marshalled, your lordship and your honourable visitor. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit"—

"It will do very well in the mean time," said Ravenswood; "and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable; for, if I recollect, half the roof is off."

"Very true, my lord," replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, "and the lazy slater loons have never come to put it on a' this while, your lordship."

"If I were disposed to jest at the calamities of my house," said Ravenswood, as he led the way up stairs, "poor old Caleb would furnish me with ample means. His passion consists in representing things about our miserable *menage*, not as they are, but as, in his opinion, they ought to be; and, to say the truth, I have been often diverted with the poor wretch's expedient to supply what he thought was essential for the credit of the family, and his still more generous apologies for the want of those articles for which his ingenuity could discover no substitute. But though the tower is none of the largest, I shall have some trouble without him to find the apartment in which there is a fire."

As he spoke thus, he opened the door of the hall. "Here, at least," he said, "there is neither hearth nor harbour."

It was indeed a scene of desolation. A large vaulted room, the beams of which, combined like those of Westminster Hall, were rudely carved at the extremities, remained nearly in the situation in which it had been left after the entertainment at Allan Lord Ravenswood's funeral. Overturned pitchers, and black jacks, and pewter stoups, and flagons, still cumbered the large oaken table; glasses, those more perishable implements of conviviality, many of which had been voluntarily sacrificed by the guests in their enthusiastic pledges to favourite toasts, strewed the stone floor with their fragments. As for the articles of plate, lent for the purpose by friends and kinsfolk, those had been carefully withdrawn so soon as the ostentatious display of festivity,

equally unnecessary and strangely timed, had been made and ended. Nothing, in short, remained that indicated wealth; all the signs were those of recent wastefulness and present desolation. The black cloth hangings, which, on the late mournful occasion, replaced the tattered moth-eaten tapestries, had been partly pulled down, and, dangling from the wall in irregular festoons, disclosed the rough stone work of the building, unsmoothed either by plaster or hewn stone. The seats thrown down, or left in disorder, intimated the careless confusion which had concluded the mournful revel. "This room," said Ravenswood, holding up the lamp—"this room, Mr. Hayston, was riotous when it should have been sad; it is a just retribution that it should now be sad when it ought to be cheerful."

They left this disconsolate apartment, and went up stairs, where, after opening one or two doors in vain, Ravenswood led the way into a little matted anti-room, in which, to their great joy, they found a tolerably good fire, which Mysie, by some such expedient as Caleb had suggested, had supplied with a reasonable quantity of fuel. Glad at the heart to see more of comfort than the castle had yet seemed to offer, Bucklaw rubbed his hands heartily over the fire, and now listened with more complacency to the apologies which the master of Ravenswood offered. "Comfort," he says, "I cannot provide for you, for I have it not for myself; it is long since these walls have known it, if indeed they were ever acquainted with it. Shelter and safety, I think, I can promise you."

"Excellent matters, master," replied Bucklaw, "and, with a mouthful of food and wine, positively all I can require to-night."

"I fear," said the master, "your supper will be a poor one; I hear the matter in discussion betwixt Caleb and Mysie. Poor Balderston is something deaf, amongst his other accomplishments, so that much of what he means should be spoken aside is overheard by the whole audience, and especially by those from whom he is most anxious to conceal his private manoeuvres—Hark!"

They listened, and heard the old domestic's voice in conversation with Mysie to the following effect:—"Just mak the best o't, make the best o't, woman; it's easy to put a fair face on ony-thing."

"But the auld brood-hen?—she'll be as tough as bow-strings and bend-leather."

"Say ye made a mistake—say ye made a mistake, Mysie," replied the faithful seneschal, in a soothing and undertoned voice; "tak it a' on yoursel; never let the credit o' the house suffer."

"But the brood-hen," remonstrated Mysie,—
"ou, she's sitting some gate aneath the clais in the hall, and I am feared to gae in the dark for the bogle; and if I didna see the bogle, I could as ill see the hen, for it's pit-mirk, and there's no another light in the house, save that very blessed lamp whilk the master has in his ain hand. And if I had the hen, she's to pu', and to draw, and to dress; how can I do that, and their sitting by the only fire we have?"

"Weel, weel, Mysie," said the butler, "bide

ye there a wee, and I'll try to get the lamp wiled away frae them."

Accordingly Caleb Balderston entered the apartment, little aware that so much of his by-play had been audible there. "Well, Caleb, my old friend, is there any chance of supper?" said the master of Ravenswood.

"*Chance of supper, your lordship?*" said Caleb, with an emphasis of strong scorn at the implied doubt,—"*How should there be any question of that, and we in your lordship's house?—Chance of supper indeed!—But ye'll no be for butcher-meat? There's walth o' fat poultry, ready either for spit or brander—The fat capon, Mysie,*" he added, calling out as boldly as if such a thing had been in existence.

"Quite unnecessary," said Bucklaw, who deemed himself bound in courtesy to relieve some part of the anxious butler's perplexity, "if you have any thing cold, or a morsel of bread."

"The best of bannocks!" exclaimed Caleb, much relieved: "and, for cauld meat, a' that we hae is cauld aneugh,—howbeit maist of the cauld meat and pastry was gi'en to the poor folk after the ceremony of interment as gude reason was; nevertheless"——

"Come, Caleb," said the master of Ravenswood, "I must cut this matter short. This is the young laird of Bucklaw; he is under hiding, and therefore you know"——

"He'll be nae nicer than your lordship's honour, I'se warrant," answered Caleb cheerfully, with a nod of intelligence; "I am sorry that the gentleman is under distress, but I am blythe that

he canna say muckle again our house-keeping, for I believe, his ain pinches may match ours ;—no that we are pinched, thank God,” he added, retracting the admission which he had made in his first burst of joy, “but nae doubt we are waur aff than we hae been, or suld be. And for eating,—what signifies telling a lie?—there just the hinder end of the mutton ham, that has been but three times on the table ; and the nearer the bane the sweeter, as your honours weel ken ; and—there’s the heel of the ewe-milk kebbuck, wi’ a bit of nice butter, and—and—that’s a’ that’s to trust to.” And with great alacrity he produced his slender stock of provisions, and placed them with much formality upon a small round table betwixt the two gentlemen, who were not deterred either by the homely quality or limited quantity of the repast from doing it full justice. Caleb in the mean while waited on them with great officiousness, as if anxious to make up, by his own respectful assiduity, for the want of all other attendance.

But, alas ! how little on such occasions can form, however anxiously and scrupulously observed, supply the lack of substantial fare ! Bucklow, who had eagerly eat a considerable portion of the thrice-sacked mutton ham, now began to demand ale.

“I wadna just presume to recommend our ale,” said Caleb ; “the maut was ill made, and there was awfu’ thunner last week ; but siccan water as the Tower well has, ye’ll seldom see, Bucklaw, and that I’se engage for.”

“But if your ale is bad, you can let us have

some wine," said Bucklaw, making a grimace at the mention of the pure element which Caleb so earnestly recommended.

"Wine?" answered Caleb undauntedly, "a-neugh of wine; it was but twa days syne—wae's me for the cause—there was as much wine drunk in this house as would have floated a pin-nace. There never was lack of wine at Wolf's Crag."

"Do fetch us some then," said his master, "instead of talking about it." And Caleb boldly departed.

Every expended butt in the old cellar did he set atilt and shake with the desperate expectation of collecting enough of the grounds of claret to fill the large pewter measure which he carried in his hand. Alas! each had been too devoutly drained; and, with all the squeezing and manoeuvring which his craft as a butler suggested, he could only collect about half a quart that seemed presentable. Still, however, Caleb was too good a general to renounce the field without a stratagem to cover his retreat. He undauntedly threw down an empty flagon, as if he had stumbled at the entrance of the apartment; called upon Mysie to wipe up the wine that had never been spilt, and, placing the other vessel upon the table, hoped there was still enough left for their honours. There was indeed; for even Bucklaw, a sworn friend to the grape, found no encouragement to renew his first attack upon the vintage of Wolf's Crag, but contented himself, however reluctantly, with a draught of fair water. Arrangements were now made for

his repose; and as the secret chamber was assigned for this purpose, it furnished Caleb with a first-rate and most plausible apology for all the deficiencies of furniture, bedding, &c.

"For wha," said he, "would have thought of the secret chaumer being needed? it has not been used since the time of the Gowrie Conspiracy; and I durst never let a woman ken of the entrance to it, or your honour will allow that it wad not hae been a secret chaumer lang."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHARACTER OF A COCKNEY.

THE true Cockney has never travelled beyond the purlieus of the metropolis, either in the body or the spirit. Primrose Hill is the *ultima Thule* of his most romantic desires; Greenwich Park stands him in the stead of the Vales of Arcady. Time and space are lost to him. He is confined to one spot, and to the present moment. He sees every thing near, superficial, little, in hasty succession. The world turns round, and his head with it, like a roundabout at a fair, till he becomes stunned and giddy with the motion. Figures glide by as in a *camera obscura*. There is a glare, a perpetual hubbub, a noise, a crowd about him; he sees and hears a vast number of things, and knows nothing. He is pert, raw, ignorant, conceited, ridiculous, shallow, contemptible. His senses keep him alive; and he knows, inquires, and cares for nothing farther. He meets the Lord Mayor's coach, and, without ceremony;

treats himself to an imaginary ride in it. He notices the people going to court or to a city feast, and is satisfied with the show. He takes the wall of a lord, and fancies himself as good as he. He sees an infinite quantity of people pass along the street, and thinks there is no such thing as life or a knowledge of character to be found out of London. "Beyond Hyde Park all is a desert to him." He despises the country, because he is ignorant of it; and the town, because he is familiar with it. He is as well acquainted with St. Paul's as if he had built it; and talks of Westminster Abbey and Poets' Corner with great indifference. The King, the House of Lords and Commons, are his very good friends. He knows the members for Westminster or the city by sight, and bows to the sheriffs or sheriffs' men. He is hand and glove with the chairman of some committee. He is, in short, a great man by proxy, and comes so often in contact with fine persons and things, that he rubs off a little of the gilding, and is surcharged with a sort of second-hand, vapid, tingling, troublesome self-importance. His personal vanity is thus continually flattered and perked into ridiculous self-complacency, while his imagination is jaded and impaired by daily misuse. Every thing is vulgarised in his mind. Nothing dwells long enough on it to produce an interest; nothing is contemplated sufficiently at a distance to excite curiosity or wonder. Your true Cockney is your only true leveller. Let him be as low as he will, he fancies he is as good as any body else. He has no respect for himself, and still less (if possible) for

you. He cares little about his own advantages, if he can only make a jest at yours. Every feeling comes to him through a medium of levity and impertinence ; nor does he like to have this habit of mind disturbed by being brought into collision with any thing serious or respectable. He despairs (in such a crowd of competitors) of distinguishing himself, but laughs heartily at the idea of being able to trip up the heels of other people's pretensions. A Cockney feels no gratitude. This is a first principle with him. He regards any obligation you confer upon him as a species of imposition, of a ludicrous assumption of fancied superiority. He talks about every thing, for he has heard something about it ; and, understanding nothing of the matter, concludes he has as good a right as you. He is a politician, for he has seen the Parliament House : he is a critic, because he knows the principal actors by sight ; has a taste for music, because he belongs to a glee club at the West End ; and is gallant, in virtue of sometimes frequenting the lobbies at half-price. A mere Londoner, in fact, from the opportunities he has of knowing something of a number of objects (and those striking ones) fancies himself a sort of privileged person, remains satisfied with the assumption of merits, so much the more unquestionable as they are not his own ; and from being dazzled with noise and show and appearances, is less capable of giving a real opinion, or entering into any subject than the meanest peasant. There are greater lawyers, orators, painters, philosophers, players, in London, than in any other part of the United Kingdom : he is

a Londoner, and therefore it would be strange if he did not know more of law, eloquence, art, philosophy, acting, than any one without his local advantages, and who is merely from the country. This is a *non sequitur*, and it constantly appears so when put to the test.

A real Cockney is the poorest creature in the world; the most literal, the most mechanical, and yet he too lives in a world of romance—a fairy land of his own. He is a citizen of London; and this abstraction leads his imagination the finest dance in the world. London is the first city on the habitable globe; and therefore he must be superior to every one who lives out of it. There are more people in London than any where else; and though a dwarf in stature, his person swells out and expands into *ideal* importance and borrowed magnitude. He resides in a garret or in a two pair of stairs' back room; yet he talks of the magnificence of London, and gives himself airs of consequence upon it, as if all the houses in Portman or in Grosvenor Square were his by right or in reversion. "He is owner of all he surveys." The Monument, the Tower of London, St. James's Palace, the Mansion House, Whitehall, are part and parcel of his being.

Let us suppose him to be a lawyer's clerk at half-a-guinea a week; but he knows the Inns of Court, the Temple Gardens, and Gray's Inn Passage; sees the lawyers in their wigs walking up and down Chancery Lane; and has advanced within half a dozen yards of the chancellor's chair:—who can doubt that he understands (by implication) every point of law (however intri-

cate) better than the most expert country practitioner? He is a shopman, and nailed all day behind the counter; but he sees hundreds and thousands of gay, well dressed people pass—an endless phantasmagoria—and enjoys their liberty and gaudy fluttering pride. He is a footman—but he rides behind beauty, through a crowd of carriages, and visits a thousand shops. Is he a tailor? The stigma on his profession is lost in the elegance of the patterns he provides, and of the persons he adorns; and he is something very different from a mere country butcher. Nay, the very scavenger and nightman thinks the dirt in the street has something precious in it, and his employment is solemn, silent, sacred, peculiar to London! A barker in Monmouth Street, a slop-seller in Ratcliffe Highway, a tapster at a night cellar, a beggar in St. Giles's, a drab in Fleet Ditch, live in the eyes of millions, and eke out a dreary, wretched, scanty, or loathsome existence from the gorgeous, busy, glowing scene around them. It is a common saying among such persons, that "they had rather be hanged in London than die a natural death out of it any where else." Such is the force of habit and imagination. Even the eye of childhood is dazzled and delighted with the polished splendour of the jewellers' shops, the neatness of the turnery ware, the festoons of artificial flowers, the confectionery, the chymists' shops, the lamps, the horses, the carriages, the sedan-chairs: to this was formerly added a set of traditional associations—Whittington and his Cat, Guy Faux and the Gunpowder Treason, the Fire and the Plague of London, and

the 'Heads of the Scotch Rebels that were stuck on Temple Bar in 1745. These have vanished; and in their stead the curious and romantic eye must be content to pore in Pennant for the site of old London Wall, or to peruse the sentimental mile-stone that marks the distance to the place "where Hicks's Hall formerly stood."

The Cockney lives in a go-cart of local prejudices and positive illusions; and when he is turned out of it, he hardly knows how to stand or move. He ventures through Hyde Park Corner as a cat crosses a gutter. The trees pass by the coach very oddly. The country has a strange blank appearance: it is not lined with houses all the way, like London. He comes to places he never saw or heard of. He finds the world is bigger than he thought it. He might have dropped from the moon, for any thing he knows of the matter. He is mightily disposed to laugh, but is half afraid of making some blunder. Between sheepishness and conceit, he is in a very ludicrous situation. He finds that the people walk on two legs, and wonders to hear them talk a dialect so different from his own. He perceives London fashions have got down into the country before him, and that some of the better sort are dressed as well as he is. A drove of pigs or cattle stopping the road is a very troublesome interruption: a crow in a field, a magpie in a hedge, are to him very odd animals—he can't tell what to make of them, or how they live. He does not altogether like the accommodation at the inns—it is not what he has been used to in town. He begins to be communicative—says

he was "born within the sound of Bow bell;" and attempts some jokes, at which nobody laughs. He asks the coachman a question, to which he receives no answer. All this is to him very unaccountable and unexpected. He arrives at his journey's end; and instead of being the great man he anticipated among his friends and country relations, finds that they are barely civil to him, or make a butt of him; have topics of their own which he is as completely ignorant of as they are indifferent to what he says, so that he is glad to get back to London again, where he meets with his favourite indulgences and associates, and fancies the whole world is occupied with what he hears and sees.

A Cockney loves a tea-garden in summer, as he loves a play or the cider-cellar in winter; where he sweetens the air with the fumes of tobacco, and makes it echo to the sound of his own voice. This kind of suburban retreat is a most agreeable relief to the close and confined air of a city life. The imagination, long pent up behind a counter or between brick walls, with noisome smells and dingy objects, cannot bear at once to launch into the boundless expanse of the country, but "shorter excursions tries," coveting something between the two, and finding it at White Conduit House, or the Rosemary Branch, or Bagnigge Wells. The landlady is seen at a bow-window in near perspective, with punch-bowls and lemons disposed orderly around—the lime-trees or poplars wave overhead to "catch the breezy air," through which, typical of the huge dense cloud that hangs over the

metropolis, curls up the thin, blue, odoriferous vapour of Virginia or Oronooko; the benches are ranged in rows, the fields and hedge-rows spread out their verdure; Hampstead and Highgate are seen in the background, and contain the imagination within gentle limits—here the holiday people are playing ball—here they are playing bowls—here they are quaffing ale, there sipping tea—here the loud wager is heard, there the political debate. In a sequestered nook a slender youth, with purple face and drooping head, nodding over a glass of gin toddy, breathes in tender accents—

“There’s nought so sweet on earth
As Love’s young dream.”

While “Rosy Ann” takes its turn; and “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled” is thundering forth in accents that might wake the dead. In another part sits carpers and critics, who dispute the score of the reckoning or the game, or cavil at the taste and execution of the would-be Brahams and Durusets.

HAZLITT.

THE TALKING LADY.

BEN JONSON has a play called the *The Silent Woman*, who turns out, as might be expected, to be no woman to all—nothing, as Master Slender said, but “a great lubberly boy;” thereby, as I apprehend, discourteously presuming that a silent woman is a nonentity. If the learned dramatist, thus happily prepared, had happened to fall in with such a specimen of female loqua-

city as I have just parted with, he might perhaps have given us a pendant to his picture in the Talking Lady. Pity but he had! He would have done her justice, which I could not at any time, least of all now: I am too much stunned, too much like one escaped from a belfry on a coronation day. I am just resting from the fatigue of four days' hard listening,—four snowy, sleety, rainy days—days of every variety of falling weather, all of them too bad to admit the possibility that any petticoated thing, were she as hardy as a Scotch fir, should stir out,—four days chained by “sad civility” to that fireside, once so quiet, and again—cheering thought!—again I trust to be so, when the echo of that visitor's incessant tongue shall have died away.

The visitor in question is a very excellent and respectable lady, upright in mind and body, with a figure that does honour to her dancing-master; a face exceedingly well preserved, wrinkled and freckled, but still fair; and an air of gentility over her whole person, which is not in the least affected by her out-of-fashioned garb. She could never be taken for any thing but a woman of family, and perhaps she could as little pass for any other than an old maid. She took us in her way from London to the west of England; and being, as she wrote, “not quite well, not equal to much company, prayed that no other guest might be admitted, so that she might have the pleasure of our conversation all to herself.”—(*Ours!* as if it were possible for any of us to slide in a word edgewise!)—and especially enjoy the gratification of talking over old times with

the master of the house, her countryman. Such was the promise of her letter, and to the letter it has been kept. All the news and scandal of a large county forty years ago, and a hundred years before, and ever since all the marriages, deaths, births, elopements, lawsuits, and casualties of her own times, her father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's nephew's, and grandnephew's, has she detailed with a minuteness, an accuracy, a prodigality of learning, a profuseness of proper names, a pedantry of locality which would excite the envy of a county historian, a king at arms, or even a Scotch novelist. Her knowledge is astonishing; but the most astonishing part of all is how she came by that knowledge. It should seem, to listen to her, as if, at some time of her life, she must have listened herself; and yet her countryman declares that, in the forty years he had known her, no such event has occurred; and she knows new news too!—It must be intuition.

The manner of her speech has little remarkable. It is rather old fashioned and provincial, but perfectly ladylike, low, and gentle, and not seeming so fast as it is; like the great pedestrians, she clears her ground easily, and never seems to use any exertion; yet "I would my horse had the speed of her tongue, and so good a continuer." She will talk you sixteen hours a-day, for twenty days together, and not deduct one poor five minutes for halts and baiting time. Talking, sheer talking, is meat and drink and sleep to her. She likes nothing else. Eating is a sad interruption. For the tea-table she has some toleration; but dinner, with its clatter of

plates and jingling of knives and forks, dinner is her abhorrence. Nor are the other common pursuits of life more in her favour. Walking exhausts the breath that might be better employed. Dancing is a noisy diversion, and singing is worse. She cannot endure any music, except the long, grand, dull concerts, which nobody thinks of listening to. Reading and chess she classes together as silent barbarisms, unworthy of a social and civilized people. Cards, too, have their faults; there is a rivalry, a mute eloquence in those four aces, that leads away the attention; besides, partners will sometimes scold; so she never plays at cards: and upon the strength of this abstinence had very nearly passed for *serious*, till it was discovered that she could not abide a long sermon. She always looks out for the shortest preacher, and never went to above one Bible Meeting in her life.—“Such speeches!” quoth she: “I thought the men never meant to have done. People have great need of patience.” Plays of course she abhors, and operas, and mobs, and all things that will be heard, especially children; though for babies, particularly when asleep, for dogs and pictures, and such silent intelligences as serve to talk of and talk to, she has a considerable partiality; and an agreeable and gracious flattery to the mamas and other owners of these pretty dumb things is a very usual introduction to her miscellaneous harangues. The matter of these orations is inconceivably various. Perhaps the local and genealogical anecdotes, the sort of supplement to the history of *****shire, may be her strongest

point; but she shines almost as much in medicine and housewifery. Her medical dissertations savour a little of that particular branch of the science called quackery. She has a specific against almost every disease to which the human frame is liable; and is terribly prosy and unmerciful in her symptoms. Her cures kill. In house-keeping, her notions resemble those of other verbal managers; full of economy and retrenchment, with a leaning towards reform, though she loves so well to declaim on the abuses in the cook's department, that I am not sure that she would very heartily thank any radical who should sweep them quite away. For the rest, her system sounds very finely in theory, but rather fails in practice. Her recipes would be capital, only that some way or other they don't eat well; her preserves don't keep; and her sweet wines are sure to turn sour. These are certainly her favourite topics; but any one will do. Allude to some anecdote of the neighbourhood, and she forthwith treats you with as many parallel passages as are to be found in an air with variations. Take up a new publication, and she is equally at home there; for though she knows little of books, she has, in the course of an up-and-down life, met with a good many authors, and teases and provokes you by telling of them precisely what you do not care to hear, the maiden names of their wives, and the christian names of their daughters, and into what families their sisters and cousins married, and in what towns they have lived, what streets, and what numbers. Boswell himself never drew up the table of

Dr. Johnson's Fleet-street courts with greater care than she made out to me the successive residences of P. P. Esq., author of a tract on the French Revolution, and a pamphlet on the Poor Laws. The very weather is not a safe subject. Her memory is a perpetual register of hard frosts, and long droughts, and high winds, and terrible storms, with all the evils that followed in their train, and all the personal events connected with them; so that if you happen to remark that the clouds are come up, and you fear it may rain, she replies—"Ah, it is just such a morning as three-and-thirty years ago, when my poor cousin was married—you remember my cousin Mary—she married so and so, the son of so and so;" and then comes the whole pedigree of the bridegroom, the amount of the settlements, and the reading and signing them overnight; a description of the wedding dresses, in the style of Sir Charles Grandison; and how much the bride's gown cost per yard; the names, residences, and a short subsequent history of the bridesmaids and men, the gentlemen who gave the bride away, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony, with a learned antiquarian digression relative to the church; then the setting out in procession; the marriage; the kissing; the crying; the breakfasting; the drawing the cake through the ring; and finally the bridal excursion, which brings us back again at an hour's end to the starting-post, the weather, and the whole story of the sopping, the drying, the clothes-spoiling, the cold-catching, and all the small evils of a summer shower. By this time

it rains, and she sits down to a pathetic seesaw of conjectures on the chance of Mrs. Smith's having set out for her daily walk, or the possibility that Dr. Brown may have ventured to visit his patients in his gig, and the certainty that Lady Green's new housemaid would come from London on the outside of the coach.

With all this intolerable prosing, she is actually reckoned a pleasant woman ! Her acquaintance in the great manufacturing town, where she usually resides, is very large, which may partly account for the misnomer. Her conversation is of a sort to bear dividing. Besides, there is, in all large societies, an instinctive sympathy which directs each individual to the companion most congenial to his humour. Doubtless her associates deserve the old French compliment, *Ils ont tous un grand talent pour le silence*. Parceled out amongst some seventy or eighty, there may even be some savour in her talk. It is the *tête-à-tête* that kills, or the small fireside circle of three or four, where only one can speak, and all the rest must seem to listen—*seem* ! did I say ?—must listen in good earnest. Hotspur's expedient in a similar situation, of crying "Hem ! Go to," and marking not a word, will not do here ; compared to her, Owen Glendower was no conjuror. She has the eye of a hawk, and detects a wandering glance, an incipient yawn, the slightest movement of impatience. The very needle must be quiet. If a pair of scissors do but wag, she is affronted, draws herself up, breaks off in the middle of a story, of a sentence, of a word, and the unlucky culprit must, for civility sake, sum-

mon a more than Spartan fortitude, and beg the torturer to resume her torments.—“That, that is the unkindest cut of all!” I wonder, if she had happened to have married, how many husbands she would have talked to death. It is certain that none of her relations are long-lived after she comes to reside with them. Father, mother, uncle, sister, brother, two nephews, and one neice, all these have successively passed away, though a healthy race, and with no visible disorder—except—but we must not be uncharitable. They might have died, though she had been born dumb:—“It is an accident that happens every day.” Since the decease of her last nephew, she attempted to form an establishment with a widow lady, for the sake, as they both said, of the comfort of society. But—strange miscalculation!—she was a talker too! They parted in a week.

And we have parted too. I am just returned from escorting her to the coach, which is to convey her two hundred miles westward; and I have still the murmur of her *adieu* resounding in my ears, like the indistinct hum of the air on a frosty night. It was curious to see how almost simultaneously her mournful *adieu* shaded into cheerful salutations of her new comrades, the passengers in the mail. Poor souls! Little does the civil young lad who made way for her, or the fat lady, his mama, who with pains and inconvenience made room for her, or the grumpy gentleman in the opposite corner, who, after some dispute, was at length won to admit her dressing box,—little do they suspect what is to befall them. Two hundred miles! and she never sleeps

in a carriage. Well, patience be with them, and comfort, and peace! A pleasant journey to them! And to her all happiness! She is a most kind and excellent person, one for whom I would do any thing in my poor power—ay, even were it to listen another four days.

MISS MITFORD.

THE ART OF BOOKMAKING.

I HAVE often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it comes to pass that so many heads, on which nature seems to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, yet teem with voluminous productions. As a man travels on, however, in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have I chanced, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to blunder upon a scene which unfolded to me some of the mysteries of the bookmaking craft, and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a museum in warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. Whilst I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant door, at the end of a suite of apartments,

It was closed, but every now and then it would open, and some strange favoured being, generally clothed in black, would steal forth, and glide through the rooms without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight errant, I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of quaint black looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or, occasionally, the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the page of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly, loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall

tooth and nail with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale of a philosopher, who was shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain, that opened only once a year, where he made the spirits of the place obey his commands, and bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore, as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to control the powers of nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me; I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading-room of the great British library, an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner, and watched the progress of this book manufactory. I noticed one lean, bilious-looking wight, who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes, printed in black letter.

He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid open upon his table; but never read. I observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was his dinner, or whether he was endeavouring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to harder students than myself to determine.

There was one dapper little gentleman, in bright coloured clothes, with a chirping, gossiping expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. After considering him attentively, I recognised in him a getter up of miscellaneous works, which bustled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more stir and show of business than any of the others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches' caldron in Macbeth. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like "baboon's blood," to make the medley "slab and good."

After all, thought I, may not this pilfering disposition be implanted in authors for wise

purposes ; may it not be the way in which Providence has taken care that the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age, in spite of the inevitable decay of the works in which they were first produced. We see that nature has widely, though whimsically, provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds ; so that animals, which in themselves are little better than carrion, and apparently the lawless plunderers of the orchard and the corn field, are, in fact, Nature's carriers to disperse and perpetuate her blessings. In like manner, the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete writers are caught up by these flights of predatory authors, and cast forth, again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of their works, also, undergo a sort of metempsychosis, and spring up under new forms. What was formerly a ponderous history, revives in the shape of a romance—an old legend changes into a modern play—and a sober philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays. Thus it is in the clearing of our American woodlands ; where we burn down a forest of stately pines, a progeny of dwarf oaks start up in their place ; and we never see the prostrate trunk of a tree, mouldering into soil, but it gives birth to a whole tribe of fungi.

Let us not, then, lament over the decay and oblivion into which ancient authors descend ; they do but submit to the great law of nature, which declares that all sublunary shapes of matter shall be limited in their duration, but which decrees

also, that their elements shall never perish. Generation after generation, both in animal and vegetable life, passes away, but the vital principle is transmitted to posterity, and the species continues to flourish. Thus, also, do authors beget authors, and having produced a numerous progeny, in a good old age they sleep with their fathers, that is to say, with the authors who preceded them—and from whom they had stolen.

Whilst I was indulging in these rambling fancies, I had leaned my head against a pile of reverend folios. Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works; or to the profound quiet of the room; or to the lassitude arising from much wandering; or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places, with which I am grievously afflicted; so it was, that I fell into a doze. Still, however, my imagination continued busy, and indeed the same scene remained before my mind's eye, only a little changed in some of the details. I dreamed that the chamber was still decorated with the portraits of ancient authors, but that the number had increased. The long tables had disappeared; and, in place of the sage magi, I beheld a ragged, threadbare throng, such as may be seen plying about that great repository of cast clothes, Monmouth Street. Whenever they seized upon a book, by one of those incongruities common to dreams, methought it turned into a garment of foreign or antique fashion, with which they proceeded to equip themselves. I noticed, however, that no one pretended to clothe himself from any particular suit, but took a sleeve from one, a

cape from another, a skirt from a third, thus decking himself out piecemeal, while some of his original rags would peep out from among his borrowed finery.

There was a portly, rosy, well fed parson, whom I observed ogling several mouldy polemical writers through an eyeglass. He soon contrived to slip on the voluminous mantle of one of the old fathers, and having purloined the gray beard of another, endeavoured to look exceedingly wise; but the smirking commonplace of his countenance set at nought all the trappings of wisdom. One sickly looking gentleman was busied embroidering a very flimsy garment with gold thread, drawn out of several old court dresses of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another had trimmed himself magnificently from an illuminated manuscript, had stuck a nosegay in his bosom, culled from "The Paradise of Dainty Devices;" and having put Sir Philip Sidney's hat on one side of his head, strutted off with an exquisite air of vulgar elegance. A third, who was but of puny dimensions, had bolstered himself out bravely with the spoils from several obscure tracts of philosophy, so that he had a very imposing front; but he was lamentably tattered in the rear, and I perceived that he had patched his small clothes with scraps of parchment from a Latin author.

There were some well dressed gentlemen, it is true, who only helped themselves to a gem or so, which sparkled among their own ornaments, without eclipsing them. Some, too, seemed to contemplate the costumes of the old writers, merely to imbibe their principles of taste, and to

catch their air and spirit; but I grieve to say, that too many were apt to array themselves from top to toe, in the patchwork manner I have mentioned. I should not omit to speak of one genius, in drab breeches and gaiters, and an Arcadian hat, who had a violent propensity to the pastoral, but whose rural ramblings had been confined to the classic haunts of Primrose Hill, and the solitudes of the Regent's Park. He had decked himself in wreaths and ribands from all the old pastoral poets, and hanging his head on one side, went about with a fantastical lack-a-daisical air, "babbling about green fields." But the personage that most struck my attention was a pragmatical old gentleman, in clerical robes, with a remarkably large and square, but bald head. He entered the room wheezing and puffing, elbowed his way through the throng, with a look of sturdy self confidence, and having laid his hands upon a thick Greek quarto, clapped it upon his head, and swept majestically away in a formidable frizzled wig.

In the height of this literary masquerade, a cry suddenly resounded from every side of "Thieves! thieves!" I looked, and lo! the portraits about the walls became animated! The old authors thrust out, first a head, then a shoulder, from the canvass, looked down curiously, for an instant, upon the motley throng, and then descended with fury in their eyes, to claim their rifled property. The scene of scampering and hubbub that ensued beggars all description. The unhappy culprits endeavoured in vain to escape with the plunder. On one side might be seen half a dozen old

monks, stripping a modern professor ; on another, there was sad devastation carried into the ranks of modern dramatic writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, side by side, ranged round the field like Castor and Pollux, and sturdy Ben Jonson enacted more wonders than when a volunteer with the army in Flanders. As to the dapper little compiler of farragos, mentioned some time since, he had arrayed himself in as many patches and colours as Harlequin, and there was as fierce a contention of claimants about him as about the dead body of Patroclus. I was grieved to see many men, to whom I had been accustomed to look up with awe and reverence, fain to steal off with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness ; just then my eye was caught by the pragmatistical gentleman in the Greek grizzled wig, who was scrambling away in sore affright with half a dozen of authors in full cry after him. They were close upon his haunches ; in a twinkling off went his wig ; at every turn some strip of raiment was peeled away ; until in a few moments, from his domineering pomp, he shrunk into a little, pousy, " chopp'd bald shot," and made his exit with only a few tags and rags fluttering at his back.

There was something so ludicrous in the catastrophe of this learned Theban, that I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the whole illusion. The tumult and the scuffle were at an end. The chamber resumed its usual appearance. The old authors shrunk back into their picture frames, and hung in shadowy solemnity along the walls. In short, I found myself wide

awake in my corner, with the whole assemblage of bookworms gazing at me in astonishment. Nothing of the dream had been real but my burst of laughter, a sound never before heard in that grave sanctuary, and so abhorrent to the ears of wisdom as to electrify the whole fraternity.

The librarian now stepped up to me, and demanded whether I had a card of admission. At first I did not comprehend him, but I soon found that the library was a kind of literary "preserve," subject to game laws, and that no one must presume to hunt there without special license and permission. In a word, I stood convicted of being an arrant poacher; and was glad to make a precipitate retreat, lest I should have a whole pack of authors let loose upon me.

W. IRVING.

A NOTABLE WIFE.

THOUGH few men of prudence are much inclined to interpose in disputes between man and wife, who commonly make peace at the expense of the arbitrator, yet I will venture to lay before you a controversy, by which the quiet of my house has been long disturbed, and which, unless you can decide it, is likely to produce lasting evils, and embitter those hours which nature seems to have appropriated to tenderness and repose.

I married a wife of no great fortune, but of a family remarkable for domestic prudence and elegant frugality. I lived with her at ease, if not with happiness, and seldom had any reason

of complaint. The house was always clean, the servants very active and regular, dinner was on the table every day at the same minute, and the ladies of the neighbourhood were frightened when I invited their husbands, lest their own economy should be less esteemed.

During this gentle lapse of my life, my dear brought me three daughters. I wished for a son, to continue the family ; but my wife often tells me that boys are dirty things, and are always troublesome in a house ; and declares that she has hated the sight of them ever since she saw Lady Fondle's eldest son ride over a carpet with his hobby-horse all mire.

I did not much attend to her opinion, but knew that girls could not be made boys ; and therefore composed myself to bear what I could not remedy, and resolved to bestow that care on my daughters to which only the sons are commonly thought entitled.

But my wife's notions of education differ widely from mine. . She is an irreconcilable enemy to idleness, and considers every state of life as idleness in which the hands are not employed, or some art acquired, by which she thinks money may be got or saved.

In pursuance of this principle, she calls up her daughters at a certain hour, and appoints them a task of needlework to be performed before breakfast. They are confined in a garret, which has its window in the roof, both because the work is best done at a skylight, and because children are apt to lose time by looking about them.

They bring down their work to breakfast, and

as they deserve are commended or reproved ; they are then sent up with a new task till dinner ; if no company is expected, their mother sits with them the whole afternoon, to direct their operations, and to draw patterns, and is sometimes denied to her nearest relations, when she is engaged in teaching them a new stitch.

By this continual exercise of their diligence, she has obtained a very considerable number of laborious performances. We have twice as many fire-screens as chimneys, and three flourished quilts for every bed. Half the rooms are adorned with a kind of sutable pictures, which imitate tapestry. But all their work is not set out to show ; she has boxes filled with knit garters and braided shoes. She has twenty covers for side-saddles, embroidered with silver flowers, and has curtains wrought with gold in various figures, which she resolves some time or other to hang up. All these she displays to her company whenever she is elate with merit, and eager for praise ; and amidst the praises which her friends and herself bestow upon her merit, she never fails to turn to me, and ask what all these would cost, if I had been to buy them.

I sometimes venture to tell her that many of the ornaments are superfluous ; that what is done with so much labour might have been supplied by a very easy purchase ; and that the work is not always worth the materials ; and that I know not why the children should be persecuted with useless tasks, or obliged to make shoes that are never worn. She answers with a look of con-

tempt, that men never care how money goes; and proceeds to tell of a dozen new chairs, for which she is contriving covers, and of a couch which she intends to stand as a monument of needlework.

In the meantime the girls grow up in total ignorance of every thing past, present, and future. Molly asked me the other day, whether Ireland was in France, and was ordered by her mother to mend her hem. Kitty knows not, at sixteen, the difference between a Protestant and a Papist, because she has been employed three years in filling a side of a closet with a hanging that is to represent Cranmer in the flames. And Dolly, my eldest girl, is now unable to read a chapter in the Bible, having spent all the time which other children pass at school, in working the interview between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

About a month ago Tent and Turkey-stitch seemed at a stand; my wife knew not what work to introduce; I ventured to propose that the girls should now learn to read and write; and mentioned the necessity of a little arithmetic; but, unhappily, my wife has discovered that linen wears out, and has bought the girls three little wheels, that they may spin huckaback for the servants' table. I remonstrated, that with larger wheels they might dispatch in an hour what must now cost them a day; but she told me, with irresistible authority, that any business is better than idleness; that when these wheels are set upon a table, with mats under them, they will turn without noise, and keep the girls upright;

that great wheels are not fit for gentlewomen ; and that with these, small as they are, she does not doubt but that the three girls, if they are kept close, will spin every year as much cloth as would cost five pounds if one were to buy it.

JOHNSON.

THE LIFE OF DICK TINTO.

DICK TINTO, when he wrote himself artist, was wont to derive his origin from the ancient family of Tinto, of that ilk, in Lanarkshire ; and occasionally hinted that he had somewhat derogated from his gentle blood, in using the pencil for his principal means of support. But if Dick's pedigree was correct, some of his ancestors must have suffered a heavy declension, since the good man his father executed the necessary, and, I trust, the honest, but certainly not very distinguished employment, of tailor in ordinary to the village of Langdirdum in the west. Under his humble roof was Richard born ; and to his father's humble trade was Richard, greatly contrary to his intention, early indentured. Old Mr. Tinto had, however, no reason to congratulate himself upon having compelled the youthful genius of his son to forsake its natural bent. He fared like the school boy, who attempts with his finger to stop the spout of a water cistern, while the stream, exasperated at this compression, escapes by a thousand uncalculable spirits, and wets him all over for his pains. Even so fared the senior Tinto, when his hopeful apprentice not only ex-

hausted all the chalk in making sketches upon the shopboard, but even executed several caricatures of his father's best customers, who began loudly to murmur, that it was too hard to have their persons deformed by the vestments of the father, and to be at the same time turned into ridicule by the pencil of the son. This led to discredit and loss of practice, until the old tailor, yielding to destiny, and to the entreaties of his son, permitted him to attempt his fortune in a line for which he was better qualified.

There was about this time, in the village of Langdirdum, a peripatetic brother of the brush, who exercised his vocation *sub Jove frigido*, the object of admiration to all the boys of the village, but especially to Dick Tinto. The age had not yet adopted, amongst other unworthy retrenchments, that illiberal measure of economy, which, supplying by written characters the lack of symbolical representation, closes one open and easily accessible avenue of instruction and emolument against the students of the fine arts. It was not yet permitted to write upon the plastered door of an alehouse, or the suspended sign of an inn, "The Old Magpie," or "The Saracen's Head," substituting that cold description for the lively effigies of the plumed chatterer, or the turbaned frown of the terrific soldan. That early and more simple age considered alike the necessities of all ranks, and depicted the symbols of good cheer so as to be obvious to all capacities; well judging, that a man, who could not read a syllable, might nevertheless love a pot of good ale as well as his better educated neighbours, or even as the parson

himself. Acting upon this liberal principle, publicans as yet hung forth the painted emblems of their calling, and sign painters, if they seldom feasted, did not at least absolutely starve.

To a worthy of this decayed profession, as we have already intimated, Dick Tinto became an assistant; and thus, as is not unusual among heaven-born geniuses in this department of the fine arts, began to paint before he had any notion of drawing.

His natural talent for observing nature soon induced him to rectify the errors, and soar above the instructions, of his teacher. He particularly shone in painting horses, that being a favourite sign in the Scottish villages; and, in tracing his progress, it is beautiful to observe, how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs, and prolong the legs, of these noble animals, until they came to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged that Dick once upon a time painted a horse with five legs, instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the licence allowed to that branch of the profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favourite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirdum, and I am ready to depose upon oath, that what has been idly mistaken, or misrepresented, as being

the fifth leg of the horse, is, in fact, the tail of that quadruped, and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is delineated, forms a circumstance introduced and managed with great and successful though daring art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure; without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into the custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for, when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency, became dubious of the propriety of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of the publican himself in exchange for this juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance at his sign was sure to put them in good humour.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to trace the steps by which Dick Tinto improved his touch, and corrected, by the rules of art, the luxuriance of a fervid imagination. The scales fell from his eyes on viewing the sketches of a contemporary, the Scottish Teniers, as Wilkie has been deservedly styled. He threw down the brush, took up the crayons, and, amid hunger and toil, suspense and uncertainty, pursued the path of his profession under better auspices than those

of his original master. Still the first rude emanations of his genius (like the nursery rhymes of Pope, could these be recovered) will be dear to the companions of Dick Tinto's youth. There is a tankard and gridiron painted over the door of an obscure change house in the Back-wynd of Gandercleugh.—But I feel I must tear myself from the subject, or dwell on it too long.

Amid his wants and struggles, Dick Tinto had recourse, like his brethren, to levying that tax upon the vanity of mankind which he could not extract from their taste and liberality—in a word, he painted portraits. It was in this more advanced state of proficiency, when Dick had soared above his original line of business, and highly disdained any allusion to it, that, after having been estranged for several years, we again met in the village of Gandercleugh, I holding my present situation, and Dick painting copies of the human face divine at a guinea a head. This was a small premium, yet, in the first burst of business, it more than sufficed for all Dick's moderate wants; so that he occupied an apartment at the Wallace Inn, cracked his jest with impunity even upon mine host himself, and lived in respect and observance with the chambermaid, ostler, and waiter.

These halcyon days were too serene to last long. When his honour the Laird of Gandercleugh, with his wife and three daughters, the minister, the gauger, mine esteemed patron Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, and some round dozen of the feuars and farmers, had been consigned to immortality by Tinto's brush, custom began to

slacken, and it was impossible to wring more than crowns and half crowns from the hard hands of the peasants, whose ambition led them to Dick's painting room.

Still, though the horizon was overclouded, no storm for some time ensued. Mine host had Christian faith with a lodger who had been a good paymaster as long as he had the means. And from a portrait of our landlord himself, grouped with his wife and daughters, in the style of Rubens, which suddenly appeared in the best parlour, it was evident that Dick had found some mode of bartering art for the necessaries of life. Nothing, however, is more precarious than resources of this nature. It was observed, that Dick became in his turn the whetstone of mine host's wit, without venturing either at defence or retaliation; that his easel was transferred to a garret room, in which there was scarce space for it to stand upright; and that he no longer ventured to join the weekly club, of which he had been once the life and soul. In short, Dick Tinto's friends feared that he had acted like the animal called the sloth, which having eaten up the last green leaf upon the tree where it has established itself, ends by tumbling down from the top, and dying of inanition. I ventured to hint this to Dick, recommending his transferring the exercise of his inestimable talent to some other sphere, and forsaking the common which he might be said to have eaten bare.

"There is an obstacle to my change of residence," said my friend, grasping my hand with a look of solemnity,

"A bill due to my landlord, I am afraid," replied I, with heartfelt sympathy, "if any part of my slender means can assist in this emergency——."

"No, by the soul of Sir Joshua," answered the generous youth, "I will never involve a friend in the consequences of my own misfortune. There is a mode by which I can regain my liberty; and to creep even through a common sewer is better than to remain in prison."

I did not perfectly understand what my friend meant. The muse of painting appeared to have failed him; and what other goddess he could invoke in his distress was a mystery to me. We parted, however, without farther explanation, and I did not again see him until three days after, when he summoned me to partake of the *foy*, with which his landlord proposed to regale him, ere his departure for Edinburgh.

I found Dick in high spirits, whistling while he buckled the small knapsack, which contained his colours, brushes, pallets, and clean shirt. That he parted on the best terms with mine host was obvious from the cold beef set forth in the low parlour, flanked by two mugs of admirable brown stout; and I own my curiosity was excited concerning the means through which the face of my friend's affairs had been so suddenly improved. I did not suspect Dick of dealing with the devil; and by what earthly means he had extricated himself thus happily, I was at a total loss to conjecture.

He perceived my curiosity, and took me by the hand, "My friend," he said, "fain would I

conceal, even from you, the degradation to which it has been necessary to submit, in order to accomplish an honourable retreat from Gandercleugh. But what avails attempting to conceal that, which must needs betray itself even by its superior excellence? All the village—all the parish—all the world—will soon discover to what poverty has reduced Richard Tinto."

A sudden thought here struck me—I had observed that our landlord wore, on that memorable morning, a pair of bran new velveteens, instead of his ancient thicksets.

"What," said I, drawing my right hand, with the fore-finger and thumb pressed together, nimbly from my right haunch to my left shoulder, "you have condescended to resume the paternal arts to which you were first bred—long stiches, ha, Dick?"

He repelled this unlucky conjecture with a frown and a pshaw, indicative of indignant contempt; and, leading me into another room, showed me, resting against a wall, the majestic head of Sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the felon Edward.

The painting was executed on boards of a substantial thickness, and the top decorated with irons, for suspending the honoured effigy upon a sign post.

"There," he said, "my friend, stands the honour of Scotland, and my shame—yet not so—rather the shame of those, who, instead of encouraging art in its proper sphere, reduce it to these unbecoming and unworthy extremities."

I endeavoured to smooth the ruffled feelings of

my misused and indignant friend. I reminded him that he ought not, like the stag in the fable, to despise the quality which had extricated him from difficulties, in which his talents, as a portrait or landscape painter, had been found unavailing. Above all, I praised the execution, as well as conception, of his painting, and reminded him, that, far from feeling dishonoured by so superb a specimen of his talents being exposed to the general view of the public, he ought rather to congratulate himself upon the augmentation of his celebrity, to which its public exhibition must necessarily give rise.

"You are right, my friend—you are right," replied poor Dick, his eye kindling with enthusiasm; "why should I shun the name of an—an—(he hesitated for a phrase)—an out of doors artist? Hogarth has introduced himself in that character in one of his best engravings—Domenichino, or somebody else, in ancient times—Morland, in our own, have exercised their talents in this manner. And wherefore limit to the rich and higher classes alone the delight which the exhibition of works of art is calculated to inspire in all classes? Statues are placed in the open air, why should Painting be more niggardly in displaying her master-pieces than her sister Sculpture? And yet, my friend, we must part suddenly; the men are coming in an hour to put up the—the emblem; and truly, with all my philosophy, and your consolatory encouragement to boot, I would rather wish to leave Ganderclough before that operation commences."

We partook of the genial host's parting banquet.

quet, and I escorted Dick on his walk to Edinburgh. We parted about a mile from the village, just as we heard the distant cheer of the boys, which accompanied the mounting of the new symbol of the Wallace Head. Dick Tinto mended his pace to get out of hearing—so little had either early practice, or recent philosophy, reconciled him to the character of a sign painter.

In Edinburgh, Dick's talents were discerned and appreciated, and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the fine arts. But these gentlemen dispensed their criticism more willingly than their cash, and Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism. He therefore sought London, the universal mart of talent, and where, as is usual in general marts of most descriptions, much more of the commodity is exposed to sale than can ever find purchasers.

Dick, who, in serious earnest, was supposed to have considerable natural talents for his profession, and whose vain and sanguine disposition never permitted him to doubt for a moment of ultimate success, threw himself headlong into the crowd which jostled and struggled for notice and preferment. He elbowed others, and was elbowed himself; and finally, by dint of intrepidity, fought his way into some notice, painted for the prize at the Institution, had pictures at the exhibition at Somerset House, and damned the hanging committee. But poor Dick was doomed to lose the field he fought so gallantly. In the fine arts, there is scarce an alternative between distinguished success and absolute failure; and, as Dick's zeal and industry were unable to ensure

the former, he fell into the distresses which, in his condition, were the natural consequences of the latter alternative. He was for a time patronized by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the principle on which a spoiled child throws away its plaything. Misery, I fear, took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging in Swallow Street, where he had been dunned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief. A corner of the Morning Post noticed his death; generously adding, that his manner displayed considerable genius, though his style was rather sketchy; and referred to an advertisement which announced that Mr. Varnish, a well known print-seller, had still on hand a very few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, Esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry, who might wish to complete their collections of modern art, were invited to visit without delay. So ended Dick Tinto, a lamentable proof of the great truth, that in the fine arts mediocrity is not permitted, and that he who cannot ascend to the very top of the ladder, will do well not to put his foot on it at all.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE
MONOPOLIZER OF CONVERSATION.

SIR,

I CAN'T complain to you of a grievance which I do not remember to have seen taken notice of, at least not exactly in the way it affects me, in any treatise on conversation.

Here, in the coffee-house I frequent (and you, for aught I know, may have often witnessed the thing in your own proper person), is one Mr. Glib, who is the greatest questioner I ever met with in the whole course of my life. This, however, though plague enough of itself, is but half the injury of which we have to complain from him. Mr. Glib, sir, not content with the question, always takes the answer upon him likewise ; so that it is impossible to get in a word. I shall illustrate my meaning by giving you verbatim his conversation this morning. He came in wiping his forehead, and, as I hoped, out of breath ; but he was scarcely seated when he began as usual : “ Mercy on us ! how hot it is ! Boy, fetch me a glass of port and water. Dr. Phlogiston, did you observe what the thermometer stood at this morning ? Mine was at seventy-six in the shade. — Well, this has cleared my throat of the dust a little. — What a dust there is in the new town ! Gentlemen, were any of you in Prince’s Street since breakfast ? I went to call on a friend who lives at the farther side of the square, and I had like to have been smothered. — Sir John, how

were you entertained at the play last night? Mrs. Pope's playing was admirable. Were not you amazed at the thinness of the house? But fashion, not taste, rules every thing. Give the women but a crowd within, and a squeeze at the door, and they don't care a pin for the excellence of the entertainment. Captain Paragraph, how long is it since the post came in? I got my paper about an hour ago.—When is it thought parliament will rise? I have a letter that says the twelfth.—Mr. M'Blubber, you are a Highlander, what is your opinion of those encouragements to the fishery? I have no great notion of building towns; find the birds, say I, and they will find nests for themselves.—Mr. Rupee (you have been in India), what do you say to this impeachment? I am inclined to think it will come to nothing.—Pray, what is the exact definition of a bulse? I understand it to be a package for diamonds, as a rouleau is for guineas.—Ha! is not that Mr. Hazard walking yonder, who came yesterday from London? Yes, it is, I know him by his gait.—Sir, is my cane any where near you? Oh! yes, I left it in the corner of the box.—Boy, how much did I owe the house since yesterday? Eighteen pence. Here it is.

Now, Mr. Lounger, you must be satisfied what an aggravated offence this way of talking of Mr. Glib's is, against other people who wish to have some share in the conversation. The most unconscionable querists, if they keep within their own department are contented with half the talk of the company: Mr. Glib cuts it in two, and very modestly helps himself to both pieces.

When he has set the fancy agog, and one's tongue is just ready to give it vent, pop he comes between one and the game he has started, and takes the word out of one's mouth. Do write a few lines, sir, to let Mr. Glib know how unreasonable and how ridiculous his behaviour is; 'tis as if one should play at shuttlecock alone, or take a game at piquet, one's right hand against one's left; or sit down with three dead men at whist. I should never have done, were I to say all I think of its absurdity.

I am a married man, Mr. Lounger, and have a wife and three grown up daughters at home. I am a pretty constant frequenter of the coffee-house, where I go to have the pleasure of a little conversation; but if Mr. Glib is to come there every morning, as he does at present, never to have done asking questions, and never to allow any body but himself to answer them, I may just as well stay at home. Yours, &c. Gabriel Gossip.

MACKENZIE.

THE BARGAIN BUYER.

IF it be difficult to persuade the idle to be busy, it is likewise, as experience has taught me, not easy to convince the busy that it is better to be idle. When you shall despair of stimulating sluggishness to motion, I hope you will turn your thoughts towards the means of stilling the bustle of pernicious activity.

I am the unfortunate husband of a buyer of bargains. My wife has somewhere heard that a

good housewife never has any thing to purchase when it is wanted. This maxim is often in her mouth, and always in her head. She is not one of those philosophical talkers that speculate without practice, and learn sentences of wisdom only to repeat them; she is always making additions to her stores; she never looks into a broker's shop but she spies something that may be wanted some time; and it is impossible to make her pass the door of a house where she hears goods selling by auction.

Whatever she thinks cheap, she holds it the duty of an economist to buy; and in consequence of this maxim, we are encumbered on every side with useless lumber. The servants can scarcely creep to their beds through the chests and boxes that surround them. The carpenter is employed once a week in building closets, fixing cupboards, and fastening shelves; and my house has the appearance of a ship stored for a voyage to the colonies.

I had often observed that advertisements set her on fire; and therefore, pretending to emulate her laudable frugality, I forbade the newspaper to be taken any longer; but my precaution is vain, I know not by what fatality, or by what confederacy every catalogue of "genuine furniture" comes to her hand, every advertisement of a newspaper newly opened is in her pocketbook, and she knows before any of her neighbours when the stock of any man leaving off trade is to be sold cheap for ready money.

Such intelligence is to my dear one the Siren's song. No engagement, no duty, no interest, can

withhold her from a sale, from which she always returns congratulating herself upon her dexterity at a bargain ; the porter lays down his burden in the hall ; she displays her new acquisitions, and spends the rest of the day in contriving where they shall be put.

As she cannot bear to have any thing incomplete, one purchase necessitates another ; she has twenty feather beds more than she can use, and a late sale has supplied her with a proportionate number of Whitney blankets, a large roll of linen for shirts, and five quilts for every bed, which she bought because the seller told her, that if she would clear his hands he would let her have a bargain.

Thus, by hourly encroachments, my habitation is made narrower and narrower ; the dining-room is so crowded by tables, that dinner scarcely can be served ; the parlour is decorated with so many piles of china, that I dare not step within the door ; at every turn of the stairs I have a clock, and half the windows of the upper floor are darkened, that shelves may be set before them.

This, however, might be borne, if she would gratify her own inclinations without opposing mine. But I, who am idle, am luxurious, and she condemns me to live upon salt provision. She knows the loss of buying in small quantities, we have therefore whole hogs, and quarters of oxen. Part of our meat is tainted before it is eaten, and part is thrown away because it is spoiled ; but she persists in her system, and will never buy any thing by single pennyworths.

The common vice of those who are still grasp-

ing at more, is to neglect that which they already possess; but from this failing my charmer is free. It is the great care of her life that the pieces of beef should be boiled in the order in which they are bought; that the second bag of peas should not be opened till the first were eaten; that every feather bed should be lain on in its turn; the carpets should be taken out of the chest once a month and brushed; and the rolls of linen opened now and then before the fire. She is daily inquiring after the best traps for mice; and keeps the rooms always scented by fumigations to destroy the moths. She employs a workman from time to time to adjust six clocks that never go, and clean five jacks that rust in the garret; and a woman in the next alley lives by scouring the brass and pewter, which are only laid up to tarnish again.

She is always imagining some distant time in which she shall use whatever she accumulates; she has four looking glasses which she cannot hang up in her house, but which will be handsome in more lofty rooms; and pays rent for the place of a vast copper in some warehouse, because when we live in the country we shall brew our own beer.

Of this life I have long been weary, but I know not how to change it; all the married men whom I consult advise me to have patience; but some old bachelors are of opinion, that since she loves sales so well, she should have a sale of her own; and I have, I think, resolved to open her boards and advertise an auction. JOHNSON.

THE MANUFACTURE OF A VICTORY.

THE morning had just broke when we reached the banks of the river. The chief executioner was surrounded by a body of about five hundred cavalry, and the infantry was coming up as well as it could. We were about fording the river, when of a sudden we were accosted by a voice on the other side, which, shouting out two or three strange words in a language unknown to us, explained their meaning by a musket shot. This stopped our career, and called the attention of our chief, who came up, looking paler than death.

“What’s the news?” exclaimed he, in a voice far below its usual pitch—“what are we doing?—where are we going?—Hajji Baba,” accosting me, “was it you that fired?”

“No,” said I, catching rather more of his apprehension than was convenient; “no, I did not fire. Perhaps there are *ghols* here among the Muscovites, as well as at Ashtarek among the Armenians.”

In another minute more barbarous cries were heard, and another shot was fired, and by this time day had sufficiently advanced to show two men on the other bank, whom we discovered to be Russian soldiers. As soon as our chief saw the extent of the danger, and the foe opposed to us, his countenance cleared up; and he instantly put on the face of the greatest resolution and vigour. “Go, seize, strike, kill!” he exclaimed,

almost in one breath, to those around him—
“Go, bring me the heads of yonder two fellows.”

Immediately several men dashed into the river with drawn swords, whilst the two soldiers withdrew to a small rising ground, and, placing themselves in a convenient position, began a regular, though alternate discharge of their muskets upon their assailants, with a steadiness that surprised us. They killed two men, which caused the remainder to retreat back to our commander, and no one else seemed at all anxious to follow their example. In vain he swore, entreated, pushed, and offered money for their heads: not one of his men would advance. At length, he said, with a most magnanimous shout, “I myself will go; here, make way! will nobody follow me?” Then, stopping, and addressing himself to me, he said, “Hajji! my soul, my friend, won’t you go and cut those men’s heads off? I’ll give you every thing you can ask.” Then, putting his hand round my neck, he said, “Go, go; I am sure you can cut their heads off.”

They were parleying in this manner, when a shot from one of the Russians hit the chief executioner’s stirrup, which awoke his fears to such a degree, that he immediately fell to uttering the most violent oaths. Calling away his troops, and retreating himself at a quick pace, he exclaimed, “Curses be on their beards! Curse their fathers, mothers, their ancestry, and posterity! Whoever fought after this fashion? Killing, killing, as if we were so many hogs. See, see, what animals they are! They will not run away, do all you can to them. They are worse

than brutes ;—brutes have feeling,—they have none. O Allah, Allah, if there was no dying in the case, how the Persians would fight !”

By this time we had proceeded some distance, and then halted. Our chief, expecting to find the Russians back to back under every bush, did not know what course to pursue ; when the decision was soon made for us by the appearance of the Serdar, who, followed by his cavalry, was seen retreating in all haste from before the enemy. It was evident that his enterprise had entirely failed ; and nothing was left for the whole army but to return whence it came.

I will not attempt to draw a picture of the miserable aspect of the Serdar's troops ; they all looked harassed and worn down by fatigue, and seemed so little disposed to rally, that one and all, as if by tacit consent, proceeded straight on their course homewards without once looking back. But as much as they were depressed in spirits, in the same degree were raised those of our commander. He so talked of his prowess, of the wound he had received, and of his intended feats, that, at length, seizing a spear, he put his horse at a full gallop, and overtaking his own cook, who was making the best of his way to his pots and pans, darted it at him, in the exuberance of his valour, and actually pierced him in the back through his shawl girdle.

Thus ended an expedition, which the Serdar expected would have given him a great harvest of glory and of Muscovites' heads ; and which ; the chief executioner flattered himself, would afford him exultation and boasting for the remainder of his life. But, notwithstanding its

total failure, still he had ingenuity enough to discover matter for self-congratulation.

Surrounded by a circle of his adherents, amongst whom I was one, he was in the midst of a peal of boasting, when a message came from the Serdar, requesting that Hajji Baba might be sent to him. I returned with the messenger; and the first words which the Serdar said, upon my appearing before him, were—"Where is Yûsûf? Where is his wife?"

It immediately occurred to me that they had escaped; and, putting on one of my most innocent looks, I denied having the least knowledge of their movements.

The Serdar then began to roll his eyeballs about, and to twist up his mouth into various shapes. Passion burst from him in the grossest and most violent expressions; he vowed vengeance upon him, his race, his village, and upon every thing and every body in the least connected with him; and whilst he expressed a total disbelief of all my protestations of ignorance, he gave me to understand, that if I was found to have been in the smallest degree an accessory to his escape, he would use all his influence to sweep my vile person from the face of the earth.

I afterwards heard that he had sent a party of men to Gavmishlû, to seize and bring before him Yûsûf's parents and kindred, with every thing that belonged to them; to take possession of their property, and to burn and destroy whatever they could not bring away: but the sagacious and active youth had foreseen this, and had taken his measures with such prudence and

promptitude, that he had completely baffled the tyrant. He, his wife, his wife's relations, his own parents and family, with all their effects (leaving only their tilled ground behind them), had concerted one common plan of migration into the Russian territory.

It had fully succeeded, as I afterwards heard ; for they were received with great kindness, both by the government and by their own sect ; lands were allotted, and every help afforded them for the reestablishment of their losses.

I returned to my chief full of apprehension at the threat which I had received ; and knowing how very tenacious all our great men are of power over their own servants, I did not fail immediately to inform him of the language which the Serdar had entertained me with. He became furious, and I had only to fear the flame which I had raised in order to create a quarrel between them ; but, having more fears about the Serdar's power of hurting me, than I had confidence in the ability of the chief executioner to protect me, I thought it best for all parties that I should retire from the scene, and craved my master's permission to return to Tebran. Pleased with an opportunity of showing the Serdar that nobody but himself could control his servants, he at once assented to my proposal ; and forthwith began to give me instructions concerning what I should say to, the grand vizier touching the late expedition, and particularly in what light I was to place his own individual prowess.

" You yourself were there, Hajji," said he to me, " and therefore can describe the whole

action as well as I could. We cannot precisely say that we gained a victory, because, alas! we have no heads to show; but we also were not defeated. The Serdar, ass that he is, instead of waiting for the artillery, and availing himself of the infantry, attacks a walled town with his cavalry only, and is very much surprised that the garrison shut their gates, and fire at him from the ramparts: of course he can achieve nothing, and retires in disgrace. Had I been your leader, things would have gone otherwise; and as it was, I was the only man who came hand to hand with the enemy. I was wounded in a desperate manner; and had it not been for the river between us, not a man of them would have been left to tell the tale. You will say all this, and as much more as you please;" and then, giving me a packet of letters to the grand vizier, and to the different men in office, and an *arizh* (a memorial) to the Shah, he ordered me to depart.

I found the Shah still encamped at Sultaniah, although the autumn was now far advanced, and the season for returning to Tehran near at hand. I presented myself at the grand vizier's levee, with several other couriers from different parts of the empire, and delivered my despatches. When he had inspected mine, he called me to him, and said aloud, "You are welcome! You also were at Hamamlû. The infidels did not dare to face the *Kizzil bashes*, eh? The Persian horseman, and the Persian sword, after all, nobody can face. Your khan, I see, has been wounded; he is indeed one of the Shah's best

servants. Well it was no worse. You must have had hot work on each bank of the river."

To all of this, and much more, I said, "Yes, yes," and "no, no," as fast as the necessity of the remark required; and I enjoyed the satisfaction of being looked upon as a man just come out of a battle. The vizier then called to one of his mirzas, or secretaries—"Here," said he, "you must make out a *fatteh nameh* (a proclamation of victory), which must immediately be sent into the different provinces, particularly to Khorassan, in order to overawe the rebel khans there; and let the account be suited to the dignity and character of our victorious monarch. We are in want of a victory just at present; but recollect, a good, substantial, and bloody victory."

"How many strong were the enemy?" inquired the mirza, looking towards me. "*Bisyar, bisyar*, many, many," answered I, hesitating and embarrassed how many it would be agreeable that I should say.—"Put down fifty thousand," said the vizier coolly. "How many killed?" said the mirza, looking first at the vizier, then at me. "Write ten to fifteen thousand killed," answered the minister: "remember these letters have to travel a great distance. It is beneath the dignity of the Shah to kill less than his thousands and tens of thousands. Would you have him less than *Rustam*, and weaker than *Afrasiab*? No, our kings must be drinkers of blood, and slayers of men, to be held in estimation by their subjects and surrounding nations. Well, have you written?" said the grand vizier.

“ Yes, at your highness’s service,” answered the mirza; “ I have written (reading from his paper) that the infidel dogs of Muscovites (whom may Allah in his mercy impale on stakes of living fires!) dared to appear in arms to the number of fifty thousand, flanked and supported by a hundred mouths spouting fire and brimstone; but that as soon as the all-victorious armies of the Shah appeared, ten to fifteen thousand of them gave up their souls; whilst prisoners poured in in such vast numbers, that the prices of slaves have diminished one hundred per cent. in all the slave-markets of Asia.”

“ Barikallah! Well done,” said the grand vizier. “ You have written well. If the thing be not exactly so, yet, by the good luck of the Shah, it will; and therefore it amounts to the same thing. Truth is an excellent thing when it suits one’s purpose, but very inconvenient when otherwise.”

ANONYMOUS.

THE BUSYBODY.

THE mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humours of an eccentric personage, whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the small-pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frost bitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery

and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible. He was evidently the wit of the family, dealing very much in sly jokes and inuendos with the ladies, and making infinite merriment by harpings upon old themes ; which, unfortunately, my ignorance of the family chronicles did not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be his great delight during supper to keep a young girl next him in a continual agony of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of the reproving looks of her mother, who sat opposite. Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company, who laughed at every thing he said or did, and at every turn of his countenance. I could not wonder at it ; for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy ; make an old woman of his hand, with the assistance of a burnt cork and pocket handkerchief ; and cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature, that the young folks were ready to die with laughing.

I was let briefly into his history by Frank Bracebridge. He was an old bachelor, of a small independent income, which, by careful management, was sufficient for all his wants. He revolved through the family system like a vagrant comet in its orbit ; sometimes visiting one branch, and sometimes another quite remote ; as is often the case with gentlemen of extensive connexions and small fortunes in England. He had a chirping buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment ; and his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty unaccommodating habits with which

old bachelors are so uncharitably charged. He was a complete family chronicle, being versed in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge, which made him a great favourite with the old folks; he was a beau of all the elder ladies and superannuated spinsters, among whom he was habitually considered rather a young fellow, and he was a master of the revels among the children; so that there was not a more popular being in the sphere in which he moved than Mr. Simon Bracebridge. Of late years he had resided almost entirely with the squire, to whom he had become a factotum, and whom he particularly delighted by jumping with his humour in respect to old times, and by having a scrap of an old song to suit every occasion.

* * * * *

By no one has my return to the hall been more heartily greeted than by Mr. Simon Bracebridge, or Master Simon, as the squire most commonly calls him. I encountered him just as I entered the park, where he was breaking a pointer, and he received me with all the hospitable cordiality with which a man welcomes a friend to another one's house. I have already introduced him to the reader as a brisk old bachelor-looking little man, the wit and superannuated beau of a large family connexion, and the squire's factotum. I found him, as usual, full of bustle; with a thousand petty things to do, and persons to attend to, and in chirping good humour; for there are few happier beings than a busy idler; that is to say, a man who is eternally busy about nothing.

I visited him, the morning after my arrival, in his chamber, which is in a remote corner of the mansion, as he says he likes to be to himself, and out of the way. He has fitted it up in his own taste, so that it is a perfect epitome of an old bachelor's notions of convenience and arrangement. The furniture is made up of odd pieces from all parts of the house, chosen on account of their suiting his notions, or fitting some corner of his apartment; and he is very eloquent in praise of an ancient elbow chair, from which he takes occasion to digress into a censure on modern chairs, as having degenerated from the dignity and comfort of high-backed antiquity.

Adjoining to his room is a small cabinet, which he calls his study. Here are some hanging shelves, of his own construction, on which are several old works on hawking, hunting, and farriery, and a collection or two of poems and songs of the reign of Elizabeth, which he studies out of compliment to the squire; together with the Novelists' Magazine, the Sporting Magazine, the Racing Calendar, a volume or two of the Newgate Calendar, a book of peerage, and another of heraldry.

His sporting dresses hang on pegs in a small closet: and about the walls of his apartment are hooks to hold his fishing tackle, whips, spurs, and a favourite fowling-piece, curiously wrought and inlaid, which he inherits from his grandfather. He has also a couple of old single-keyed flutes, and a fiddle, which he has repeatedly patched and mended himself, affirming it to be a veritable Cremona; though I have never heard

him extract a single note from it that was not enough to make one's blood run cold.

From this little nest his fiddle will often be heard, in the stillness of midday, drowsily sawing some long-forgotten tune ; for he prides himself on having a choice collection of good old English music, and will scarcely have any thing to do with modern composers. The time, however, at which his musical powers are of most use, is now and then of an evening, when he plays for the children to dance in the hall, and he passes among them and the servants for a perfect Orpheus.

His chamber also bears evidence of his various avocations : there are half-copied sheets of music ; designs for needlework ; sketches of landscapes, very indifferently executed ; a camera-lucida ; a magic lantern, for which he is endeavouring to paint glasses ; in a word, it is the cabinet of a man of many accomplishments, who knows a little of every thing, and does nothing well.

After I had spent some time in his apartment, admiring the ingenuity of his small inventions, he took me about the establishment, to visit the stables, dog-kennel, and other dependencies, in which he appeared like a general visiting the different quarters of his camp ; as the squire leaves the control of all these matters to him, when he is at the hall. He inquired into the state of the horses ; examined their feet ; prescribed a drench for one, and bleeding for another ; and then took me to look at his own horse, on the merits of which he dwelt with great prolixity, and which, I noticed, had the best stall in the stable.

After this I was taken to a new toy of his and the squire's, which he termed the falconry, where there were several unhappy birds in durance, completing their education. Among the number was a fine falcon, which Master Simon had in especial training; and he told me that he would show me, in a few days, some rare sport of the good old-fashioned kind. In the course of our round, I noticed that the grooms, game-keeper, whippers-in, and other retainers, seemed to be on somewhat of a familiar footing with Master Simon, and fond of having a joke with him, though it was evident they had great deference for his opinion in matters relating to their functions.

There was one exception, however, in a testy old huntsman, as hot as a peppercorn; a meagre, wiry old fellow, in a threadbare velvet jockey cap, and a pair of leather breeches, that, from much wear, shone as though they had been jappanned. He was very contradictory and pragmatical, and apt, as I thought, to differ from Master Simon now and then, out of mere captiousness. This was particularly the case with respect to the hawk, which the old man seemed to have under his peculiar care, and, according to Master Simon, was in a fair way to ruin; the latter had a vast deal to say about *casting*, and *imping*, and *gleaming*, and *enseaming*, and giving the hawk the *rangle*, which I saw was all heathen Greek to old Christy; but he maintained his point notwithstanding, and seemed to hold all this technical lore in utter disrespect.

I was surprised at the good humour with which Master Simon bore his contradictions, till he ex-

plained the matter to me afterwards. Old Christy is the most ancient servant in the place, having lived among dogs and horses the greater part of a century, and been in the service of Mr. Bracebridge's father. He knows the pedigree of every horse on the place, and has bestrode the great great grandsires of most of them. He can give a circumstantial detail of every fox-hunt for the last sixty or seventy years, and has a history for every stag's head about the house, and every hunting trophy nailed to the door of the dog-kennel.

All the present race have grown up under his eye, and humour him in his old age. He once attended the squire to Oxford when he was a student there, and enlightened the whole university with his hunting lore. All this is enough to make the old man opinionated, since he finds on all these matters of first-rate importance, he knows more than the rest of the world. Indeed, Master Simon had been his pupil, and acknowledges that he derived his first knowledge in hunting from the instructions of Christy; and I much question whether the old man does not still look upon him as rather a greenhorn.

W. IRVING.

HOW TO GROW RICH.

It is not my business to discuss or pursue any nice abstract question in philosophy or metaphysics, which may arise in the progress of this history. I only record facts; and though it may

be said that nothing can come of nothing, I have the means of proving beyond the possibility of cavil or dispute, that Peter Pellet, the new lord of Cwn Owen, did literally begin the world with nothing, nay worse than nothing, having been born in the poor-house of the parish of Keynsham (between Bath and Bristol), and bred up on the eleemosynary contributions of the parishioners of that place, until he was able to do in the world (as it is called) for himself. The little citizen bowed with as much humility to Mr. Geoffrey Owen, as if he had been selling a saucepan, instead of buying a castle ; so habitual were the manners to which he stood indebted for the goods of fortune. The latter, in following up the suggestion which the peculiar circumstances of his situation had prompted, addressed Mr. Peter Pellet—"You appear to be a very fortunate man, sir, by your successful industry to have become the purchaser of this castle."

"Castle, quotha!—yes, yes,—I ask ye pardon—it was called a castle in the pertic'lars of sale, and that were my main objection."

"Objection—How's that, sir?"

"Why, I never see'd a castle that warn't a jail—I ask ye pardon—and so thinks I, a'ter all I've toiled and laboured—and owed no man a farden—it's but a bad job to buy oneself into jail, that's a good 'un—aynt it—but la—they laughed at me, and said e'ery man's house was a castle in this country ; so I made no more ado but bought it out and out, as the saying is—I ask ye pardon."

"My pardon ! For what, sir?"

"Oh! that's my way—I beg ye—I mean that's my way, all as I may say in the way of business. It takes hugely—Two customers together—can't answer both—ask pardon of one—serve the other. Why, sir, it tells in a sight of ways; make a small mistake in a bill—beg your pardon, sir—man tells a little bit of a lie, saving your presence, must beg your pardon, sir. Its all one, always handy—so got into it, and so can't get out of it—that's good—an't it?"

"Thou art a humorist, Mr. Pellett."

"Anan!—Oh humorist, well enough at home, that is—to wife and brats—he! he! ask ye pardon—that won't do in trade—be in good humour with all—you're an ass, says a testy fellow—beg your pardon, sir—I'll knock you down, sirrah—bow the lower; ask pardon again, and he begins to cheapen."

"Thou art at least a politician," smiled Geoffrey.

"Ask ye pardon—never more out in your life—never knew a politician make a fortin in my born life—always steered clear of them there things. Vote for my friend, Mr. Kingsman, says one—beg your pardon, sir, I can't promise. Vote for Mr. Crop, says another—beg pardon, don't meant to vote at all."

"So you surrender your privilege on the score of prudence."

"Why—lauk, never voted but once for a parliament-man, and got enough of it then—never vote again. Why, sir, I ask—I mean, I got a large commission for the Russey market—house failed—fobbed off with two and sixpence in the

pound—and lost a venter to Boney's Haris, by giving offence to Alderman Totherside—which neighbour Twostringit took up, and made seven hundred pounds hard cash by."

"Rather hard upon you, Mr. Pellett, as you voted so conscientiously."

"Ay, ay, that's all gammon—what's conscience got to do with voting for a parliament-man?—Never see him again, ten to one—never get nothing out of him a'terwards, unless so be when he's served his seven years—out of his time, as we call it—hey! good—weigh him in his balance again."

"Well, sir, what I would ask of you," said Mr. Geoffrey Owen, interrupting his loquacity, "supposing a man like myself were to enter into business, what is the first step?"

"The first step—into a good business, to be sure—hey!"

"I'm not disposed to trifle, *Mister Pellet*; I ask you a serious question, and desire you to inform me what measures it would be necessary for me to take in order to become a man of business."

"You! he! he! that's a good one—ask ye pardon, thou'lt make an odd figure behind a counter!"

"A counter, sirrah!" ejaculated Geoffrey.

"Why, how wilt carry on business without a counter, I should like to know—that's a good un, an't it!—thee'st not up to business, I take it."

"It is on that account I apply to you—you, sir, are now in possession of the last remaining property of an ancient family, the castle of my forefathers."

“ Four fathers!—that’s a good one, an’t it!—now this comes of being of a great old family!”

“ What, sir!”

“ What! why, to ha’ four fathers, when I remember it was a joke agen me, as I had ne’er an one.”

“ Very likely, Mr. Pellett—I speak of those from whom this castle came down to me.”

“ Odds boddikins, I wonder it hadn’t come down upon them long ago—he! he!—Its a tumble down piece o’ rubbish, and I dare to say, when we comes to overhaul the timbers, they’ll be”——

“ D—n the timbers, sir, speak to the point, and answer my plain question, how a man like yourself (eyeing the hardwareman somewhat too superciliously) could rise from—from small beginnings into comparative affluence.”

“ Nothing to be done without a counter, I can tell thee, or without sticking to it—aye, sticking to it—I ask ye pardon.”

“ Psha—with what capital did you start in business, man?”

“ Capital!—come, that’s a good one—hey! I ask ye pardon—thank God, I hadn’t a brass sixpence to cross myself with—should’nt have been here now, buying castles, as thee call’st ’em—no, no—never knew any body do good in business as begun with any thing.”

“ Why, confound the man!—how could you get a house, a shop, a hovel, without money?”

“ Don’t ye be angry—ask ye pardon—got first into a good shop.”

“ But how—how—that’s what I want to know.”

“ How!—Why by sweeping my way.”

“Sweeping!—what?”

“The shop, to be sure.”

“Take your own way, sir.”

“And so I did, and the best way—so on I goes from sweeping to tramping.”

“Tramping!”

“To be sure—tramping a’ter master’s customers wi’ parcels and such like—and doing little odds and ends of ’omissions.”

“Well, sir, you seem to have taken your degrees.”

“Degrees! there’s no getting on in any other guess manner; so after that, I got on to scraping.”

“Making up your capital, I presume.”

“Lord love ye, no such a thing—never thought of capital—always running in thy head—ask ye pardon—scraping my master’s door, and putting the best leg foremost, as we have it;” which the honest trader illustrated by making a series of very profound flexions of the body.

“And pray, sir,” asked the almost exhausted Mr. Geoffrey Owen, “what did that do for you?”

“Do! made friends.”

“How?”

“By booing and civility.”

“Servility, thou meanest”——

“Ye; civility, I mean.”

“Your advances were slow at least.”

“Slow—should like to see thee get on as fast—ask ye pardon, I began to climb like smoke.”

“Climb! creep, you would say.”

“I would say no such thing, for I should lie—ask ye pardon—I climbed to the garret—first housed, then lodged, then fed as shopman.”

"That was a jump indeed," observed Geoffrey rather contemptuously.

"Nothing to the next."

"What, higher than the garret?"

"Higher—a mile—hop, step—and as we has it—from the off side to the near side of the counter."

"In what manner?"

"My own manner, to be sure—master liked my manner—missis liked my manner—customers liked my manner—so they put me on my prefarment, and I riz to be foreman."

"And how did'st thou rise above the counter?"

"Above the counter! that's a good un, an't it?—Why, Lord love ye, I couldn't rise higher. It's the nonplush, as we has it—where the dickons would'st thee ha' me go?—There I stuck, for nobody could move me, 'till I growed to it, like a nailed Brummegem; and it's the awkwardest thing in life to me to go without it."

"I mean to ask, how didst thou rise from the situation of a foreman, to that of master? For such I presume thou wert."

"Popped into master's shoes."

"By what means?"

"He died one day—popt to his widow—she jumped at it—carried on the concern, and pocketed the old boy's savings as well as my own. He! he! that's a good un, an't it?"

"For thee—a very good one, friend;—I see I shall make no progress in thy school."

"No!—don't look cut out for it: can't give ye much encouragement—can't bend thee body enough—too upright."

"I fear so indeed," groaned Geoffrey.

"You maun creep first before you can climb, as we say; besides, too rich, too rich; I beg pardon, he!"

"Dost thou mean to insult my poverty, sir?"

"Oh lud, not I; ask ye pardon: say 'gain too rich."

"Why, sir, I have not fifteen hundred pounds in the world."

"Fifteen hundred! too much, too much; why, ye can't begin sweeping with such a sum in your pocket."

"Sweeping! why, thou dar'st not imagine"—

"Oh! not I—beg pardon, don't imagine any such thing; only, if don't begin by sweeping, can't climb after my manner, that's all; and, good lack! All men's not made for all things, as I heard the famous Zekel Platterface, at Redcliffe church say—you ha'nt the manner, the figure, the"—

"Dost laugh at me, sirrah?"

"Laugh! not I; the Lord love ye,—it's no laughing matter, I can tell ye. Wouldn't say nothing to disparage ye; 'tish't thee fault—nater made us as we be,—can't all rise to the top;—ben't all born to fortin."

HOOK.

DESCRIPTION OF DOMINIE SAMPSON.

THOUGH we have said so much of the laird himself, it still remains that we make the reader in some degree acquainted with his companion. This was Abel Sampson, commonly called, from

his occupation as a pedagogue, Dominie Sampson. He was of low birth; but having evinced, even from his cradle, an uncommon seriousness of disposition, the poor parents were encouraged to hope that their *bairn*, as they expressed it, "might wag his pow in a pulpit yet." With an ambitious view to such a consummation, they pinched and pared, rose early and lay down late, ate dry bread, and drank cold water, to secure to Abel the means of learning. Meantime his tall ungainly figure, his taciturn and grave manners, and some grotesque habits of swinging his limbs, and screwing his visage, while reciting his task, made poor Sampson the ridicule of all his school-companions. The same qualities secured him at college a plentiful share of the same sort of notice. Half the youthful mob "of the yards" used to assemble regularly to see Dominie Sampson (for he had already attained that honourable title) descend the stairs from the Greek class, with his Lexicon under his arm, his long misshapen legs sprawling abroad, and keeping awkward time to the play of his immense shoulder-blades, as they raised and depressed the loose and threadbare black coat, which was his constant and only wear. When he spoke the efforts of the professor were totally inadequate to restrain the inextinguishable laughter of the students, and sometimes even to repress his own. The long sallow visage, the goggle eyes, the huge under-jaw, which appeared not to open and shut by an act of volition, but to be dropped and hoisted up again by some complicated machinery within the inner man,—the harsh

and dissonant voice, and the schreechowl notes to which it was exalted when he was exhorted to pronounce more distinctly,—all added fresh subject for mirth to the torn cloak and shattered shoe, which have afforded legitimate subjects of raillery against the poor scholar from Juvenal's time downward. It was never known that Sampson either exhibited irritability at this ill usage, or made the least attempt to retort upon his tormentors. He slunk from college by the most secret paths he could discover, and plunged himself into his miserable lodging, where, for eighteen pence a-week, he was allowed the benefit of a straw mattress, and, when his landlady was in good humour, permission to study his task by her fire. Under all these disadvantages he obtained a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with the sciences.

In progress of time Abel Sampson, probationer of divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But, alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong disposition to risibility which pervaded the congregation upon his first attempt, he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse, gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, shut the Bible, stumbled down the pulpit-stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there, and was ever after designated as a "stickit minister." And thus he wandered back to his own country, with blighted hopes and prospects, to share the poverty of his

parents. As he had neither friend nor confidant, hardly even an acquaintance, no one had the means of observing closely how Dominie Sampson bore a disappointment which supplied the whole town where it happened with a week's sport. It would be endless even to mention the numerous jokes to which it gave birth, from a ballad called "Samson's Riddle," written upon the subject by a smart young student of humanity, to the sly hope of the principal, that the fugitive had not taken the college gates along with him in his retreat.

To all appearance the equanimity of Sampson was unshaken. He sought to assist his parents by teaching a school; and soon had plenty of scholars, but very few fees. In fact, he taught the sons of farmers for what they chose to give him, and the poor for nothing; and, to the shame of the former be it spoken, the pedagogue's gains never equalled those of a skilful ploughman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his pittance by copying accounts and writing letters for Ellangowan. By degrees, the laird, who was much estranged from general society, became partial to that of Dominie Sampson. Conversation, it is true, was out of the question; but the Dominie was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted also to snuff the candles, but was unsuccessful, and relinquished that ambitious post of courtesy after having twice reduced the parlour to total darkness. So his civilities thereafter were confined to taking off his glass of ale in exactly the same time and measure with the laird, and

in uttering certain indistinct murmurs of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Ellangowan.

One of Sampson's great recommendations to the favour of Mr. Bertram was, that he never detected the most gross attempt at imposition, so that the laird, whose humble efforts at jocularity were chiefly confined to what were then called *bites* and *bams*, since denominated *hoaxes* and *quizzes*, had the fairest possible subject of wit in the unsuspecting Dominie. It is true he never laughed or joined in the laugh which his own simplicity afforded; nay, it is said, he never laughed but once in his life; and upon that memorable occasion his landlady miscarried, partly through surprise at the event itself, and partly from terror at the hideous grimaces which attended this unusual cachinnation. The only effect which the discovery of such impositions produced upon this saturnine personage was, to extort an ejaculation of "Prodigious!" or "Very facetious!" pronounced syllabically, but without moving a muscle of his own countenance.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE RACE OF THE EFFIGIES.

THE more I saw of the great Tarshish, my spirit was filled with wonder, and borne onward with a longing for new things. Finding it was not convenient to go home for my dinner, when I was in a distant part of the town, I dropped into the nearest coffee-house when I felt an inclination to eat, and by this means I sometimes for-

gathered with strange persons, deeply read in the mysteries of man. Among others, I one day, when I felt the wonted two o'clock pinkling in my belly, stepped into an eating-house, to get a cheek of something, and sat down at a table in a box where an elderly man of a salt-water complexion was sitting. Having told the lad that was the waiter what I wanted, I entered into discourse with the hard favoured stranger. His responses to me were at first very short, and it seemed as if he had made up his mind to stint the freedom of conversation. But there was a quickened intelligence in his eye, which manifested that his mind neither slumbered nor slept. I told him that I was come on purpose to inspect the uncas in London, and how content I was with all I saw; and my continued marvel of the great apparition of wealth that seemed to abound every where. "I think," said I, "that it's only in London a man can see the happiness of the British nation."—"And the misery," was his reply. This caustical observe led to further descant anent both sides of the question, until he opened up, and showed that his reserve was but a resolution, not habitual, nor from the custom of his nature. "The least interesting things about this town," said he, "to a man who looks deeper than the outside of the packing-case of society, are the buildings, the wealth, and the appearance of the people. The preeminence of London consists in the possession of a race of beings that I call the Effigies. They resemble man in action and external bearing; but they have neither passions, appetites, nor affections;

without reason, imagination, or heart, they do all things that men do, but they move onward to the grave, and are covered up in the parent and congenial clay with as little regret by those who know them best, as you feel for the fate of that haddock you are now about to eat."

"And what are the things?" was my diffident question. "Why," says he, "they are for the most part foundlings of fortune; beings without relations; adventurers, who, at an early period of life, perhaps begged their way to London, and have raised themselves, not by talents or skill, but by a curious kind of alchemy, into great riches. I have known several. They are commonly bachelors, bachelors in the heart. They live in a snug way; have some crony that dines with them on Sunday, and who knows as little of their affairs as of their history. The friendship of such friends usually commences in the Hampstead or Hackney stages, and the one is commonly a pawnbroker and the other a banker. The professions of such friendshipless friends are ever intrinsically the same; nor can I see any difference between the man who lends money on bills and bonds, and him who does the same thing on the widow's wedding-ring, or the clothes of her orphans. They both grow rich by the expedients of the necessitous or the unfortunate. They make their money by habit, without motive, and they bequeath it some charity or public character, merely because they are by the force of custom required to make a will. I am a traveller; I know something of all the principal cities of Europe; but in no other has the Effigian species

any existence. Their element consists of the necessities of a commercial community, which embraces all the other vicissitudes to which mankind are ordinarily liable.

“ One of the most decided, the purest blood of the Effigies, was the late old Joe Brianson. Whether he begged or worked his way to London is disputed ; but he commenced his career as a porter. No one ever heard him mention the name of any of his kin ; perhaps he had some good reason for the concealment. The first week he saved a crown, which he lent to a brother bearer of burdens who was in need, on condition of receiving six shillings on the Saturday following. In the course of the third week after his arrival he was worth one pound sterling ; and he died at the age of seventy-three, leaving exactly a million, not taking out of the world one idea more than he brought into London fifty-six years before ; and yet the history of Joe would be infinitely more interesting and important than that of all the men of fame and genius that ever existed. For although he was, in the truest sense of the times, a usurious huncks, he was never drawn into one transgression against the statutes. I knew him well in my younger years, for I had often occasion to apply to him. I was constituted somewhat differently, and without being so good a member of society, I do not say much for myself when I affirm that I was a better man. Joe was most faithful to his word ; his promise was a bond ; but, like a bond, it always contained a penalty. “ If this bill,” he used to say, “ is not positively taken up, I pro-

mise you it will be heard of;" and when it was not taken up, it was heard of, and that too with a vengeance. He never gave a groat in charity, because he never had one to give. He lived all his days as literally from hand to mouth as when he entered London without a penny. If you wanted a bill discounted, he never did it off hand. He had all his own cash previously put out at usury, and was obliged to apply to his bankers. They got at the rate of five per cent. per annum. Joe agreed to sell some article of merchandise to his customer; and the price he put on it left him not less in general than five per cent. per month, upon the principal of the bill discounted. But the wealth he thus gathered may almost be said to have been unblest, for it brought him no new enjoyment. At the age of threescore, and possessed of half a million, he was taken ill with vexation, in consequence of a clerk dying insolvent, who had been in his service three-and-twenty years, and to whom he had discounted a bill for twenty pounds in anticipation of his salary; the poor man being at the time under the necessity of submitting to an operation for the stone.

Joe married when he was about fifty. His wife was the daughter of a man with whom he had formed an acquaintance in the Islington stage coach. She was beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by a handsome young butcher; but educated at a fashionable boarding-school, the butcher's trade was unsavoury to her imagination. Her own father was a nightman, a dealer in dunghills. There is some difference between a banker and a butcher; and old Joe was on that

account preferred to the butcher by the night-man's daughter. They begat a son and daughter. The former, at the age of twenty-two, was elected into Parliament by his father's purse. The latter, at the age of nineteen, was married by the same potentiality to an earl. Joe died—his son and daughter put their servants into mourning when he ceased to discount, and in less than three months after gave them new liveries in honour of their mother's second marriage. There are no such beings as these in any other capital in Europe, and yet they are common in London. Father, mother, son and daughter, belong to a peculiar species, and it would be a libel on human nature to rank them with the race of man.

Here I could not refrain from saying to the strange man, having by this time well finished my dinner, that I thought he had a sour heart towards the sons and daughters of success and prosperity. "No," says he, "you misunderstand me, I was only speaking of the effigies, a species of the same genus as man, but widely different in the generalities of their nature." GALT.

NED DRUGGET.

I PAID a visit yesterday to my old friend Ned Drugget, at his country lodgings. Ned began trade with a very small fortune; he took a small house in an obscure street, and for some years dealt only in remnants. Knowing that "light gains make a heavy purse," he was content with moderate profit; having observed or heard the

effects of civility, he bowed down to the counter-edge at the entrance and departure of every customer; listened without impatience to the objections of the ignorant, and refused without resentment the offers of the penurious. His only recreation was, to stand at his own door and look into the street. His dinner was sent him from a neighbouring alehouse, and he opened and shut the shop at a certain hour with his own hands.

His reputation soon extended from one end of the street to the other; and Mr. Drugget's exemplary conduct was recommended by every master to his apprentice, and every father to his son. Ned was not only considered as a thriving trader, but as a man of elegance and politeness, for he was remarkably neat in his dress, and would wear his coat threadbare without spotting it; his hat was always brushed, his shoes glossy, his wig nicely curled, and his stockings without a wrinkle. With such qualifications it was not very difficult for him to gain the heart of Miss Comfit, the only daughter of Mr. Comfit, the confectioner.

Ned is one of those whose happiness marriage has increased. His wife had the same disposition with himself; and his method of life was very little changed, except that he dismissed the lodgers from the first floor, and took the whole house into his own hands.

He had already, by his parsimony, accumulated a considerable sum, to which the fortune of his wife was now added. From this time he began to grasp at greater acquisitions, and was always ready with money in his hand to pick up

the refuse of a sale, or to buy the stock of a trader who retired from business. He soon added his parlour to his shop, and was obliged, a few months afterwards, to hire a warehouse.

He had now a shop splendidly and copiously furnished with every thing that time had injured, or fashion had degraded, with fragments of tissues, odd yards of brocade, vast bales of faded silk, and innumerable boxes of antiquated ribbons. His shop was soon celebrated through all quarters of the town, and frequented by every form of ostentatious poverty. Every maid, whose misfortune it was to be taller than her lady, matched her gown at Mr. Drugget's; and many a maiden, who had passed a winter with her aunt in London, dazzled the rustics, at her return, with cheap finery which Drugget had supplied. His shop was often visited in a morning by ladies who left their coaches in the next street, and crept through the alley in linen gowns. Drugget knows the rank of his customers by their bashfulness; and when he finds them unwilling to be seen, invites them up stairs, or retires with them to the back window.

I rejoiced at the increasing prosperity of my friend, and imagined that as he grew rich he was growing happy. His mind has partaken the enlargement. When I stepped in, for the first five years, I was welcomed only with a shake of the hand; in the next period of his life, he beckoned across the way for a pot of beer; but for six years past he invited me to dinner; and if he bespeaks me the day before, never fails to regale me with a fillet of veal.

His riches neither made him uncivil nor negligent; he rose at the same hour, attended with the same assiduity, and bowed with the same gentleness. But for some years he has been much inclined to talk of the fatigues of business, and the confinement of a shop, and to wish that he had been so happy as to have renewed his uncle's lease of a farm, that he might have lived without noise and hurry, in a pure air, in the artless society of honest villagers, and the contemplation of the works of nature.

I soon discovered the cause of my friend's philosophy. He thought himself grown rich enough to have a lodging in the country, like the mercers on Ludgate Hill, and was resolved to enjoy himself in the decline of life. This was a resolution not to be made suddenly. He talked three years of the pleasures of the country, but passed every night over his own shop. But at last he resolved to be happy, and hired a lodging in the country, that he may steal some hours in the week from business; for, says he, "when a man advances in life, he loves to entertain himself sometimes with his own thoughts."

I was invited to this seat of quiet and contemplation among those whom Mr. Drugget considers as his most reputable friends, and desires to make the first witnesses of his elevation to the highest dignities of a shopkeeper. I found him at Islington, in a room which overlooked the high road, amusing himself with looking through the window, which the clouds of dust would not suffer him to open. He embraced me, told me I was welcome into the country, and asked me if I did

not feel myself refreshed. He then desired that dinner might be hastened, for fresh air always sharpened his appetite, and ordered me a toast and a glass of wine after my walk. He told me much of the pleasure he found in retirement, and wondered what had kept him so long out of the country. After dinner company came in, and Mr. Drugget again repeated the praises of the country, recommended the pleasures of meditation, and told them that he had been all the morning at the window counting the carriages as they passed before him.

JOHNSON.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

No man is a sincerer friend to innocent pleasantry, or more desirous of promoting it, than myself. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is, in my opinion, an excellent ingredient in conversation ; I am never displeased, if I can contribute to the harmless mirth of the company, by being myself the subject of it : but, in good truth, I have neither a fortune, a constitution, nor a temper that will enable me to chuckle and shake my sides, while I suffer more from the festivity of my friends than the spleen or malice of enemies could possibly inflict on me : nor do I see any reason why I should so far move the mirthful indignation of the ladies as to be teased and worried to death in mere sport, for no earthly reason but that I am what the world calls an old bachelor.

The female part of my acquaintance entertain

an odd opinion, that a bachelor is not, in fact, a rational animal; at least, that he has not the sense of feeling in common with the rest of mankind; that a bachelor may be beaten like a stock-fish; that you may thrust pins into his legs, and wring him by the nose: in short, that you cannot take too many liberties with a bachelor. I am at a loss to conceive on what foundation these romping philosophers have grounded their hypothesis, though, at the same time, I am a melancholy proof of its existence, as well as of its absurdity.

A friend of mine, whom I frequently visit, has a wife and three daughters, the youngest of which has persecuted me these ten years. These ingenious young ladies have not only found out the sole end and purpose of my being themselves, but have likewise communicated their discovery to all the girls in the neighbourhood: so that if they happen at any time to be apprized of my coming (which I take all possible care to prevent), they immediately dispatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to beg the favour of their company to drink coffee, and help to tease Mr. Ironside. Upon these occasions, my entry into the room is sometimes obstructed by a cord fastened across the bottom of the doorcase: which as I am a little near-sighted, I seldom discover, till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in brushing the dust from my black rollers, or chafing my broken shins, my wig is suddenly conveyed away, and either stuffed behind the looking glass, or tossed from the one to the other so dexterously and with

such velocity, that, after many a fruitless attempt to recover it, I am obliged to sit down bare headed, to the great diversion of the spectators. The last time I found myself in these distressful circumstances, the eldest girl, a sprightly mischievous jade, stepped briskly up to me, and promised to restore my wig, if I would play her a tune on a small flute she held in her hand. I innocently applied it to my lips, and blowing lustily into it, to my inconceivable surprise, was immediately choked and blinded with a cloud of soot, that issued from every hole in the instrument. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed the conditions, and refused to surrender my wig; but the father, who has a rough kind of facetiousness about him, insisted on its being delivered up, and protested that he never knew the black joke better performed in his life.

I am naturally a quiet inoffensive animal, and not easily ruffled, yet I shall never submit to these indignities with patience, till I am satisfied I deserve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who, one would think, might have a fellow feeling for a brother in distress, conspire with their nieces to harrass and torment me : and it is not many nights since Miss Diana Grizzle utterly spoiled the only superfine suit I have in the world, by pinning the skirts of it together with a red hot poker. I own my resentment of this injury was so strong, that I determined to punish it by kissing the offender, which in cool blood I should never have attempted. The satisfaction, however, which I obtained by this im-

prudent revenge, was much like what a man of honour feels on finding himself run through the body by the scoundrel who has offended him. My upper lip was transfixed with a large corking pin, which in the scuffle she had conveyed into her mouth; and I doubt not that I shall carry the *memorem labris notam* (the mark of this Judas kiss) from an old maid to the grave with me.

These misfortunes, or others of the same kind, I encounter daily: but at these seasons of the year, which give a sanction to this kind of practical wit, and when every man thinks he has a right to entertain himself at his friend's expense, I live in hourly apprehensions of more mortifying adventures. No miserable dunghill cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a Shrove Tuesday, were he endued with human reason and forecast, than I am at the approach of a merry Christmas or the first of April. No longer ago than last Thursday, which was the latter of these festivals, I was pestered with mortifying presents from the ladies; obliged to pay the carriage of half a dozen oyster barrels stuffed with brickbats, and ten packets by the post containing nothing but old newspapers. But what vexed me most was the being sent fifty miles out of town, on that day, by a counterfeit express from a dying relation.

I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, on the resemblance between the imaginary grievance of poor Tom, in the tragedy of Lear, and those which I really experience. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quag-

mire ; and though knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horse hair was strewed upon my sheets : like him, I was made to ride on a hard-trotting horse through the most dangerous ways, and found at the end of my journey that I had only been coursing my own shadow.

As much a sufferer as I am by the behaviour of the women in general, I must not forget to remark, that the pertness and sauciness of an old maid is particularly offensive to me. I cannot help thinking that the virginity of these ancient misses is at least as ridiculous as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned for having never made an offer, they are as much to blame for having never accepted one. If I am to be derided for having never married, who never attempted to make a conquest, they are more properly the objects of derision who are still unmarried, after having made so many. Numberless are the proposals they have rejected, according to their own account : and they are eternally boasting of the havoc they have formerly made among the knights, baronets, and squires, at Bath, Tunbridge, and Epsom ; while a tattered madrigal, perhaps a snip of hair, or the portrait of a cherry cheeked gentleman in a milk-white peritwig, are the only remaining proofs of those beauties, which are now withered, like the short-lived rose, and have only left the virgin thorn remaining.

Believe me, Mr. Town, I am almost afraid to trust you with the publication of this epistle : the ladies, whom I last mentioned, will be so exasperated on reading it, that I must expect no quarter at their hands for the future, since they are

generally as little inclined to forgiveness in their old age, as they were to pity and compassion in their youth. One expedient, however, is left me, which, if put in execution, will effectually screen me from their resentment.

I shall be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies, that as fusty an animal as they think me, it is not impossible, by a little gentler treatment than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into a husband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my present uneasy circumstances, you may assure them, that I am rendered so exceedingly tractable by the very severe discipline I have undergone, that they may mould and fashion me to their minds with ease ; and, consequently, that by marrying me a woman will save herself all that trouble which a wife of any spirit is obliged to take with an unruly husband, who is absurd enough to expect from her a strict performance of the marriage vow, even in the very minute article of obedience : that, so far from contradicting a lady, I shall be mighty well satisfied if she contents herself with contradicting me : that, if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I shall think myself rightly served if she boxes my ears, spits in my face, or treads upon my corns : that, if I approach her lips when she is not in a kissing humour, I shall expect she will bite me by the nose ; or, if I take her by the hand at an improper season, that she will instantly begin to pinch, scratch, and claw, and apply her fingers to those purposes which they were certainly intended by nature to

fulfil. Add to these accomplishments, so requisite to make the married state happy, that I am not much turned of fifty, can tie on my cravat, fasten a button, or mend a hole in my stocking without any assistance.

COWPER.

AN AGREEABLE VISITOR.

EARLY in the spring succeeding the birth of her second child, Mrs. Burton received a letter announcing the arrival in England of Mr. Frumpton Danvers, her mother's uncle, whose days had been spent in various parts of the world, collecting and accumulating wealth; and who had returned to his native land, so late in life as to have outlived all his friends and connexions, except this daughter of his niece. His property was immense—almost incalculably so—in the West Indies, in the East Indies, in England, in Ireland, and in Scotland, he had estates and riches, and few people ventured to guess, to use the delicate and commonly accepted term, what he would *cut up* for. One thing was quite certain; besides all the doubtful property he possessed, three hundred thousand pounds stood in his name in the three per cents.; and the difficulties he had for years encountered in amassing this fortune were now surpassed by the still greater one of making up his mind to whom he should bequeath it.

The old gentleman was a mannerist and an egotist—self-opiniated, obstinate, positive, and eternally differing with every body round him—

his temper was soured by ill health ; while, unfortunately for his associates, his immense fortune gave him, at least he thought it did, the power and authority to display all its little varieties in their full natural vigour.

He was the meanest and most liberal man alive, the gentlest and the most passionate, alternately wise and weak, harsh and kind, bountiful and avaricious, just as his constitution felt the effects of the weather or of society—he was, in short, an oddity, and had proved himself through life constant but to one object alone—his own aggrandizement : in this he had succeeded to his heart's content ; and had at seventy-four amassed sufficient wealth to make him always extremely uneasy, and at times perfectly wretched.

When it is recollected that Mrs. Burton was his only existing relative, that he was far advanced in years, infirm, and almost alone in the world, and that he had sought her out and addressed a kind and affectionate letter to her, it may be easily supposed that she was not a little flattered and pleased by the event. She communicated to the dear partner of all her joys the unexpected incident. He entered immediately into her feelings, saw with her the prospects which the affections of this old gentleman opened to their view, and, without a moment's delay, resolved, as she had indeed suggested, that an invitation should be despatched to Mr. Danvers to visit Sandown Cottage.

The days which passed, after this request was, with all due formality, sealed with the Burton arms, addressed and conveyed to the post, were

consumed in a sort of feverish anxiety. Mary had never known her uncle, never of course seen him, and the only thing intended to bear a resemblance to his person with which her eyes had been gratified, was a full-sized miniature, painted when he was twenty-one years of age, by a second-rate artist, representing him with his hair extremely well powdered, rolled in large curls over his ears, and tied behind with pink ribands, his cheeks blooming like the rose, his solitaire gracefully twining round his neck and falling over his shoulders, well contrasted with a French gray coat, edged with silver, and adorned with salmon-coloured frogs; a sprig of jessamine sprang from his button hole, and a diagonal patch of court plaster rested upon his off cheek: by this record of his appearance, Mrs. Burton had regulated her notions of his attractions; and whenever she heard her rich uncle Danvers spoken of, and his wealth descanted upon, she sighed with the Countess's page, "he is so handsome, Susan!"

In four days, however, the anxious couple received the following letter in reply to their invitation, which, as it is perhaps characteristic, I have transcribed *verbatim et literatim* from the original.

"Ibbotson's Hotel, Vere Street,
Cavendish Square, April —, —."

"MY DEAR NIECE,

"I duly received your's, dated the 5th inst. and have to acknowledge same. You might have spared your compliments, because as the proverb

says, 'Old birds are not caught with chaff.'—It will please me very much to go and see you and your husband: hope you have made a suitable match; at the same time cannot help observing that I never heard the name of Burton, except as relating to strong ale, which I do not drink because it makes me bilious. I cannot get to you yet, because I have promised my old friend General M'Cartridge to accompany him to Cheltenham, to drink the waters, which are recommended to me. I will perhaps go to you from Cheltenham the end of May, but I never promise, because I hate breaking a promise once made, and if I should find Cheltenham very pleasant, perhaps I shall not go to see you at all.

"I thank you for your attention certainly, but I hate to be under obligation; I have therefore directed my agent to send you down with great care my two adjutants, which I have brought home with vast trouble, together with the largest rattle-snake ever imported alive into England. I meant them as presents to the Royal Society, but they have no place to keep them in, and therefore I want you to take care of them, as you tell me you have space about your house.

"My kitmagar and a couple of coolies, or rather beasties, who have attended me to England, will look after them and keep them clean. The fact, that one of the adjutants is a cock, is satisfactory, and I am not without hopes of securing a breed of them to this country. I consider them a treasure, and I know by confiding them to you, I shall secure good treatment for them.

You will allow the men to remain with them till further advice from your affectionate uncle,

“FRUMPTON DANVERS.

“P. S. I am in hopes of being able to add two or three bucks from Cashmire to the collection.”

“Bucks and adjutants, my dear?” exclaimed Mrs. Burton, looking at her husband, and laying down the letter.

“Goats and rattlesnakes, my love,” replied Burton, taking it up, and beginning mechanically to reread it.—“Why, my angel, has your uncle got a menagerie?”

“I am sure I do not know, Mr. Burton,” said his wife, quite alarmed at the approaching invasion of their quiet retreat by a selection from the plagues of the universe.—“What an extraordinary fancy!”

“Yes, Mary,” said Burton, “it is certainly eccentric; but he is *your* uncle, my angel, and if he proposed to turn my paddock into playgrounds for a brace of elephants, I should consider it quite my duty to endeavour to accommodate myself to his wishes; the adjutants shall have the coachhouse to themselves, and we will send the carriages down to the inn; as for the rattlesnake—”

“Hideous monster!” exclaimed Mary.

“Curious pet,” said Burton, “we must take care of him at all events, or he will fascinate little Emma’s canary birds, and eat up Fanny’s lap-dog.”

"Do you know I dread that animal more than all?" said Mrs. Burton.

"And in your situation, Mary," said Burton,—by which we are to infer, that the said Mary was shortly expected to afford him a *third* pledge of affection—"What is to be done, dearest?"

"But now really, Tom, what *are* adjutants; and why put them into the coach-house?" asked Mary.

"They are birds," said Burton.

"Birds!" exclaimed the astonished lady, who had made up her mind to a couple of well dressed officers with an epaulette and strap a-piece; "if they are only birds, why not have their cage put either into our bed chamber, or into the dressing room?"

"Dressing room! cage!" exclaimed Burton; "why, my dear girl, they are fourteen feet high, if they are an inch, as ravenous as tigers, and kick like donkeys."

"Dear, dear!" murmured the affectionate Mary, "and the poor children, what will become of them?"

"Never mind, my little woman," said the kind husband; "we shall soon get used to them, and at all events, if we are doing our duty to an old and respected relation of yours, I shall be satisfied."

All, however, that had been anticipated, did by no means equal the reality of the arrival of these hideous animals: in less than five days appeared in a caravan, the enormous brace of birds, the coiling snake, seven Cashmire goats, a Cape jackass, imagined by Mr. Danvers to be a

zebra, because so called by Mr. Vilette, four monkeys "of sorts," and a couple of gray parrots, with shrill voices and *excellent lungs*.

Such a scene was never represented at Sandown cottage as was enacted on this extraordinary day ; for strange as were the adjutants, horrible as was the snake, odious as were the monkeys, uncouth as were the goats, and noisy as were the parrots, —the kitmagars and coolies, superintended by Mr. Rice, the nabob's own man, were, to the quiet European establishment assembled, more horrible, more strange, more odious, more uncouth, and more noisy.

First the birds were to be fed—a rabbit or two were to be caught for the rattlesnake—failing of which, a fine fowl ready prepared for an excellent *entrée* at dinner was hastily applied to the purpose. A charming portion of bread and milk just ready for Miss Fanny's supper was whipped up for the parrots ; the zebra took fright at the goats, and broke loose into the kitchen garden, while one of the monkeys, in search of provender, skipped over the head of a maid servant, who was standing at the hall door with the younger daughter of the family in her arms, and having nearly knocked down both nurse and child, whisked up stairs, and hid itself under one of the beds in the nursery.

Such screamings, such pokings and scratchings with brooms and brushes, such squallings of children, such roarings of gardeners and keepers, such agonies of the terrified mother, such horrors of the agitated husband, such squallings of babes, such chattering of servants, in Malabar, Hindos-

tanee, Cingalese, and every other jumbled language of the East, never were seen or heard; and it was near nine o'clock before Jackoo was secured, on the pinnacle of the best bed room chimney pot, and carried down to his proper lodging, amongst the other beauties of Nature, or that peace was restored in the house, or dinner ready for the family.

"Well, my angel," said Burton, as he sipped a glass of wine; "it is all over now—how calm and comfortable every thing seems—one really should occasionally suffer a few little inconveniences, to render the even tenour of our life the more agreeable."

"I care nothing for the noise, it is rather good fun," said Mary; "only I am worried to death about the children. I really do not see what's to be done."

"My sweet girl," replied the affectionate Burton, "every care will be taken of these animals, the men are here expressly for the purpose: and no danger can possibly accrue."

At this moment a most terrific noise was heard in the anteroom, and a maid servant, pale with terror, rushed into the dinner parlour without the smallest ceremony or preparation, and exclaimed in a shrill tone—"Ma'am, Ma'am, his leg is broken!"

"Whose leg?" said Mrs. Burton, somewhat philosophically, recollecting that the only *he* she cared about in the world had not been in harm's way, but was sitting opposite to her with both his legs safe under the dinner-table.

"The gardener, ma'am, Thomas, the —"

"How, when, where?" exclaimed Burton.

"You shall hear immediately, sir," said Mr. Rice, *chargé d'affaires* of Mr. Danvers, who entered the apartment, attended by the kitmagar, not to explain the accident so much as to complain of the conduct of the gardener, who, anxious to ascertain how birds four yards and a half high contrive to roost at night, had ventured into their dormitory, and consequently received a kick from one of their tremendous legs, which had the effect of breaking *his*, and bringing him upon his back; after which, by his own account, the lively creature performed a sort of dance upon his chest, which, though extremely graceful to look at, it was by no means salutary to endure.

"I will tell you, sir," repeated Mr. Rice, "or perhaps Vinkitchalum will."

"Yes, Saab," said the kitmagar, who was actually in charge of the birds, and who was dressed in full costume, with the yellow streak of *high caste* upon his forehead. "Misser Garner come pip in de horse-house, see birds winky, winky; bird hear noise; him kick Misser Garner—because why—why because—bird did not know—pretty bird—bote pretty—Saab."

"And the man's leg is broken?" said Burton.

"Acha, Saab—him crack in de middle—because why—why because—bird's leg him two times strong as Misser Garner's leg—him kill a little child two times before now, Saab."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, whose proper feelings were roused by this horrible precedent for the quiet commission of infanticide.

“ But we must see about the gardener,” said Burton; “ desire them to send the carriage immediately for Mr. Kilman, and——”

“ The carriages have been removed, sir,” said the butler, “ to make room for the birds.”

“ Well, then, let horses be sent, and beg Mr. Kilman immediately to come and attend the poor fellow, who is doubtless suffering torment from the accident.”

“ I don’t think it is extremely painful, sir,” said Mr. Rice, with infinite composure; “ for on the voyage I met with a similar accident, from one of my master’s Cashmire goats, and it really is more in idea than in reality.”

“ Oh! those goats,” groaned Mrs. Burton, at the top of the table, in an under tone, inaudible below the salt.

“ Well, well, at all events, send off,” said Burton; “ and take care that nobody disturbs the birds again, or goes near them; without some very strict caution we shall have more accidents, depend upon it.”

The domestics retired, all discontented in the highest degree; Rice thought that sufficient respect was not paid him—he could only get tallow candles and port wine in the butler’s room, which had such an effect upon his feelings, that he resolved to proceed to his master at Cheltenham the next day. Vinkitachalum thought it cruel to complain of his birds merely for breaking a man’s leg; endeavouring at the same time, with all the eloquence of Orientalism, to prove that so far from complaining at the fracture of his limb, he ought, if he had a spark of gratitude in his composition, to have returned thanks to Heaven

that his life had been spared under the circumstances.

On the other hand—so differently do different people estimate the same thing—the agitated spider-brusher, who had first rushed into the room, thought that the bird ought instantly to be killed for hurting her sweetheart, and felt that sending for only one doctor to set his leg was a mark of excessive cruelty; and the butler, who cared more for the regularity of the service than any thing else, joined with the cook in execrating both men and things which could have conduced to leave a second course chilling upon the table, and have obviated the necessity of uncorking a second bottle of claret.

Peace, however, was again restored; Mr. Kilman in due time arrived, the fracture was reduced, and so far all went well; except, indeed, that the gardener had been hired by Burton at enormous wages, from his knowledge of pineries, for the express purpose of producing, if possible, finer, larger, and heavier fruit than his grace the neighbouring duke; and that the two months' confinement, consequent upon the kick, put an end to all hopes of aid from him in the pursuit; while prudence, on the other hand, dictated that a second scientific gardener exclusively to superintend pine-apples would be too expensive. After a short deliberation, the pines were for the present season abandoned, and Mr. and Mrs. Burton obliged to satisfy themselves with the prospect of what *might* be *done* in another.

When the morning arrived, Burton and his wife, as was their constant custom, and is indeed

a constant custom with the generality of families, proceeded to the breakfast-parlour, a room opening into one of the gayest and prettiest flower-gardens in the county ; all the varied specimens of the hardy tribes vied with each other, and dazzled the eye while they charmed the other senses. It was a little Paradise, and never did it look brighter and prettier than on this morning ; the tea was excellent, the coffee perfect, the rolls admirable ; the birds were singing ; the sun shining—all Nature seemed gay ; when suddenly the astonished couple perceived the three Indian servants of their beloved uncle, armed with sticks, rushing through one of the thickest parterres, trampling down all the sweet and gaudy flowers, slapping and banging at every thing they came near ; and making a noise with their voices, as nearly resembling that made by Guinea hens in a state of alarm as possible.

“ What the devil has happened now ? ” cried Burton.

“ Mercy on us ! look at the roses ; see the beautiful magnolias ! ” and at that moment down went a stage of poor innocent greenhouse plants, which had been drawn out like a volunteer corps in all their splendour to be reviewed in the fine weather.

“ What are you doing ? ” bawled Burton to the men. “ Che, che, che, che, che, che, ” went the Indians, totally regardless of all he said to them.

“ What do ye want, what are ye hunting for ? ” exclaimed the astonished lady. “ Che, che, che, che, che, che, ” replied the zealous invaders.

At length Burton, out of patience at beholding the wreck of all his rural beauties, rang the bell, and caused inquiries to be made in every quarter, as to the cause of such apparently unprovoked outrage ; when, after great delay, and mystery, and confusion, and backwardness on the part of all the subordinates, the truth was confessed. During the night, the superb rattlesnake had escaped from his cage, and could no where be found.

“ And the children are out !” loudly screamed Mrs. Burton.

“ What’s to be done ?” inquired Burton eagerly of Mr. Rice.

“ We must find the snake, sir.”

“ Find him ! let us endeavour to destroy him.”

“ Destroy ! sir,” said the man,—“ I would not do it for the universe. It is more than my place is worth barely to encourage such an idea.—Why, sir, there was a young gentleman a cousin, I believe, of my master’s, to whom it was supposed at one time he would leave all his property ; and merely because he happened to say (saving your presence, ma’am), ‘ d—— the snake !’ my master desired him to quit his house, and has never seen or spoken to him since.”

“ Oh,” said Mrs. Burton, considerably staggered by this avowed affection on the part of her uncle for the reptile, and even more by the decided manner in which he resented any affront offered to it—“ I see no harm in a snake ; a snake in its proper place is a very curious and beautiful creature, but not loose in a garden with children.”

"I don't think, ma'am, there is ~~much~~ danger," said Rice, calculatingly and philosophically; "perhaps, if he is not voracious this morning, he won't touch 'em—his appetite is very uncertain."

Perhaps!—the thought, the doubt, the possibility, was madness!—The agitated mother rushed out in hopes to save her offspring, regardless of all danger—of all difficulty.

Burton with equal anxiety followed, and by instinct, as it were, armed himself with a double barrelled gun and joined in the pursuit: his feelings were in a perfect whirl, and he determined within himself, if he found the creature, not merely to scotch, but kill him, at all hazards.

Scouts were despatched in every direction; and it having been given out as a point of natural history, by Vinkitachalum, that the reptile was extremely fond of flowers, every bed, every clump and cluster where flowers could grow were trampled over, and beaten down, and destroyed in the search, but all in vain.

At a turn in the shrubbery, Burton at length beheld one of the nursery-maids and his children: the woman was seated on a bench with the younger one in her arms—the elder, then just two years old, was within a few yards of her. Delighted at the sight, he called to his little darling, but she answered not; she appeared not to hear him—her innocent countenance seemed fixed upon some object apparently close to her—her whole attention was evidently absorbed; instead of turning to run, as she was wont to do, towards her anxious father, she heeded him not,

but stepped slowly, with a subdued manner and marked caution, unnatural at her age, towards a cluster of shrubs which were near her. Burton cast a glance towards the spot, and beheld coiled into a circle with its head considerably elevated, the dreaded rattlesnake itself!

Its flaming eyes, sparkling like diamonds, were fixed upon his beloved child, who, under the power of their horrid fascination, was every moment involuntarily drawing nearer and nearer to its venomous mouth.—The nurse at the same moment saw the same object; and, although ignorant of the dreaded power of the creature, was paralyzed.

Burton approached with breathless fear; again he called his infant—it was, alas, too late! The rattle of the snake caught his ear—the child was closer—to fire at the reptile was, in all probability, to destroy his offspring. He feared not for himself, but ignorant of the character of his foe, he dreaded lest, by advancing, he might end the scene, and hasten the destruction of his child:—the leaves moved—the snake uncoiled itself—elevated its head—the rattling increased—the innocent babe sank on the grass, within a foot of it—the creature made another movement preparatory to the blow, when Mary, in an instant, dashed before her husband, and snatched her babe from the jaws of death. Her rapid approach startled the monster, whose eye was suddenly diverted from its victim; and setting up a tremendous rattle with its tail, it bounded through the thicket, and was out of sight in a moment.

Those only who have children can sympathize

with my hero and heroine at this moment ; Mary hardly knew the danger to which she had exposed herself and her infant, by this bold attack of the enemy ; but the torrent of her feelings at the child's escape was too much for her to bear ; offering a prayer of gratitude to Heaven, she gave her precious charge into its father's arms, and fainted at his feet. Assistance was immediately sought and procured ; but the delicacy of her situation rendered the event more perilous than at first was apprehended, and she had nearly fallen a victim to her intrepidity and maternal love, in giving birth the same evening to a fine boy. This was the object of all Burton's ambition, the theme of his prayers, the desire of his heart ; but such was the force of the morning's agitation, that the infant, alas ! was *stillborn*. The search for the hated snake was kept up with laudable assiduity by the attendants during the day, and at last he was found in a state of torpor, having contrived, by dint of his insinuating looks, to gorge himself with the valuable contents of Mrs. Burton's aviary.

Burton resolved, cost what it might, to be rid of this horrid creature, and gave his opinion pretty freely on the subject to Mr. Rice ; who, finding the ground untenable, caused the reptile to be removed to the neighbouring town, where, having a cooley specially appointed to attend him, he might lead a quiet life till the actual arrival of Mr. Frumpton Danvers at Sandown, which event happened in the first week of June ; it having been arranged that Mrs. Burton's recovery should be the signal for the old gentleman's approach,

The intervening month had passed much as such months pass in families ; and the quietude of the house was seldom disturbed, except by the occasional invasion of one or two of the Cashmires into the drawing room, to the imminent danger of jars, busts, and lookingglasses, or a temporary elopement of one of the adjutants to a distant part of the county. These evils, however, were removed, and the nuisance abated, by a discovery made on the part of Mr. Danvers, that his snake had been exiled : partly in revenge for this slight, and partly with a view to carry a somewhat important point of his own, he determined upon the strange, and with him somewhat unusual, measure of *giving* his rare specimens of natural history to a lady of high rank, who had happened to express in his hearing an affection for such curiosities.

Mr. Danvers had a vulgar mind, and, ignorant of the ways of more refined society, fondly imagined that paying a deference to the wife of a great man was a certain mode of obtaining the consideration of her husband : whether his gross view of the thing were correct or not I do not pretend to know ; but most true it is, that, vastly to the relief of the Burtons, the menagerie was by special order removed from Sandown, much in the order it arrived, after having, by its temporary stay there, blighted our hero's fondest hopes—endangered his darling child and its exemplary mother—lamed his gardener for life—exterminated his aviary—and completely destroyed his flower garden.

Still resolved to keep on “ never minding ” it ;

conscious of possessing every earthly comfort within themselves; they looked forward to the day when they might, by the most assiduous attention to Mr. Danvers himself, obliterate from his mind any unpleasant recollections of neglect towards his animals; and Mrs. Burton, with the beforementioned miniature in her hand, almost longed for the time when she might welcome her handsome uncle with the salmon-coloured frogs and the pink-tied tail.

In due time the day of his arrival came, and the hours after breakfast seemed to creep instead of flying, till five o'clock; shortly after which a carriage drove to the door, followed by a hack-chaise and pair.

In the first vehicle sat Mr. Frumpton Danvers himself, attended by his own man, Rice; on the dicky were two Indian servants *en costume*. The top of the carriage was crowned with an imperial, the back of it encumbered by two large trunks. The chaise contained an incalculable quantity of luggage, and an English livery servant, who was completely wedged in by the requisite *etceteras* for a person of Mr. Danvers's habits and standing.

Mary's heart beat, and she was puzzling herself as to how far she might go with propriety towards warmly receiving so handsome a relative, when the drawing-room door opened, and leaning upon Burton's arm (who had gone out to receive him), appeared the object of all her speculations.

She beheld an old man, considerably bent by years, with yellow cheeks, white lips, and black teeth; a few gray hairs strayed around his head,

having escaped the confinement of a minute pig-tail, which stuck over his shoulder just under his left ear. He was dressed in a blue coat, with a bilious-looking double-breasted calico waistcoat, pale nankeen breeches, saffron-coloured silk stockings, professing to be white, and a pair of little nankeen gaiters over shoes, with buckles in them: he was, in short, a very fair specimen of that class of returned qui-hi's; individuals of which may be seen any fine spring day, trying to weather the windy corner of Cavendish Square; but as completely different from what Mary had fancied, as his manner was from what she had hoped.

"Well, ma'am," said the old gentleman, gently pushing her away from him, she having, in the ardour of her feelings, rushed into his arms; "well, ma'am, and how d' ye do, eh—pretty well?—Deucedly altered since I saw you last—not so tall as I expected—your mother sent me your picture—cursed humbugs those painting fellows are—eh?"

Mary recollected the picture of the beau with the bouquet, and felt half inclined to join in the censure which the old gentleman levelled at the artists.

"So, ma'am," said he, "you did not like my snake, I hear, eh! nor those beautiful birds I sent you."

Unprepared for an attack at the moment of his arrival, Mary hesitated for an answer.

"I don't care, ma'am; you need not try to make a speech; I did not want you to have 'em, I hope my people paid for their keep; it shows

what fools there are in the world ; I meant them to have been *yours* : now I've given 'em away to somebody else ; it don't matter, I dare say, to you ; some people don't like snakes ; there's no accounting for taste, eh ?"

" My mother, sir," said Mary—

" Ah, your mother was a fool, and I dare say you're not much better ! I always told her so ;—she had a very great respect for my opinions."

" Why, sir !" said Burton,—

" Oh don't make a fuss, sir ; when you know me longer, you'll know me better, perhaps : I don't care a cawrie for the snakes—never did—did not know what to do with 'em, or I shouldn't have thought of giving them to you—there's an end of that. Well,—isn't your name Mary, eh ?"

" It is, sir."

" So you have had a dead child, Mary ; eh ?—great nonsense that, ma'am—Rice told me a rigmarole about my snake ; what had *my* snake to do with *your* child, eh ?"

Mary was overcome with the extraordinary abruptness of Mr. Danvers : and Burton seeing that she was so, caught up the conversation by remarking that one of his children had nearly been destroyed by it.

" Stuff !—I don't believe a syllable of it ; all trash—gammon—like the story of the squirrel in the Gentleman's Magazine, or the lie of Nic. Scull, the surveyor—"

" Dr. Mead believed in the power, sir, and I—"

" And who the devil, sir, was Dr. Mead ? and why the devil, sir, should Dr. Mead know more

about the matter than you or I? What does it signify? Don't let us talk about it—eh?—Snug house you have got;—cursed bad all these jigama-ree ornaments, eh?—hired it so, I suppose, eh?”

“No, sir, my own taste; I——”

“Oh, my! you've got a taste—eh! and a genius, I suppose, eh, Miss Minikin?”—patting Mrs. Burton under the chin.

“We are satisfied, sir,” said Mary, “and contentment is itself a treasure.”

“So it is, my little preacher,” said Danvers; “but how do you pass your time, eh? I don't see any card-tables; have you got a billiard-room, eh?”

“No,” said Burton, “sir, we play no cards.”

“No cards! then I'm off—I'm off; I meant to have staid six weeks with you, but I could as soon live without smoking as without cards.”

“Smoking!” mentally ejaculated Mrs. Burton.

I use this expression because I have found it in every novel which has been published for the last ten years—barring those splendid exceptions to all modern novels, Sir Walter Scott's; I do not profess to understand it, but I imagine it to mean an ejaculation which is not intended to be ejaculated, and which therefore is no ejaculation at all.

“Oh!” replied the master of the house, “we can easily make up a party for you at whist, sir.”

“That will do,” said Danvers, “that will do; then I am your man for a month at least; however, I'll just change my dress—what time did you dine to-day, eh?”

“We have not dined yet, sir,” said Mary.

"Yet! why it's near six o'clock, woman; what d'ye mean, ma'am, eh?"

"What hour, then, do you prefer, sir?" said Mary.

"I always dine at three, ma'am, or not at all. I never eat tiffin, and nothing will induce me to alter my dinner-hour: I don't care a fig for fashion—they spoiled Calcutta by dining at night; night, ma'am, is meant for playing cards—not for eating."

"Oh, we shall regulate our hours by your wishes, sir," said Burton; "and I have no doubt when we know your habits, you will find every thing smooth and comfortable."

"You are very kind, sir," said Danvers.—
"Pray, Mr. Burton, who was your father, eh?"

"He held an office under government in Scotland, sir."

"What one of their infernal jobs, eh? he was a respectable man, wasn't he, eh?"

"He was an excellent man—a man of——"

"Hold your tongue, sir; don't bore me with his goodness; all sons' fathers are excellent:—gammon—trash—can't humbug me—I don't care what he was,—I suppose he's dead, isn't he, eh?"

"He is, sir."

"Any more of ye?"

"I had a sister, sir, who married an officer in the army: he was killed at Waterloo."

"Serve him right," said the old gentleman; "stupid ass he must have been to have gone there:—what became of his widow, eh?"

"She died, sir,—about four years since," said Burton, with tears in his eyes.

"I'm glad of it, poor body! out of her misery, eh? Did she get her husband's medal, eh?"

"I really don't know, sir."

"She ought to have got it, you know, according to regulation; isn't your name Tom, eh?"

"It is, sir."

"I'm glad of it, eh? Now come, show me my room. I'll just change my clothes, and be down again: and go you, Miss Polly," added the old gentleman, addressing his niece, "and get cards ready, eh? You'll find me out by and by, eh, Polly?"

Saying which he left the library, preceded by Burton, who attended him to his chamber door. As they went up stairs, the nabob stopped on the first landing-place, and, holding by the banisters, turned round to Burton and said, "I say, Master Tom, your wife is no beauty, I can tell you that, eh?"

HOOK.

DICK SHIFTER'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

DICK SHIFTER was born in Cheapside, and having passed reputably through all the classes of St. Paul's school, has been for some years a student in the Temple. He is of opinion that intense application dulls the faculties, and thinks it necessary to temper the severity of the law by books that engage the mind, but do not fatigue it. He has therefore made a copious collection of plays, poems, and romances, to which he has recourse when he fancies himself tired with statutes and reports; and he seldom inquires very nicely whether he is weary or idle.

Dick has received from his favourite authors very strong impressions of a country life ; and though his furthest excursions have been to Greenwich on one side, and Chelsea on the other, he has talked for several years with great pomp of language and elevation of sentiments, about a state too high for contempt and too low for envy, about homely quiet, and blameless simplicity, pastoral delights, and rural innocence.

His friends, who had estates in the country, often invited him to pass the summer among them, but something or other had always hindered him ; and he considered that to reside in the house of another man was to incur a kind of dependence inconsistent with that laxity of life which he had imaged as the chief good.

This summer he resolved to be happy, and procured a lodging to be taken for him at a solitary house, situated about thirty miles from London, on the banks of a small river, with cornfields before it, and a hill on each side covered with wood. He concealed the place of his retirement, that none might violate his obscurity, and promised himself many a happy day when he should hide himself among the trees, and contemplate the tumults and vexations of the town.

He stepped into the postchaise with his heart beating and his eyes sparkling, was conveyed through many varieties of delightful prospects, saw hills and meadows, cornfields and pasture, succeed each other ; and for four hours charged none of his poets with fiction or exaggeration. He was now within six miles of happiness, when, having never felt so much agitation before, he began to wish his journey at an end ; and the

last hour was passed in changing his posture, and quarrelling with his driver.

An hour may be tedious, but cannot be long. He at length alighted at his new dwelling, and was received as he expected; he looked round upon the hills and rivulets; but his joints were stiff and his muscles sore, and his first request was to see his bedchamber.

He rested well, and ascribed the soundness of his sleep to the stillness of the country. He expected from that time nothing but nights of quiet and days of rapture; and, as soon as he had risen, wrote an account of his new state to one of his friends in the Temple.

“DEAR FRANK,

“I never pitied thee before. I am now as I could wish every man of wisdom and virtue to be, in the regions of calm content and placid meditation; with all the beauties of nature soliciting my notice, and all the diversities of pleasure courting my acceptance; the birds are chirping in the hedges, and the flowers blooming in the mead; the breeze is whistling in the wood, and the sun dancing on the water. I can now say with truth, that a man, capable of enjoying the purity of happiness, is never more busy than in his hours of leisure, nor ever less solitary than in a place of solitude.

“I am, dear Frank,” &c.

When he had sent away his letter he walked into the wood, with some inconvenience from the furze that pricked his legs, and the briars that

scratched his face. He at last sat down under a tree, and heard with great delight a shower, by which he was not wet, rattling among the branches: this, said he, is the true image of obscurity; we hear of troubles and commotions, but never feel them.

His amusement did not overpower the calls of nature, and he therefore went back to order his dinner. He knew that the country produces whatever is eaten or drunk, and, imagining that he was now at the source of luxury, resolved to indulge himself with dainties, which he supposed might be procured at a price next to nothing, if any price at all was expected; and intended to amaze the rustics with his generosity, by paying more than they would ask. Of twenty dishes, which he named, he was amazed to find that scarcely one was to be had; and heard, with astonishment and indignation, that all the fruits of the earth were sold at a higher price than in the streets of London.

His meal was short and sullen; and he retired again to his tree, to inquire how dearness could be consistent with abundance, or how fraud should be practised by simplicity. He was not satisfied with his own speculations, and, returning home early in the evening, went awhile from window to window, and found that he wanted something to do.

He inquired for a newspaper, and was told that farmers never minded news; but that they could send for it from the alehouse. A messenger was despatched, who ran away at full speed, but loitered an hour behind the hedges,

and at last coming back with his feet purposely bemired, instead of expressing the gratitude which Mr. Shifter expected for the bounty of a shilling, said, that the night was wet, and the way dirty, and he hoped that his worship would not think it much to give half a crown.

Dick now went to bed with some abatement of his expectations; but sleep, I know not how, revives our hopes, and rekindles our desires. He rose early in the morning, surveyed the landscape, and was pleased. He walked out and passed from field to field, without observing any beaten path, and wondered that he had not seen the shepherdesses dancing, nor heard the swains piping to their flocks.

At last he saw some reapers and harvest-women at dinner. Here, said he, are the true Arcadians, and advanced courteously towards them, as afraid of confusing them by the dignity of his presence. They acknowledged his superiority by no other token than that of asking him for something to drink. He imagined that he had now purchased the privilege of discourse, and began to descend to familiar questions, endeavouring to accommodate his discourse to the grossness of rustic understandings. The clowns soon found that he did not know wheat from rye, and began to despise him: one of the boys, by pretending to show him a bird's nest, decoyed him into a ditch; and one of the wenches sold him a bargain.

This walk had given him no great pleasure; but he hoped to find other rustics less coarse of manners, and less mischievous of disposition.

Next morning he was accosted by an attorney; who told him that, unless he made farmer Dobson satisfaction for trampling his grass, he had orders to indict him. Shifter was offended, but not terrified; and, telling the attorney that he was himself a lawyer, talked so volubly of pettifoggers and barristers that he drove him away.

Finding his walks thus interrupted, he was inclined to ride; and, being pleased with the appearance of a horse that was grazing in a neighbouring meadow, inquired the owner, who warranted him sound, and would not sell him, but that he was too fine for a plain man. Dick paid down the price; and, riding out to enjoy the evening, fell with his new horse into a ditch; they got out with difficulty, and, as he was going to mount again, a countryman looked at the horse, and perceived him to be blind. Dick went to the seller, and demanded back his money; but was told that a man who rented his ground must do the best for himself; that his landlord had his rent though the year was barren; and that, whether horses had eyes or no, he should sell them to the highest bidder.

Shifter now began to be tired with rustic simplicity; and on the fifth day took possession again of his chambers, and bade farewell to the regions of calm content and placid meditation.

JOHNSON.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION AND FRIAR
TUCK.

THE reader cannot have forgotten that the event of the tournament was decided by the exertions of an unknown knight, whom, on account of the passive and indifferent conduct which he had manifested on the former part of the day, the spectators had entitled *Le Noir Faineant*. This knight had left the field abruptly when the victory was achieved; and when he was called upon to receive the reward of his valour, he was nowhere to be found. In the meantime, while surrounded by heralds and by trumpets, the knight was holding his course northward, avoiding all frequented paths, and taking the shortest road through the woodlands. He paused for the night at a small hostelry lying out of the ordinary rout, where, however, he obtained from a wandering minstrel news of the event of the tourney.

On the next morning the knight departed early, with the purpose of making a long journey; the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet his purpose was baffled by the devious paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. By this time both horse and man required refreshment, and it became necessary moreover to look out for some place in which

they might spend the night, which was now fast approaching.

The place where the traveller found himself seemed unpropitious for obtaining either shelter or refreshment, and he was likely to be reduced to the usual expedient of knight-errant, who, on such occasions, turned their horses to graze, and laid themselves down to meditate on their lady-mistress, with an oak-tree for a canopy. But the Black Knight either had no mistress to meditate upon, or, as indifferent in love as he seemed to be in war, was not sufficiently occupied by passionate reflections on her beauty and cruelty, to be able to parry the effects of fatigue and hunger, and suffer love to act as a substitute for the solid comforts of a bed and supper. He felt dissatisfied, therefore, when, looking around, he found himself deeply involved in woods, through which indeed there were many open glades and some paths, but such as seemed only formed by the numerous herds of cattle which grazed in the forest, or by the animals of chase, and the hunters who made prey of them.

The sun, by which the knight had chiefly directed his course, was now sunk behind the Derbyshire hills on his left, and every effort which he might make to pursue his journey was as likely to lead him out of his road as to advance him on his route. After having in vain endeavoured to select the most beaten path, in hopes it might lead to the cottage of some herdsman, or the silvan lodge of some forester; and having repeatedly found himself totally unable to determine on a choice, the knight resolved to trust to

the sagacity of his horse ; experience having, on former occasions, made him acquainted with the wonderful talent possessed by these animals for extricating themselves and their riders upon such emergencies.

The good horse, grievously fatigued with so long a day's journey under a rider cased in mail, had no sooner found, by the slackened reins, that he was abandoned to his own guidance, than he seemed to assume new strength and spirit ; and whereas formerly he had scarce replied to the spur, otherwise than by a groan, he now, as if proud in the confidence reposed in him, pricked up his ears, and assumed of his own accord a more lively motion. The path which the animal adopted rather turned off from the course pursued by the knight during the day ; but, as the horse seemed confident in his choice, the rider abandoned himself to his discretion.

He was justified by the event ; for the footpath soon after appeared a little wider and more worn, and the tinkle of a small bell gave the knight to understand that he was in the vicinity of some chapel or hermitage.

Accordingly, he soon reached an open plat of turf, on the opposite side of which, a rock, rising abruptly from a gentle sloping plain, offered its gray and weather-beaten front to the traveller. Ivy mantled its sides in some places, and in others oaks and holly-bushes, whose roots found nourishment in the cliffs of the crag, waved over the precipice below, like the plumage of the warrior over his steel helmet, giving grace to that whose chief expression was terror. At the

bottom of the rock, and leaning, as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut, built chiefly of the trunks of trees felled in the neighbouring forest, and secured against the weather by having its crevices stuffed with moss mingled with clay. The stem of a young fir-tree, lopped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright near the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross. At a little distance, on the right hand, a fountain of the purest water trickled out of the rock, and was received in a hollow stone, which labour had formed into a rustic basin. Escaping from thence, the stream murmured down the descent by a channel which its course had long worn, and so wandered through the little plain to lose itself in the neighbouring wood.

Beside this fountain were the ruins of a very small chapel, of which the roof had partly fallen in. The building, when entire, had never been above sixteen feet long, by twelve feet in breadth, and the roof, low in proportion, rested upon four concentric arches, which sprung from the four corners of the building, each supported upon a short and heavy pillar. The ribs of two of these arches remained, though the roof had fallen down betwixt them; over the others it remained entire. The entrance to this ancient place of devotion was under a very low round arch, ornamented by several courses of that zigzag moulding, resembling shark's teeth, which appears so often in the more ancient Saxon churches. A belfry rose above the porch on four small pillars, within which hung the green and weather-beaten bell,

the feeble sounds of which had been sometime since heard by the Black Knight.

The whole peaceful and quiet scene lay glimmering in twilight before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good assurance of lodging for the night; since it was a special duty of those hermits, who dwelt in the woods, to exercise hospitality towards benighted or bewildered passengers.

Accordingly, the knight took no time to consider minutely the particulars which we have detailed, but thanking Saint Julian (the patron of travellers) who had sent him good harbourage, he leaped from his horse and assailed the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

It was sometime before he gained any answer; and the reply, when made, was unpropitious.

"Pass on, whosoever thou art," was the answer given by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, "and disturb not the servant of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions."

"Worthy father," answered the knight, "here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality."

"Good brother," replied the inhabitant of the hermitage, "it has pleased Our Lady and St. Dunstan to destine me for the object of those virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a horse of any tenderness of nurture would despise my couch; pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee."

"But how," replied the knight, "is it pos-

sible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to undo your door, and at least point out to me my road."

"And I pray you, good Christian brother," replied the anchorite, "to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *crede*, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise."

"The road, the road!" vociferated the knight, "if I am to expect no more from thee."

"The road," replied the hermit, "is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I learn (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel), given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward"—

"A broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a morass!" said the knight, interrupting him; "Sir Hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard or told bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this road to-night. I tell thee, that thou, who livest by the charity of the country—ill deserved, as I doubt it is—hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer when in distress. Either open the door quickly, or, by the rood, I will beat it down and make entry for myself."

"Friend wayfarer," replied the hermit, "be

not importunate; if thou putttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, it will be e'en the worse for you."

At this moment a distant noise of barking and growling, which the traveller had for some time heard, became extremely loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his threat of making forcible entry, had called the dogs who made this clamour to aid him in his own defence, out of some distant recess in which they had been kennelled. Incensed at this preparation on the hermit's part for making good his inhospitable purpose, the knight struck the door so furiously with his foot, that posts as well as staples shook with violence.

The anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, "Patience, patience; spare thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a baton of crab-tree, so thick and heavy, that it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound, half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveller as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the armour of the knight, who stood without, the hermit, altering probably his original intention, repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, and changing his tone to

a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut, making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset, by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honour to Our Lady or St. Dunstan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

“The poverty of your cell, good father,” said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture—“the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course to match with most men.”

“The good keeper of the forest,” said the hermit, “hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the times shall mend.”

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron, which served for a candlestick; and placing the oaken trivet before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other; each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

“Reverend hermit,” said the knight, after

looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse?—secondly, what I can have for supper?—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words, where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there; your bed there; and," reaching down a platter, with two handfuls of parched peas upon it, from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is there."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and, leaving the hut, brought in his horse (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree), unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of peas placed between them. The hermit after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which

original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried peas ; a miserable grist as it seemed for so large and able a mill.

The knight in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corslet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustacheos darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if willing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet-head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity, or of ascetic privations ; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, and well turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches than of peas and pulse. This incongruity did not

escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried peas, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquors; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvelously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses and living upon parched peas and cold water."

"Sir knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water was blessed to the children Shadrach, Mesheck, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the king of the Saracens."

“Holy father,” said the knight, “upon whose countenance it hath pleased heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?”

“Thou mayst call me,” answered the hermit, “the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so am I termed in these parts: they add, it is true, the epithet holy; but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition. And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?”

“Truly,” said the knight; “Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight; many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious of being distinguished.”

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

“I see,” said he, “Sir Sluggard Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic face likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the license of courts and of camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations.”

“I dare be sworn he did so,” said the knight; “I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, holy clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and

none who beheld thy grinders contending with these peas, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse provender and horse beverage (pointing to the provisions upon the table), and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile too had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathising.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the furtherside of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight,

"every thing in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and, moreover, he made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty, on which his guest was making desperate inroads; a warfare in which his previous professions of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food, by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable; nevertheless I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zeechin, that that same

honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit only replied by a grin; and, returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the urus, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no farther ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but, filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drink hael!* Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst," answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man, possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talents of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment, you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least, were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a

goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St. Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the Clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law; and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were not in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon, as I pattered my prayers, I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades. Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been in earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threat, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit; "respecting thy valour much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess of curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapon.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissars of Dalilah and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scymitar of Goliath, at which I am not a match for thee. But, if I am to make the election, what say'st thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out from it a couple of broad-swords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that the second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long bows, a crossbow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half a dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of a very uncanonical appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there (here he stooped and took out the harp) on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler."

“ I hope, Sir Knight,” said the hermit, “ thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down then, and fill thy cup ; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my gray covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp ; and nought pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a stoup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tingle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE MISADVENTURE OF GOOSE GIBBIE AT THE REVIEW.

THE sheriff of the county of Lanark was holding the wappen-shaw of a wild district, called the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on a haugh, or level plain, near to the royal borough, the name of which is in no way essential to my story, upon the morning of the fifth of May, 1679, when our narrative commences. When the musters had been made, and duly reported, the young men, as was usual, were to mix in various sports, of which the chief was to shoot at the popinjay, an ancient game formerly practised with archery,

and then with firearms. This was the figure of a bird, decorated with party-coloured feathers, so as to resemble a popinjay or parrot. It was suspended to a pole, and served for a mark, at which the competitors discharged their fuseses and carbines in rotation, at the distance of sixty or seventy paces. He whose ball brought down the mark, held the proud title of Captain of the Popinjay for the remainder of the day, and was usually escorted in triumph to the most reputable change house in the neighbourhood, where the evening was closed with conviviality, conducted under his auspices.

It will, of course, be supposed that the ladies of the country assembled to witness this gallant strife, those excepted who held the stricter tenets of puritanism, and would therefore have deemed it criminal to afford countenance to the profane gambols of the malignants. Landaus, barouches, or tilburies, there were none in those simple days. The lord-lieutenant of the county (a personage of ducal rank) alone pretended to the magnificence of a wheel-carriage, a thing covered with tarnished gilding and sculpture, in shape like the vulgar picture of Noah's ark, dragged by eight long-tailed Flanders mares, bearing eight insides and six outsides. The insides were their graces in person, two maids of honour, two children, a chaplain, stuffed into a sort of lateral recess, formed by a projection at the door of the vehicle, and called, from its appearance, the boot; and an equerry to his grace, ensconced in the corresponding convenience, on the opposite side. A coachman and three postilions, who wore short

swords, and tie-wigs with three tails, had blunderbusses slung behind them, and pistols at their saddle bow, conducted the equipage. On the foot-board, behind this moving mansion-house, stood, or rather hung, in triple file, six lacqueys in rich liveries, armed up to the teeth. The rest of the gentry, men and women, old and young, were upon horseback, followed by their servants; but the company, for the reasons already assigned, was rather select than numerous.

Near to the enormous leathern vehicle which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedency over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenden, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow's weeds which the good lady never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

Her granddaughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. The black Spanish jennet, which she managed with great grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her cap, were only confined by a green riband from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without a certain expression of feminine archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity, sometimes brought against

blondes and blue-eyed beauties—these attracted more admiration from the western youth, than either the splendour of her equipments or the figure of her palfrey.

The attendance of these distinguished ladies was rather inferior to their birth and fashion in those times, as it consisted of only two servants on horseback. The truth was, that the good old lady had been obliged to make all her domestic servants turn out to complete the quota which her barony ought to furnish for the muster, and in which she would not for the universe have been found deficient. The old steward, who, in steel cap and jack-boots, led forth her array, had, as he said, sweated blood and water in his efforts to overcome the scruples and evasions of the moorland farmers, who ought to have furnished men, horse, and harness on these occasions. At last their dispute came near to an open declaration of hostilities, the incensed episcopalian bestowing on the recusants the whole thunders of the commination, and receiving from them, in return, the denunciations of a Calvinistic excommunication: What was to be done? To punish the refractory tenants would have been easy enough. The privy council would readily have imposed fines, and sent a troop of horse to collect them. But this would have been calling in the huntsman and hounds into the garden to kill the hare.

“For,” said Harrison to himself, “the carles have little enough gear at any rate, and if I call in the red-coats and take away what little they have, how is my worshipful lady to get her rents

paid at Candlemas, which is but a difficult matter to bring round even in the best of times?"

So he armed the fowler, and falconer, the footman, and the ploughman, at the home farm, with an old drunken cavaliering butler, who had served with the late Sir Richard under Montrose, and stunned the family nightly with his exploits at Kilsythe and Tippermoor, and who was the only man in the party that had the smallest zeal for the work in hand. In this manner, and by recruiting one or two latitudinarian poachers and black fishers, Mr. Harrison completed the quota of men which fell to the share of Lady Margaret Bellenden, as life-rentrix of the barony of Tillietudlum and others. But when the steward, on the morning of the eventful day, had mustered his *troupe dorée* before the iron grate of the tower, the mother of Cuddie the ploughman appeared, loaded with the jack-boots, buff coat, and other accoutrements which had been issued forth for the service of the day, and laid them before the steward, demurely assuring him, that whether it were the colic, or a qualm of conscience, she couldna tak upon her to decide; but sure it was, Cuddie had been in sair straits a' night, and she couldna say he was muckle better this morning. The finger of Heaven, she said, was in it; and her bairn should gang on nae sic errands. Pains, penalties, and threats of dismissal, were denounced in vain; the mother was obstinate, and Cuddie, who underwent a domiciliary visitation for the purpose of verifying his state of body, could, or would answer only by deep groans. Manse, who had been an ancient domestic in the family,

was a sort of favourite with Lady Margaret, and presumed accordingly. Lady Margaret had herself set forth, and her authority could not be appealed to. In this dilemma, the good genius of the old butler suggested an expedient.

"He had seen mony a braw callant, far less than Guse Gibbie, fight brawly under Montrose. What for no take Guse Gibbie?"

This was a half-witted lad, of very small stature, who had a kind of charge of the poultry under the old hen wife; for in a Scottish family of that day there was a wonderful substitution of labour. This urchin, being sent for from the common field, was hastily muffled in the buff coat, and girded rather *to* than *with* the sword of a full grown man, his little legs plunged into jack-boots, and a steel cap put upon his head, which seemed, from its size, as if they were going to extinguish him. Thus accoutred, he was hoisted, at his own earnest request, upon the tamest horse of the party; and prompted and supported by old Gudyill the butler, as his front file, he passed muster tolerably enough; the sheriff not caring to examine too closely the recruits of so well affected a person as Lady Margaret Bellenden.

* * * * *

"I see the duke's carriage in motion," said Gilbertsleugh, partaking at the moment an alarm common to all Lady Margaret's friends, when she touched upon the topic of the royal visit at the family mansion—"I see the duke's carriage in motion; I presume your ladyship will take your right or rank in leaving the field. May I be permitted to convoy your ladyship and Miss Bel-

lenden home? Parties of the wild whigs have been abroad, and are said to insult and disarm the well affected who travel in small numbers."

"We thank you, cousin Gilbertscleugh," said Lady Margaret; "but as we shall have the escort of my own people, I trust we have less need than others to be troublesome to our friends. Will you have the goodness to order Harrison to bring up our people somewhat more briskly? He rides them towards us as if he were leading a funeral procession."

The gentleman in attendance communicated his lady's orders to the trusty steward.

Honest Harrison had his own reasons for doubting the prudence of this command; but, once issued and received, there was a necessity for obeying it. He set off, therefore, at a hard gallop, followed by the butler, in such a military attitude as became one who had served under Montrose, and with a look of defiance, rendered sterner and fiercer by the inspiring fumes of a gill of brandy, which he had snatched a moment to bolt to the king's health, and confusion to the Covenant, during the intervals of military duty. Unhappily this potent refreshment wiped away from the tablets of his memory the necessity of paying some attention to the distresses and difficulties of his rear file, Goose Gibbie. No sooner had the horses struck a canter, than Gibbie's jack-boots, which the poor boy's legs were incapable of steadying, began to play alternately against the horse's flanks, and, being armed with long rowelled spurs, overcame the patience of the animal, which bounced and plunged, while poor

Gibbie's entreaties for aid never reached the ears of the too heedless butler, being drowned partly in the concave of the steel cap in which his head was immersed, and partly in the martial tune of the gallant Græmes, which Mr. Gudyill whistled with all his power of lungs.

The upshot was, that the steed speedily took the matter into his own hands, and, having gambolled hither and thither to the great amusement of all spectators, set off at full speed towards the huge family coach already described. Gibbie's pike, escaping from its sling, had fallen to a level direction across his hands, which, I grieve to say, were seeking dishonourable safety in as strong a grasp of the mane as their muscles could manage. His casque, too, had slipped completely over his face, so that he saw as little in front as he did in rear. Indeed, if he could, it would have availed him little in the circumstances; for his horse, as if in league with the disaffected, ran full tilt towards the solemn equipage of the duke, which the projecting lance threatened to perforate from window to window, at the risk of transfixing as many in its passage as the celebrated thrust of Orlando, which, according to the Italian epic poet, broached as many Moors as a Frenchman spits frogs.

- On beholding the bent of this misdirected career, a panic shout of mingled terror and wrath was set up by the whole equipage; insides and outsides at once, which had the blessed effect of averting the threatened misfortune. The capricious horse of Goose Gibbie was terrified by the noise, and, stumbling as he turned short round;

kicked and plunged violently so soon as he recovered. The jack boots, the original cause of the disaster, maintaining the reputation they had acquired when worn by better cavaliers, answered every plunge by a fresh prick of the spurs, and, by their ponderous weight, kept their place in the stirrups. Not so Goose Gibbie, who was fairly spurned out of those wide and ponderous greaves, and precipitated over the horse's head, to the infinite amusement of all the spectators. His lance and helmet had forsaken him in his fall, and, for the completion of his disgrace, Lady Margaret Bellenden, not perfectly aware that it was one of her warriors who was furnishing so much entertainment, came up in time to see her diminutive man-at-arms stripped of his lion's hide, of the buff coat, that is, in which he was muffled.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

THE young gentleman to whose performances this paper will be devoted, had the misfortune, in very early life, to discover that he was a genius (a piece of knowledge which most of us acquire *before*, and lose *after*, we arrive at years of discretion); and, in consequence of this discovery, he very soon began to *train* as a literary character. "Link by link the mail is made," appears to have been his governing motto; for he wisely determined to be great amongst little things and little people, before he made his *début* among great ones. He accordingly commenced

his career by reading every new novel—sporting every new opinion—circulating the cant of the most common-place critics—and adopting the pet phrases of the worst periodicals. He wrote in all the albums, far and near, original verses on those original subjects, “Forget me not,” and “Remember me;”—recommended books to very young ladies (kindly aiding their judgments in the discovery of fine passages);—quoted whole lines of Moore and half lines of Byron during the interval of a ball supper;—spoke Italian, knew a little of Spanish, and played on the German flute;—was a regular loungee at circulating libraries;—could recognise authors by their style;—

Had seen Sir Walter’s head, Lord Byron’s hat,
And once with Southey’s wife’s third cousin sat;—

was the oracle of the tea-table on all tea-table subjects; and the arbitrator of all feminine disputes, respecting flowers and ribbons. The ladies (peculiarly happy in their efforts when any thing is to be spoiled) flattered him without mercy; some for his pretty face, and others for his pretty verses; whilst he, not to be outdone in folly and affectation, wrote acrostics for them, collected seals, invented mottos, drew patterns, cut out likenesses, made interest with his bookseller for the loan of the last new novel for them; and proved himself, in all points, “a most interesting young man.”

These, it is true, were follies, but follies, nevertheless, which a youth of even *real* talent might give into for two years, and be none the worse, if at the end of those two years he dis-

carded them for ever. But it was not so with our hero. Tired of the confined sphere in which he had hitherto moved, and the *little* greatnesses by which he had hitherto distinguished himself—from the bud of his former insignificance he suddenly burst forth into the glories of full-blown authorship. In an evil hour (for his publisher) he favoured the world with a small volume of amatory poems, which by no means raised his fame with that large portion of society who think that human life was intended for more important purposes than kissing and crying; and that rational beings have something else to do besides frisking like lambs, or cooing like doves. As a “young author,” he would have considered it very wrong to have been reasonable, or, to use his mother’s phrase, “like other people;” and he adopted, therefore, all those eccentricities and affectations by which *little* geniuses endeavour to make themselves appear *great*. He became possessed (as if by magic) of nerves and sensibilities, and “thoughts too deep for tears,” and “feelings all too delicate for use,” and unable, of course, to endure any society but that of persons as refined and intellectual as himself. Then came “my study;”—a repository of litter and literature, studiously *disarranged* for effect! Books, plays, pictures, newspapers, magazines, etc. etc. covering the table and chairs, in most elaborate confusion! Then the large massy business-like looking desk, not merely loaded, but stuffed beyond the power of shutting, with MSS.; and “my proofs” so *accidentally* scattered about the floor;—and letters from “my literary friends,”

left open on the table with so much *careless care* ;—and the heaps of well-worn pens ;—and the spattered inkstand ;—and the busts of Milton and Shakspeare ;—and the real skull stuck between bouquets of artificial flowers ;—and the pea-green walls hung round with portraits of living poets ;—and the chimney-piece covered with “ contributions from my female friends ;” —and all the thousand theatrical affectations, by which the Tom Thumbs of literature strive to hide their native diminutiveness ! And then the late hours (because Milton recommends lonely watching, and Schiller wrote his tragedies in the night), as our “ young author” can do nothing in the day-time for “ domestic annoyances,” and he never joins the dinner-table, because “ the children are so disgusting,” but dines upon “ one dry biscuit and a single glass of wine ;” and drinks coffee for three hours afterwards, because it is “ the only intellectual beverage ;” and “ composes aloud in his own room” (when he has any neighbours in the next) ; and “ prepares himself for conversation ;” and dislikes “ feminine babble ;” and “ endures mirth rather than enjoys it,” as his “ dancing days are over,” etc. etc. etc. Then comes the climax :—the pale and languid looks in public ;—the “ melancholy smile ;” —the little dry delicate cough, just to indicate “ consumptive tendencies ;” —the alarm of mothers and matrons, lest “ his genius should kill him ;” and the declaration of the young ladies, that he is “ more *interesting* than ever !” Well ! it is certainly a fine thing to be a “ young author !” But he shall now speak for himself, in his own memo-

randa, a few of which are here transcribed from his pocket book ; and to those who may think this sketch of ineffable puppyism a caricature, we only say—*lisez et croyez !*

“ Mem.—‘ Determined,’ as Bub Doddington says, ‘ to make some sort of a figure in life ;’ what it will be I cannot pretend to say ; I must look ’round me a little, and consult my friends, but some figure I am resolved to make.

“ Mem.—Miserable thing for genius to be born either after or before the age capable of appreciating it, as the chances of distinction diminish in exact proportion to the numbers who have already acquired, and the numbers who are now seeking to acquire it.—Eminent dead authors ought decidedly to be forgotten, and eminent living ones to give over writing, to leave room for rising ‘ men.’ Young authors generally treated with gross injustice by their elder contemporaries, who dread being eclipsed. Public a great tyrant—unable to discover the violet of promise for the leaves of obscurity (to introduce this figure in conversation to-night) ; determined to distinguish myself in some way or other immediately.

“ Mem.—To read over the Old Essayist, in order to see whether something may not be stolen from them, and dressed up again—perfectly benevolent, since no one reads them now—have been dreadfully overpraised. Pray, what are the ‘ Spectators,’ the ‘ Tatlers,’ the ‘ Idlers,’ the ‘ Ramblers,’ and all the rest of those old world things, but collections—

Of tame trite truths, correct and common-place ?

The present, decidedly, the golden age of intel-

lect. Heard yesterday, there were six poets in ***** besides myself; the eldest not twenty-one!

“Mem.—Agreed to contribute all the poetry for the *** Magazine; to write theatrical critiques for the New Whig Paper; and employ the odds and ends of my time on a tragedy subject, either the Burning of Rome, or the Siege of Gibraltar.—Z says I have very tragical turn of thought.—Astonishing how Z improves upon acquaintance!

“Mem.—Wrote yesterday six sonnets in imitation of Wordsworth’s best—found it very easy. Parodied ‘Auld Robin Gray:’ and gave the ‘Improvvisatrice’ a regular cutting up—Perfectly infamous for a woman to write, and write well; ought to be satisfied with reading what men write. Shall make a point of abusing every clever book written by a woman.

Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I’m sick, I’m dead!

Wearied and overwhelmed with interruptions. Alas! the pains and penalties of a literary life! Must positively make some regulations to prevent such encroachments. Like Alfieri, open no letters of which I do not know the handwriting. Write over my study-door, ‘Time is my estate;’ forbid any morning callers; and make my sister answer all notes.

“Mem.—Luncheons, except of dry biscuits, fatal to intellectual exertions; bottled porter the best beverage for a literary man; roasted mutton, taken in small portions, the best food to compose after.

“Mem.—Pensive, a good epithet to apply to the evening star.

“ Mem.—To beware of praising too much or too often : risked my character the other day by speaking well of B’s poems. Must remember that it is more creditable to a person’s taste to discover a fault than a beauty. Shenstone said, good taste and good nature were always united—meant fastidiousness.

“ Mem.—To appear at Monday’s ball without a neckcloth ; to order an amethyst-coloured waistcoat, wear my arm in a sling, and sport bad spirits.

“ Mem.—To fall in love without loss of time : deep blue downcast-looking eyes, not vulgarly happy,—‘ fond faint smile,’—‘ brow of alabaster ;’—must celebrate her under the name of Laura ; my own (of course) Petrarch.

* * * * *

“ Mem.—Mrs. Radcliffe’s ‘ Italian,’ vol. i. p. 173, contains a passage which may be turned into some touching stanzas.

“ Mem.—To get a ‘ Walker’s Rhyming Dictionary ;’ no degradation :—Byron used one constantly. His ‘ Dream,’ by the way, strikingly resembles my ‘ Vision,’ received with so much applause at our ‘ Juvenile Literary Society,’ myself in the chair.

“ Mem.—Determined to send Blackwood no more articles, particularly as he has inserted none of the last six ; and told Z it would be better to bind me to some good thriving *trade*. A trade ! bind myself to some little, low, paltry, sordid, shilling-scraping, penny-saving occupation, which would be as a benumbing light upon all the powers of my mind. There is madness in the thought ! Suppose Shakspeare had taken his relations’ advice, and continued a wool-comber, where

had been the world's poets? No! fired by this glorious example, I will calmly and proudly pursue the bent of my genius and inclination: the morning sun, and the midnight lamp, shall find me at my studies! I will write, though none may read; I will print, though none may purchase; and if the world's neglect canker my young spirit, and studious days and sleepless nights 'sickly my brow with the pale cast of thought,' till, like 'Chatterton, the marvellous boy,' I sink into an early and untimely grave!—how small the sacrifice! How glorious the reward! when the world, for which I toiled, become sensible of its injustice! and the marbled monument and laurelled bust——

“Mem.—Prevented from finishing the above peroration by the forcible entrance of two villainous duns—a tailor and a washerwoman. May, nevertheless, introduce it as a soliloquy in my tragedy; for it possesses much of the sweep and swell of Burke.”

But trusting that the reader is more than satisfied with the foregoing specimens of folly and foppery, I here close the Young Author's Memorandum-Book.

ANONYMOUS.

WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

THE renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgo-masters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported them-

selves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition to all sage magistrates and rulers.

His surname of Twiller is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, which in English means *doubter*; a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For though he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables; yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every subject on so comprehensive a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it; so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice—one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vapouring superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts—by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented, by a discerning world, with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing;

and of such invincible gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed, that "he had his doubts about the matter:"—which, in process of time, gained him the character of a man slow of belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, far excelling in magnitude that of the great Pericles (who was thence waggishly called *Schenocephalus*, or onion head)—indeed, of such stupendous dimensions was it, that dame Nature herself, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders; where it remained as snugly bedded as a ship of war in the mud of the Potowmac. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse

to the idle labour of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had even watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid

oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced Timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagles' claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

THE doctors disagreed. According to four first-rate opinions, I groaned at one and the same time under rheumatism proper, rheumatic gout, gout proper, and an affection in the spinous process. The serious signs of one were the favourable

symptoms of another, and the prescriptions of the first in direct oppugnancy to the principles of the last. To-day, I was to drink water at Buxton, to-morrow to drink water at Bath, on Wednesday I was to go to Italy, and on Thursday I had better stay at home.

The fact was, the doctors could not make out my case.

Reader, if by mischance thou art one of those unhappy persons whom the climate of our famous mother England,—in punishment of thy many sins in chattering French instead of thy kindly vernacular, in giving half a guinea to Italians instead of three shillings and sixpence to Britons, in cleaving to wine and eschewing beer,—hath touched with her insular cramp in shoulders, elbows, wrists, fingers, back, loins, knees, ankles, or toes,—if such be the case, go not, I entreat thee for thy good, to any of the faculty, whether physician, surgeon, apothecary, or druggist, licensed or unlicensed; save thy good coin, gentle rheumatic, in thy purse for better merchandise and *laissez aller les choses*; torment not the creature with drenches and bandages, and peradventure it will ache thee some months the less for being entertained civilly; at all events thou wilt have economized so much money, escaped so much physic, and it will go harder with thee than with any body else, if thou get not well again every whit as soon.

True it is, though I speak it to my shame, that I did, in the impatience of my heart, betake myself to medicine for relief. It was promised to me abundantly. I am ready to communicate to any earnest inquirer twenty and five infallible

prescriptions, every one of which has effected so many cures, that it is somewhat surprising that the combined action of all of them together has not, a long time ago, driven rheumatism clean out of the United Kingdom. I never met with any of these redeemed ones, but, as Sancho says, he, who told me the story, said that it was so certain and true, that I might well, whenever I told it to another, affirm and swear that I had seen them all myself. There was, indeed, no resisting the kindness of my friends; I was all things to all men and to all women; I ate this to please my cousin Lucy, and drank that to oblige my cousin Margaret; I was steamed by one, showered by another, just escaped melting by a third, and was nearly boiled to the consistency of a pudding for the love of an oblong gentleman of Ireland, who had cured so many of his tenants on a bog in Tipperary by that process, that he offered to stake his salvation upon the success of the experiment. It failed, and, the article not being transferable, I forgave him the debt.

COLERIDGE.

ANGLO-GERMAN DICTIONARIES.

THE German dictionaries, compiled for the use of Englishmen studying that language, are all bad enough, I doubt not, even in this year 1823; but those of a century back are the most ludicrous books that ever mortal read: *read*, I say, for they are well worth reading, being often as good as a jest book. In some instances, I am convinced that the compilers (Germans living in Germany) had

a downright hoax put upon them by some facetious Briton whom they had consulted; what is given as the English equivalent being not seldom a pure coinage that never had any existence out of Germany. Other instances there are, in which the words, though not of foreign manufacture, are almost as useless to the English student as if they were; slang words, I mean, from the slang vocabulary, current about the latter end of the seventeenth century. These must have been laboriously culled from the works of Tom Brown, Sir Roger L'Estrange, Echard, Jeremy Collier, and others, from 1660 to 1700, who were the great masters of this *vernacular* English (as it might emphatically be called, with a reference to the primary * meaning of the word *vernacular*): and I verily believe, that if any part of this slang has become, or ever should become a dead language to the English critic, his best guide to the recovery of its true meaning will be the German dictionaries of Bailey, Arnold, &c. in their earliest editions. By one of these, the word *Potztausend* (a common German oath) is translated, to the best of my remembrance, thus:—"Udzooks, udswiggers, udswoggers, bublikins, boblikins, splitterkins, &c. and so on, with a large choice of other elegant varieties. Here, I take it, our friend the hoaxer had been at work: but the

* What I mean is this. Vernacular (from *verna*, a slave born in his master's house). The homely idiomatic language in opposition to any mixed jargon or *lingua franca*, spoken by an imported slave. 2. Hence, generally, the pure mother tongue, as opposed to the same tongue corrupted by false refinement. By vernacular English, therefore, in the primary sense, I mean such homely English as is banished from books and polite conversation to Billingsgate and Wapping.

drollest example I have met with of their slang is in the following story told to me by Mr. Coleridge. About the year 1794, a German, recently imported into Bristol, had happened to hear of Mrs. X. a wealthy widow. He thought it would be a good speculation to offer himself to the lady's notice, as well qualified to "succeed," to the late Mr. X.; and accordingly waited on the lady with that intention. Having no great familiarity with English, he provided himself with a copy of one of the dictionaries I have mentioned; and, on being announced to the lady, he determined to open his proposal with this introductory sentence—Madam, having heard that Mr. X. late your husband, is dead: but coming to the last word, "gestorben" (dead), he was at a loss for the English equivalent; so, hastily pulling out his dictionary (a huge 8vo.), he turned to the word "sterben" (to die), and there found—but what he found will be best collected from the dialogue which followed, as reported by the lady:—

German. Madam, hahfing heard that Mein Herr X. late your man, is—(these words he kept chiming over as if to himself, until he arrived at No. 1 of the interpretations of "sterben"—when he roared out, in high glee at his discovery)—is, dat is,—has, *kicked de bucket.*

Widow. (With astonishment.) "Kicked the bucket," Sir!—what—

German. Ah! mein Gott!—Alway Ich make mistake: I vou'd have said—(beginning again with the same solemnity of tone)—since dat Mein Herr X. late your man, hav—*hopped de twig*—

(which words he screamed out with delight, certain that he had now hit the nail upon the head).

Widow. Upon my word, sir, I am at a loss to to understand you: "Kicked the bucket," and "hopped the twig."

German. (Perspiring with panic.) Ah, madam! von—two—tree—ten tousand pardon: dat sad wicket dictionary I haaf, dat alway bring me in trouble: but now you shall hear—(and then, recomposing himself solemnly for a third effort, he began as before)—Madam, since I did hear, or wash hearing, dat Mein Herr X. late your man, haaf—(with a triumphant shout)—haaf, I say, *gone to Davy's locker.*

Further he would have gone; but the widow could stand no more: this nautical phrase, familiar to the streets of Bristol, allowed her no longer to misunderstand his meaning; and she quitted the room in a tumult of laughter, sending a servant to show the unfortunate suitor out of the house, with his false friend the dictionary; whose help he might perhaps invoke for the last time, on making his exit, in the curses— "Udswoggers, boblikins, bublikins, splitterkins!"

ANONYMOUS.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, FORTY YEARS AGO.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a college chum, to put in execution a long concerted

scheme of driving to London, tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing algebra and Anacharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits.—We ran up to London in style—went ball-pitch to the play—and after a quiet breakfast at St. James's, set out with my own horses upon a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery uncle, Sir Thomas ———.

To escape was impossible.—A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thousand per annum.—Up he came, "What! can I believe my eyes? George? what the ——— do you do here? Tandem too, by ———." (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments which dropped from his mouth, like pearls and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) "I have it," thought I, as an idea crossed my mind, which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it was not possible it could be me he was addressing.—"What! you don't know me, you young dog? don't know your own uncle?"—"Why, sir,—in the name of common sense"—"Pshaw! you've done with that.—Why, in ——— name, an't you at Cambridge, sir?"—"At Cambridge, sir?" said I.—"At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment; "why, I suppose, you never were at Cambridge! Oh! you young spendthrift; is this the manner you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard? You young profligate! you

young—you"——Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene, and resolved to drop the curtain at once.—"Really, sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon emergency, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance."—His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment.—"I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me, but, to my knowledge, I never saw you before."—A torrent, I perceived, was coming.—"Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next *rencontre* will, I hope, be more fortunate; though your finding your country cousin in London is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay.—Bye, bye, old buck."—The cart was removed, and I drove off; yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim—"He disowns me! the jackanapes! disowns his own uncle, by ——."

Poor Philip Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no period had more expression than a turnip, assume the air of a pensive simpleton, *d'un mouton qui rêve*, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem in "Principia."—"Well, you've done it—Dished completely.—What could induce you to be such a blockhead?" said he.—"The family of the Blockheads, my dear Phil," I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to belong to so prevailing a party."—"Phsaw! this is no time for joking. What's to be done?"

"Why, when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he is in trouble? However, adieu to *badinage*, and hey for Cambridge instantly."—"Cambridge?"—"In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly; and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him."

Without settling our bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress;—but, in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the college in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas — been here?" said I to the porter with an agitation I could not conceal.—"No, sir."—Phil "thanked God, and took courage."—"If he does come, tell him so and so," said I, giving *veracious* Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory.—"Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of the college for this fortnight. You twig! God bless you."—I had barely time to get to my own room, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics, strewed around in learned confusion, when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I wish to see Mr. —," said he; "is he in his rooms?"—"Yes, sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago."—

This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known by through college, had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for.—“Ay! very likely. Reads very hard, I dare say!”—“No doubt of that, I believe, sir,” said Thomas, as bold as brass.—“You audacious fellow! how dare you look in my face and tell me such a deliberate falsehood? You know he’s not in college!”—“Not in college! sir, as I hope”——“None of your hopes or fears to me. Show me his rooms.—If two hours ago I did not see—See him,—yes, I’ve seen him, and he’s seen the last of me.”

He had now reached the rooms, and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge.—“My dear sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?”—“What, George! who—what—why,—I can’t believe my eyes!”—“How happy I am to see you!” I continued; “How kind of you to come! how well you are looking!”—“How people may be deceived! My dear George (speaking rapidly), I met a fellow, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you in every particular that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke, and drove off. Never was I more taken off my stilts! I came down directly, with four post-horses, to tell your tutor, to tell the master, to tell all the college, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to enclose you fifty pounds, and disown you for ever.”—“My dear

sir, how singular!"—"I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any court of justice, and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. Your father and the fellow's mother were acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height, the voice—all but the manner, and damme that was not yours. No, no, you never would have treated your old uncle so."—"How rejoiced I am that"— "Rejoiced! so am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me. Ecod! I can't tell how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories to be sure about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of St. John's, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius; and that though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet, never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking;—and that cracked fellow, commener Meadows, had shown me a caricature, taken from the life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gownsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, 'Oh! that I had had the honour of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!' But——it, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle!—I never heard your father was a gay man," continued he, musing; "yet, as you sit in that light, the likeness is"—I moved instantly—"But it's impossible, you know it's impossible. Come, my dear fellow,

come; I must get some dinner. Who could he be? Never were two people so alike?"

We dined at the inn, and spent the evening together; and instead of the fifty, the "*last fifty*," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning; and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "My brother *was* a handsome man; and there *was* a Lady Somebody, who, the world said, *was* partial to him. She *may* have a son. Most surprising likeness! God bless you! Read hard, you young dog; remember. Like as two brothers!"—I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet, contracted when he was a "little elevated," left me the heir of his fine estate; I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated: and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honours, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain that our last intercourse on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straightforward path of life, that of

AN OLD STUDENT.

THE WIDOW'S RETINUE.

IN giving an account of the arrival of Lady Lillycraft at the Hall, I ought to have mentioned the entertainment which I derived from witnessing the unpacking of her carriage, and the disposing of her retinue. There is something extremely amusing to me in the number of factitious wants, the loads of imaginary conveniences, but real incumbrances, with which the luxurious are apt to burden themselves. I like to watch the whimsical stir and display about one of their petty progresses. The number of robustious footmen and retainers of all kinds bustling about, with looks of infinite gravity and importance, to do almost nothing. The number of heavy trunks, and parcels, and handboxes belonging to my lady; and the solicitude exhibited about some humble, odd-looking box, by my lady's maid; the cushions piled in the carriage to make a soft seat still softer, and to prevent the dreaded possibility of a jolt; the smelling-bottles, the cordials, the baskets of biscuits and fruit; the new publications; all provided to guard against hunger, fatigue, or ennui; the led horses to vary the mode of travelling; and all this preparation and parade to move, perhaps, some very good-for-nothing personage about a little space of earth!

I do not mean to apply the latter part of these observations to Lady Lillycraft; for whose simple kindheartedness I have a very great respect, and who is really a most amiable and worthy being. I cannot refrain, however, from mentioning some of the motley retinue she has brought with her;

and which, indeed, bespeak the overflowing kindness of her nature, which requires her to be surrounded with objects on which to lavish it.

In the first place, her ladyship has a pampered coachman, with a red face, and cheeks that hang down like dewlaps. He evidently domineers over her a little with respect to the fat horses; and only drives out when he thinks proper, and when he thinks it will be "good for the cattle."

She has a favourite page to attend upon her person; a handsome boy of about twelve years of age, but a mischievous varlet, very much spoiled, and in a fair way to be good for nothing. He is dressed in green, with a profusion of gold cord and gilt buttons about his clothes. She always has one or two attendants of the kind, who are replaced by others as soon as they grow to fourteen years of age. She has brought two dogs with her also, out of a number of pets whom she maintains at home. One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr—though Heaven defend me from such a zephyr. He is fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty. The other is a little, old gray-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet off the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a

time, keeping the other drawn up as a reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty.

These dogs are full of elegant ailments, unknown to vulgar dogs, and are petted and nursed by Lady Lillycraft with the tenderest kindness. They are pampered and fed with delicacies by their fellow minion, the page; but their stomachs are often weak and out of order, so that they cannot eat; though I have now and then seen the page give them a mischievous pinch, or thwack over the head, when his mistress was not by. They have cushions for their express ease, on which they lie before the fire, and yet are apt to shiver and moan if there is the least draught of air. When any one enters the room, they make a most tyrannical barking that is absolutely deafening. They are insolent to all the other dogs of the establishment. There is a noble stag-hound, a great favourite of the squire's, who is a privileged visitor to the parlour; but the moment he makes his appearance, these intruders fly at him with furious rage; and I have admired the sovereign indifference and contempt with which he seems to look down upon his puny assailants. When her ladyship drives out, these dogs are generally carried with her to take the air; when they look out at each window of the carriage, and bark at all vulgar pedestrian dogs. These dogs are a continual source of misery to the household; as they are always in the way, they ever now and then get their toes trod on, and then there is a yelping on their part, and a loud lamentation on the part of their mistress, that fill the room with clamour and confusion.

Lastly, there is her ladyship's waiting-gentlewoman, Mrs. Hannah, a prim, pragmatistical old maid; one of the most intolerable and intolerant virgins that ever lived. She has kept her virtue by her until it has turned sour, and now every word and look smacks of verjuice. She is the very opposite to her mistress, for one hates, and the other loves all mankind. How they first came together I cannot imagine; but they have lived together for many years; and the abigail's temper being tart and encroaching, and her ladyship's easy and yielding, the former has got the complete upper hand, and tyrannizes over the good lady in secret.

Lady Lillycraft now and then complains of it, in great confidence, to her friends; but hushes up the subject immediately, if Mrs. Hannah makes her appearance. Indeed, she has been so accustomed to be attended by her, that she thinks she could not do without her; though one great study of her life is to keep Mrs. Hannah in good humour, by little presents and kindnesses.

Master Simon has a most devout abhorrence, mingled with awe, for this ancient spinster. He told me the other day, in a whisper, that she was a cursed brimstone; in fact, he added another epithet, which I would not repeat for the world. I have remarked, however, that he is always extremely civil to her when they meet.

W. IRVING.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
PROSE WRITERS.

PART VI.
DESCRIPTIVE.



Next came our landlord, in the full garb of his country. p. 313.

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own country, which might increase its wealth and prosperity. Our accounts had been so contradictory of the state of this country, that no opinion could be formed as to the real condition or the number of its inhabitants. We had been told that the Sheikh's soldiers were a few ragged negroes armed with spears, who lived upon the plunder of the Black Kaffir countries, by which he was surrounded, and which he was enabled to subdue by the assistance of a few Arabs who were in his service; and, again, we had been assured that his forces were not only numerous, but, to a certain degree, well trained. The degree of credit which might be attached to these reports was nearly balanced in the scales of probability; and we advanced towards the town of Kouka in a most interesting state of uncertainty, whether we should find its chief at the head of thousands, or be received by him under a tree, surrounded by a few naked slaves.

These doubts, however, were quickly removed. I had ridden on a short distance in front of Boon-Khaloom, with his train of Arabs, all mounted, and dressed out in their best apparel; and, from the thickness of the trees, soon lost sight of them, fancying that the road could not be mistaken. I rode still onwards, and, on approaching a spot less thickly planted, was not a little surprised to see in front of me a body of several thousand cavalry drawn up in line, and extending right and left quite as far as I could see; and, checking my horse, I awaited the arrival of my party, under the shade of a wide-spreading acacia. The Bornou troops remained quite steady, without

noise or confusion; and a few horsemen, who were moving about in front giving directions, were the only persons out of the ranks. On the Arabs appearing in sight, a shout, or yell, was given by the sheikh's people, which rent the air: a blast was blown from their rude instruments of music equally loud, and they moved on to meet Boo-Khaloom and his Arabs. There was an appearance of tact and management in their movements which astonished me: three separate small bodies, from the centre of each flank, kept charging rapidly towards us, to within a few feet of our horses' heads; without checking the speed of their own until the moment of their halt, while the whole body moved onwards. These parties were mounted on small but very perfect horses, who stopped and wheeled from their utmost speed with great precision and expertness, shaking their spears over their heads, exclaiming, "*Barca! barca! allu hiakkaun cha, alla cheraga!*—Blessing! blessing! Sons of your country! Sons of your country!" and returning quickly to the front of the body, in order to repeat the charge. While all this was going on, they closed in their right and left flanks, and surrounded the little body of Arab warriors so completely, as to give the compliment of welcoming them very much the appearance of a declaration of their contempt for their weakness. I am quite sure this was premeditated; we were all so closely pressed as to be nearly smothered, and in some danger from the crowding of the horses and clashing of the spears. Moving on was impossible; and we therefore came to a full stop: our chief was much enraged; but it was all to no purpose; he was only an-

swered by shrieks of "Welcome!" and spears most unpleasantly rattled over our heads expressive of the same feeling. This annoyance was not however of long duration; Barca Gana, the sheikh's first general, a negro of a noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk robe, and mounted on a beautiful Mandara horse, made his appearance; and, after a little delay, the rear was cleared of those who had pressed in upon us, and we moved on, although but very slowly, from the frequent impediment thrown in our way by these wild equestrians.

The sheikh's negroes, as they were called, meaning the black chiefs and favourites, all raised to that rank by some deed of bravery, were habited in coats of mail composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse: some of them had helmets, or rather skull-caps, of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal.

MAJOR DENHAM.

AFRICAN MODE OF WARFARE.

A RANGE of minor hills, of more recent formation than the granite chain from which they emanate (which I cannot but suppose to form a part of El Gibel Gumhr, or Mountains of the Moon), approaches quite to the skirts of the extensive wood through which we were passing; and nu-

merous deep ravines, and dry water-courses, rendered the passage tedious and difficult. On emerging from the wood, the large Felatah town of Dirkulla was perceivable, and the Arabs were formed in front, headed by Boo-Khaloom: they were flanked on each side by a large body of cavalry; and, as they moved on, shouting the Arab war-cry, which is very inspiring, I thought, I could perceive a smile pass between Barca Gana and his chiefs, at Boo-Khaloom's expense. Dir-kulla was quickly burnt, and another smaller town near it; and the few inhabitants that were found in them, who were chiefly infants and aged persons unable to escape, were put to death without mercy, or thrown into the flames.

We now came to a third town, in a situation capable of being defended against assailants ten times as numerous as the besiegers: this town was called Musfeia. It was built on a rising ground between two low hills at the base of others, forming part of the mass of the Mandara mountains: a dry wadey extended along the front; beyond the wadey a swamp; between this and the wood the road was crossed by a deep ravine, which was not passable for more than two or three horses at a time. The Felatahs had carried a very strong fence of palisades, well pointed, and fastened together with thongs of raw hide, six feet in height, from one hill to the other, and had placed their bowmen behind the palisades and on the rising ground, with the wadey before them; their horse were all under cover of the hills and the town:—this was a strong position. The Arabs, however, moved on with great gallantry, without any support or co-

operation from the Bornou or Mandara troops; and notwithstanding the showers of arrows, some poisoned, which were poured on them from behind the palisades, Boo-Khaloom, with his handful of Arabs, carried them in about half an hour, and dashed on, driving the Felatahs up the sides of the hills. The women were every where seen supplying their protectors with fresh arrows during this struggle; and when they retreated to the hills, still shooting on their pursuers, the women assisted by rolling down huge masses of the rock, previously undermined for the purpose, which killed several of the Arabs, and wounded others. Barca Gana, and about one hundred of the Bornou spearmen, now supported Boo-Khaloom, and pierced through and through some fifty unfortunates who were left wounded near the stakes. I rode by his side as he pushed on quite into the town, and a very desperate skirmish took place between Barca Gana's people and a small body of the Felatahs. These warriors throw the spear with great dexterity; and three times I saw the man transfixed to the earth who was dismounted for the purpose of firing the town; and as often were those who rushed forward for that purpose sacrificed for their temerity by the Felatahs. Barca Gana, whose muscular arm was almost gigantic, threw eight spears, which all told, some of them at a distance of thirty or thirty-five yards, and one particularly on a Felatah chief, who with his own hand had brought four to the ground.

————— Incidet ictus,
Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus."

Had either the Mandara or the sheikh's troops now moved up boldly, notwithstanding the defence

these people made, and the reinforcements which showed themselves to the south-west, they must have carried the town, with the heights overlooking it, along which the Arabs were driving the Felatahs by the terror their miserable guns excited ; but, instead of this, they still kept on the other side of the wadey, out of reach of the arrows.

The Felatahs, seeing their backwardness, now made an attack in their turn ; the arrows fell so thick that there was no standing against them, and the Arabs gave way. The Felatah horse now came on ; and had not the little band round Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloom, with a few of his mounted Arabs, given them a very spirited check, not one of us would probably have lived to see the following day : as it was, Barca Gana had three horses hit under him, two of which died almost immediately, the arrows being poisoned ; and poor Boo-Khaloom's horse and himself received their death-wounds by arrows of the same description. My horse was badly wounded in the neck, just above the shoulder, and in the near hind leg ; an arrow had struck me in the face as it passed, merely drawing the blood ; and I had two sticking in my bornouse. The Arabs had suffered terribly ; most of them had two or three wounds ; and one dropped near me with five sticking in his head alone : two of Boo-Khaloom's slaves were killed also near his person.

MAJOR DENHAM.

THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

THE Table Rock, from which the Falls of Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract, on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions; and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled rushing and thundering filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side, while below a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first, the sky was obscured by clouds; but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze, subsiding at the same time, permitted

the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

Any person, who has nerve enough (as I had), may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall, after it is projected over the precipice, merely by laying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect having been in the posture above described.

The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken; and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the Fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rocks, and loses, as it descends, in a great measure, the

character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect, seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

The noise made by the Horse-shoe Fall, though very great, is infinitely less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles—nay, much further when there is a steady breeze; but I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amidst the roaring of the rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains this circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and a little only escapes from its confinement; and even this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to

the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending this stair, which is seventy or eighty feet, perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces fossil shells and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; for clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps. Rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles, soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion, viz. that of uncontrollable terror.

It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent, projects it far beyond the cliff; and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled round me: however, the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

A little way below the Great Fall the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the

skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surprising grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semicircle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene. Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo; whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara river, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dewdrops from the trees that gracefully overarched its transparent bosom. A gentle breeze ruffled the

waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds of spray, accompanied by thunders and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract.

HOWISON.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

ABOUT midnight, on the twenty-seventh of January, this phenomenon broke out in a single compact mass of brilliant yellow light, situated about a S. E. bearing, and appearing only a short distance above the land. This mass of light, notwithstanding its general continuity, sometimes appeared to be evidently composed of numerous pencils of rays, compressed, as it were, laterally into one, its limits both to the right and left being well defined and nearly vertical. The light, though very bright at all times, varied almost constantly in intensity, and this had the appearance (not an uncommon one in the aurora) of being produced by one volume of light overlaying another, just as we see the darkness and density of smoke increased by cloud rolling over cloud. While Lieutenants Sherer and Ross, and myself, were admiring the extreme beauty of this phenomenon from the observatory, we all simultaneously uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing a bright ray of the Aurora shoot suddenly downward from the general mass of light, *and between us and the land*, which was then distant only three thousand yards. Had I witnessed this

phenomenon by myself, I should have been disposed to receive with caution the evidence even of my own senses, as to this last fact; but the appearance conveying precisely the same idea to three individuals at once, all intently engaged in looking towards the spot, I have no doubt that the ray of light actually passed within that distance of us.

About one o'clock on the morning of the twenty-third of February, the aurora again appeared over the hills in a south direction, presenting a brilliant mass of light, very similar to that just described. The rolling motion of the light laterally was here also very striking, as well as the increase of its intensity thus occasioned. The light occupied horizontally about a point of the compass, and extended in height scarcely a degree above the land, which seemed, however, to conceal from us a part of the phenomenon. It was always evident enough that the most attenuated light of the aurora sensibly dimmed the stars, like a thin veil drawn over them. We frequently listened for any sound proceeding from this phenomenon, but never heard any.

CAPTAIN PARRY.

VENICE AT SUNSET.

NOTHING could exceed Emily's admiration, on her first view of Venice, with its islets, palaces, and towers rising out of the sea, whose clear surface reflected the tremulous picture in all its colours. The sun, sinking in the west, tinted

the waves and the lofty mountains of Friuli, which skirt the northern shores of the Adriatic, with a saffron glow, while on the marble porticos and colonnades of St. Mark were thrown the rich lights and shades of evening. As they glided on, the grander features of this city appeared more distinctly: its terraces, crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched, as they now were, with the splendour of the setting sun, appeared as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter, rather than reared by mortal hands.

The sun, soon after, sinking to the lower world, the shadow of the earth stole gradually over the waves, and then up the towering sides of the mountains of Friuli, till it extinguished even the last upward beams that had lingered on their summits, and the melancholy purple of evening drew over them like a thin veil. How deep, how beautiful was the tranquillity that wrapped the scene! All nature seemed to repose; the finest emotions of the soul were alone awake. Emily's eyes filled with tears of admiration and sublime devotion, as she raised them over the sleeping world to the vast heavens, and heard the notes of solemn music, that stole over the waters from a distance. She listened in still rapture, and no person of the party broke the charm by an inquiry. The sounds seemed to grow on the air; for so smoothly did the barge glide along, that its motion was not perceivable, and the fairy city appeared approaching to welcome the strangers. They now distinguished a female voice, accompanied by a few instruments,

singing a soft and mournful air ; and its fine expression, as sometimes it seemed pleading with the impassioned tenderness of love, and then languishing into the cadence of hopeless grief, declared that it flowed from no feigned sensibility. Ah ! thought Emily, as she sighed and remembered Valancourt, those strains come from the heart !

She looked round, with anxious inquiry ; the deep twilight, that had fallen over the scene, admitted only imperfect images to the eye, but, at some distance on the sea, she thought she perceived a gondola : a chorus of voices and instruments now swelled on the air—so sweet, so solemn ! it seemed like the hymn of angels descending through the silence of night ! Now it died away, and fancy almost beheld the holy choir reascending towards heaven ; then again it swelled with the breeze, trembled awhile, and again died into silence. It brought to Emily's recollection some lines of her late father, and she repeated in a low voice,

. Oft I hear,
 Upon the silence of the midnight air,
 Celestial voices swell in holy chorus,
 That bears the soul to heaven !

The deep stillness that succeeded was as expressive as the strain that had just ceased. It was uninterrupted for several minutes, till a general sigh seemed to release the company from their enchantment. Emily, however, long indulged the pleasing sadness that had stolen upon her spirits ; but the gay and busy scene that

appeared, as the barge approached St. Mark's Place, at length roused her attention. The rising moon, which threw a shadowy light upon the terrace, and illumined the porticos and magnificent arcades that crowned them, discovered the various company, whose light steps, soft guitars, and softer voices, echoed through the colonnades.

The music they heard before now passed Montoni's barge, in one of the gondolas, of which several were seen skimming along the moonlight sea, full of gay parties, catching the cool breeze. Most of these had music, made sweeter by the waves over which it floated, and by the measured sound of oars, as they dashed the sparkling tide. Emily gazed, and listened, and thought herself in a fairy scene: even Madame Montoni was pleased; Montoni congratulated himself on his return to Venice, which he called the first city in the world, and Cavigni was more gay and animated than ever.

The barge passed on to the grand canal, where Montoni's mansion was situated. And here, other forms of beauty and of grandeur, such as her imagination had never painted, were unfolded to Emily in the palaces of Sansovino and Palladio, as she glided along the waves. The air bore no sounds but those of sweetness, echoing along each margin of the canal, and from gondolas on its surface, while groups of masks were seen dancing on the moonlight terraces, and seemed almost to realize the romance of fairy land.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THE VENGEANCE OF ULRICA,

AND THE

DEATH OF REGINALD FRONT DE BŒUF.

MEANWHILE the lord of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. He had not the usual resource of bigots in that superstitious period, most of whom were wont to atone for the crimes they were guilty of by liberality to the church, stupifying by this means their remorse by the idea of atonement and forgiveness; and although the refuge which success thus purchased no more resembled the peace of mind which follows on sincere repentance, than the turbid stupefaction produced by opium resembles healthy and natural slumbers, it was still a state of mind preferable to the agonies of awakened remorse. But among the vices of Front de Bœuf, a hard and gripping man, avarice was predominant; and he preferred setting church and churchmen at defiance, to purchasing from them pardon and absolution at the price of treasures and of manors. Nor did the Templar, an infidel of another stamp, justly characterize his associate, when he said Front de Bœuf could assign no cause for his unbelief and contempt for the established faith; for the baron would have alleged that the church sold her wares too dear, that the spiritual freedom which she put up to sale was only to be bought like that of the chief captain of Jerusalem, "with a great sum," and Front de Bœuf preferred denying the

virtues of the medicine to paying the expense of the physician. But the moment had now arrived when earth and all its treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when his heart, though hard as a nether millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of futurity. The fever of his body aided the impatience and agony of his mind, and his deathbed exhibited a mixture of the newly awakened feelings of remorse, combating with the fixed and inveterate obstinacy of his disposition ;—a fearful state of mind, only to be equalled in those tremendous regions, where there are complaints without hope, remorse without repentance, a horrid sense of present agony, and a presentiment that it cannot cease or be diminished !

“ Where be these dog priests now,” growled the baron, “ who set such a price on their ghostly mummary ?—where be all those unshod Carmelites, for whom old Front de Bœuf founded the convent of St. Anne, robbing his heir of many a fair rood of meadow, and many a fat field and close—where be the greedy hounds now ? Swilling, I warrant me, at the ale, or playing their juggling tricks at the bedside of some miserly churl. Me, the heir of their founder—me, whom their foundation binds them to pray for—me—ungrateful villains as they are !—they suffer to die like the houseless dog on yonder common, unshriven and unhouseled !—Tell the Templar to come hither—he is a priest, and may do something.—But, no !—as well confess myself to the devil as to Brian de Bois Guilbert, who recks neither of heaven nor of hell.—I have heard old

men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—such need not to court or to bribe the false priest—but I—I dare not!”

“Lives Reginald Front de Bœuf,” said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, “to say there is that which he dares not?”

The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front de Bœuf heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, the voice of one of those demons who, as the superstition of the times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered, and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his resolution, he exclaimed, “Who is there?—What art thou, that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night raven?—Come before my couch, that I may see thee.”

“I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front de Bœuf,” replied the voice.

“Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou beest indeed a fiend,” replied the dying knight; “think not that I will blench from thee! By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me, as I have done with mortal dangers, heaven nor hell should say that I shrunk from the conflict!”

“Think on thy sins, Reginald Front de Bœuf—on rebellion, on rapine, on murder! who stirred up the licentious John to war against his gray-headed father—against his generous brother?”

“Be thou fiend, priest, or devil,” replied Front de Bœuf, “thou liest in thy throat! Not I stirred John to rebellion—not I alone—there,

were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the midland counties—better men never laid lance in rest—and must I answer for the fault done by fifty? False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more—let me die in peace, if thou be mortal—if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come.”

“In peace thou shalt *not* die,” repeated the voice, “even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is ingrained in its floors.”

“Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice,” answered Front de Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. “The infidel Jew—it was merit with heaven to deal with him as I did, else wherefore are men canonized who dip their hands in the blood of Saracens?—The Saxon porkers whom I have slain, they were the foes of my country, and of my lineage, and of my liege lord,—Ho! ho! thou seest there is no crevice in my coat of plate,—Art thou fled?—art thou silenced?”

“No, foul parrieide!” replied the voice; “think of thy father! think of his death!—think of his banquet room, flooded with his gore, and by the hand of a son!”

“Ha!” answered the baron, after a long pause, “an thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil, and as omniscient as the monks call thee!—That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in but one beside—the temptress, the partaker of my guilt.—Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone

could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed.—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature.—Go to her—she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder of the deed—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!”

“She already tastes them,” said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front de Bœuf, “she hath long drunken out of this cup, and its bitterness is sweetened to see that thou dost partake it.—Grind not thy teeth, Front de Bœuf—roll not thine eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace! The hand which, like that of thy renowned ancestor who gained thy name, could have broken with one stroke the skull of a mountain bull, is now unnerved and powerless as mine own!”

“Vile, murderous hag!” replied Front de Bœuf, “detestable screechowl! is it then thou who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?”

“Ay, Reginald Front de Bœuf,” answered she, “it is Ulrica! it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons!—it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father’s house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front de Bœuf!—Think of my wrongs, Front de Bœuf, and answer me, if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine—I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution.”

“Detestable fury!” answered Front de Bœuf, “that moment shalt thou never witness.—Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Maur and Stephen! seize this damned witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong—she has betrayed us to the Saxon.—Ho! Saint Maur! Clements! false hearted knaves, where tarry ye?”

“Call on them again, valiant baron,” said the hag, with a smile of grisly mockery; “summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon.—But know, mighty chief,” she continued, suddenly changing her tone, “thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands.—Listen to these horrid sounds,” for the din of the recommenced assault and defence now rung fearfully loud from the battlements of the castle; “in that war cry is the downfall of thy house.—The blood-cemented fabric of Front de Bœuf’s power totters to the foundation, and before the foes he most despised! The Saxon, Reginald! the scorned Saxon assails thy walls!—Why liest thou here, like a worn out hind, when the Saxon storms thy place of strength?”

“Gods and fiends!” exclaimed the wounded knight; “O for one moment’s strength, to drag myself to the mellay, and perish as becomes my name!”

“Think not of it, valiant warrior!” replied she; “thou shalt die no soldier’s death, but perish like the fox in his den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around it.”

“Hateful hag! thou liest,” exclaimed Front de Bœuf, “my followers bear them bravely—my

walls are strong and high—my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of Saxons, were they headed by Hengist and Horsa! The war cry of the Templar and of the Free Companions rises high over the conflict! and by mine honour, when we kindle the blazing beacon, for joy of our defence, it shall consume thee, body and bones; and I shall live to hear thou art gone from earthly fires to those of that hell, which never sent forth an incarnate fiend more utterly diabolical!”

“Hold thy belief,” replied Ulrica, “till the proof reach thee.—But no!” she said, interrupting herself, “thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand.—Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapour which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber?—Didst thou think it was but the darkening of thy bursting eyes—the difficulty of thy cumbered breathing?—No! Front de Bœuf, there is another cause—Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?”

“Woman!” he exclaimed with fury, “thou hast not set fire to it?—By Heaven thou hast, and the castle is in flames!”

“They are fast rising at least,” said Ulrica, with frightful composure, “and a signal shall soon wave to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them. Farewell, Front de Bœuf!—May Mista, Skogula, and Zerneck, gods of the ancient Saxons—fiends, as the priests now call them—supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica

now relinquishes!—But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast with thyself, the companion of thy punishment, as the companion of thy guilt.—And now, parricide, farewell for ever! May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!”

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front de Bœuf could hear the crush of the ponderous key as she locked and double locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies—“Stephen and St. Maur!—Clement and Giles!—I burn here unaided!—To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois de Gilbert, valiant De Bracy.—It is Front de Bœuf who calls!—It is your master, ye traitor squires!—Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights!—all the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably!—They hear me not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle.—The smoke rolls thicker and thicker—the fire has caught upon the floor below.—O for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation!” And in the mad frenzy of despair the wretch now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now muttered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself. “The red fire flashes through the thick smoke!” he exclaimed, “the demon marches against me under the banner of his own element.—Foul spirit, avant! I go not with thee without my comrades—all, all are

thine, that garrison these walls.—Thinkest thou Front de Bœuf will be singled out to go alone?—No—the infidel Templar, the licentious De Bracy—Ulrica, the foul murdering strumpet—the men who aided my enterprises—the dog Saxons, and accursed Jews, who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road—Ha, ha, ha!” and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rung again. “Who laughed there?” exclaimed Front de Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own frenzied laughter from returning upon his ear.—“Who laughed there? Ulrica, was it thou? Speak, witch, and I forgive thee—for, only thou or the fiend of hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt! avaunt!”

But it were impious to trace any farther the picture of the blasphemer and parricide’s death-bed.

SIR W. SCOTT.

ALBANIA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

ALBANIA comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella, in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania, Gibbon remarks, that a country "within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America." Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress which he was then besieging: on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Yepaleni, his highness's birth-place, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat; at this juncture the vizier had made it his headquarters.

After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four.

On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania proper.

The Arnasuts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder

climate. The kilt, though white ; the spare, active form ; their dialect, Celtic in its sound ; and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbours as the Albanese : the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems ; and in fact, they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory : all are armed ; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes are treacherous ; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople, and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation ; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The infidel was named Basilius ; the Moslem, Dervish Fahiri ; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us ; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalunghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

LORD BYRON.

THE ROOKERY.

In a grove of tall oaks and beeches, that crowns a terrace-walk, just on the skirts of the garden, is an ancient rookery, which is one of the most important provinces in the squire's rural domains.

The old gentleman sets great store by his rooks, and will not suffer one of them to be killed ; in consequence of which they have increased amazingly ; the tree-tops are loaded with their nests ; they have encroached upon the great avenue, and have even established, in times long past, a colony among the elms and pines of the church-yard, which, like other distant colonies, has already thrown off allegiance to the mother-country.

The rooks are looked upon by the squire as a very ancient and honourable line of gentry, highly aristocratical in their notions, fond of place, and attached to church and state ; as their building so loftily, keeping about churches and cathedrals, and in the venerable groves of old castles and manor-houses, sufficiently manifests. The good opinion thus expressed by the squire put me upon observing more narrowly these very respectable birds ; for I confess, to my shame, I had been apt to confound them with their cousin-german the crows, to whom, at the first glance, they bear so great a family resemblance. Nothing, it seems, could be more unjust or injurious than such a mistake. The rooks and crows are, among the feathered tribes, what the Spaniards and Portuguese are among nations, the least loving in consequence of their neighbourhood and similarity. The rooks are old established house-keepers, highminded gentlefolks, that have had their hereditary abodes time out of mind ; but as to the poor crows, they are a kind of vagabond, predatory, gipsy race, roving about the country without any settled home ; “ their hands are against every body, and every body’s against

them," and they are gibbeted in every corn field. Master Simon assures me that a female rook, that should so far forget herself as to consort with a crow, would inevitably be disinherited, and indeed would be totally discarded by all her genteel acquaintance.

The squire is very watchful over the interest and concerns of his sable neighbours. As to Master Simon, he even pretends to know many of them by sight, and to have given names to several, which he says are old heads of families, and compares them to worthy old citizens, beforehand in the world, that wear cocked-hats, and silver buckles in their shoes. Notwithstanding the protecting benevolence of the squire, and their being residents in his empire, they seem to acknowledge no allegiance, and to hold no intercourse or intimacy. Their airy tenements are built almost out of the reach of gun shot; and, notwithstanding their vicinity to the hall, they maintain a most reserved and mistrustful shyness of mankind.

There is one season of the year, however, which brings all birds in a manner to a level, and tames the pride of the loftiest highflyer; which is the season of building their nests. This takes place early in spring, when the forest trees first begin to show their buds; the long withy ends of the branches to turn green; when the wild strawberry, and other herbage of the sheltered woodlands, put forth their tender and tinted leaves; and the daisy and the primrose peep from under the hedges. At this time there is a general bustle among the feathered tribes; an incessant

fluttering about, and a cheerful chirping; indicative, like the germination of the vegetable world, of the reviving life and fecundity of the year.

It is then that the rooks forget their usual stateliness, and their shy and lofty habits. Instead of keeping up in the high regions of the air, swinging on the breezy tree-tops, and looking down with sovereign contempt upon the humble crawlers upon earth, they are fain to throw off for a time the dignity of the gentleman, to come down to the ground, and put on the pains-taking and industrious character of a labourer. They now lose their natural shyness, become fearless and familiar, and may be seen plying about in all directions, with an air of great assiduity, in search of building materials. Every now and then your path will be crossed by one of these busy old gentlemen, worrying about with awkward gait, as if troubled with the gout, or with corns on his toes, casting about many a prying look, turning down first one eye, and then the other, in earnest consideration, upon every straw he meets with, until, espying some mighty twig, large enough to make a rafter for his air-castle, he will seize upon it with avidity, and hurry away with it to the tree-top; fearing, apparently, lest you should dispute with him the invaluable prize.

Like other castle builders, these airy architects seem rather fanciful in the materials with which they build, and to like those most which come from a distance. Thus, though there are abundance of dry twigs on the surrounding trees, yet

they never think of making use of them, but go foraging in distant lands, and come sailing home, one by one, from the ends of the earth, each bearing in his bill some precious piece of timber.

Nor must I avoid mentioning what, I grieve to say, rather derogates from the grave and honourable character of these ancient gentlefolk, that, during the architectural season, they are subject to great dissensions among themselves; that they make no scruple to defraud and plunder each other; and that sometimes the rookery is a scene of hideous brawl and commotion, in consequence of some delinquency of the kind. One of the partners generally remains on the nest to guard it from depredation; and I have seen severe contests, when some sly neighbour has endeavoured to filch away a tempting rafter that had captivated his eye. As I am not willing to admit any suspicion hastily that should throw a stigma on the general character of so worshipful a people, I am inclined to think that these larcenies are very much discountenanced by the higher classes, and even rigorously punished by those in authority; for I have now and then seen a whole gang of rooks fall upon the nest of some individual, pull it all to pieces, carry off the spoils, and even buffet the luckless proprietor. I have concluded this to be some signal punishment inflicted upon him by the officers of the police; for some pilfering misdemeanour; or, perhaps, that it was a crew of bailiffs carrying an execution into his house. I have been amused with another of their movements during the building season. The steward has suffered a considerable

number of sheep to graze on a lawn near the house, somewhat to the annoyance of the squire, who thinks this an innovation on the dignity of a park, which ought to be devoted to deer only. Be this as it may, there is a green knoll, not far from the drawing-room window, where the ewes and lambs are accustomed to assemble towards evening, for the benefit of the setting sun. No sooner were they gathered here, at the time when these politic birds were building, than a stately old rook, who Master Simon assured me was the chief magistrate of this community, would settle down upon the head of one of the ewes, who, seeming conscious of this condescension, would desist from grazing, and stand fixed in motionless reverence of her august burthen ; the rest of the rookery would then come wheeling down, in imitation of their leader, until every ewe had two or three cawing, and fluttering, and battling upon her back. Whether they requited the submission of the sheep, by levying a contribution upon their fleece for the benefit of the rookery, I am not certain ; though I presume they followed the usual custom of protecting powers.

The latter part of May is the time of great tribulation among the rookeries, when the young are just able to leave the nests, and balance themselves on the neighbouring branches. Now comes on the season of "rook shooting ;" a terrible slaughter of the innocents. The squire, of course, prohibits all invasion of the kind on his territories ; but I am told that a lamentable havoc takes place in the colony about the old church. Upon this devoted commonwealth the village

charges "with all its chivalry." Every idle wight that is lucky enough to possess an old gun or blunderbuss, together with all the archery of Slingsby's school, take the field on the occasion. In vain does the little parson interfere, or remonstrate, in angry tones, from his study window that looks into the churchyard ; there is a continual popping from morning till night. Being no great marksmen, their shots are not often effective ; but every now and then a great shout from the besieging army of bumpkins makes known the downfall of some unlucky squab rook, which comes to the ground with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling.

Nor is the rookery entirely free from other disasters. In so aristocratical and lofty minded a community, which boasts so much ancient blood and hereditary pride, it is natural to suppose that questions of etiquette will sometimes arise, and affairs of honour ensue. In fact, this is very often the case ; bitter quarrels break out between individuals, which produce sad scuffings on the tree-tops, and I have more than once seen a regular duel take place between two doughty heroes of the rookery. Their field of battle is generally the air ; and their contest is managed in the most scientific and elegant manner ; wheeling round and round each other, and towering higher and higher to get the 'vantage ground, until they sometimes disappear in the clouds before the combat is determined.

They have also fierce combats now and then with an invading hawk, and will drive him off from the territories by a *posse comitati*. They are

also extremely tenacious of their domains, and will suffer no other bird to inhabit the grove or its vicinity. There was a very ancient and respectable old bachelor owl that had long had his lodgings in a corner of the grove, but has been fairly ejected by the rooks; and has retired, disgusted with the world, to a neighbouring wood, where he leads the life of a hermit, and makes nightly complaints of his ill treatment.

The hootings of this unhappy gentleman may generally be heard in the still evenings, when the rooks are all at rest; and I have often listened to them of a moonlight night, with a kind of mysterious gratification. This gray-bearded misanthrope of course is highly respected by the squire, but the servants have superstitious notions about him; and it would be difficult to get the dairymaid to venture after dark to the wood which he inhabits.

Besides the private quarrels of the rooks, there are other misfortunes to which they are liable, and which often bring distress into the most respectable families of the rookery. Having the true baronial spirit of the good old feudal times, they are apt now and then to issue from their castles on a forage, and to lay the plebeian fields of the neighbouring country under contribution; in the course of which chivalrous expeditions they now and then get a shot from the rusty artillery of some refractory farmer. Occasionally, too, while they are quietly taking the air beyond the park boundaries, they have the incaution to come within the reach of the truant bowmen of Slingsby's school, and receive a slight

shot from some unlucky urchin's arrow. In each case the wounded adventurer will sometimes have just strength enough to bring himself home, and, giving up the ghost at the rookery, will hang dangling "all abroad" on a bough, like a thief on a gibbet; an awful warning to his friends, and an object of great commiseration to the squire.

But maugre all these untoward incidents, the rooks have, upon the whole, a happy holiday life of it. When their young are reared, and fairly launched upon their native element the air, the cares of the old folks seem over, and they resume all their aristocratical dignity and idleness. I have envied them the enjoyment which they appear to have in their etherial heights, sporting with clamorous exultation about their lofty bowers; sometimes hovering over them, sometimes partially alighting upon the topmost branches, and there balancing with outstretched wings, and swinging in the breeze. Sometimes they seem to take a fashionable drive to the church, and amuse themselves by circling in airy rings about its spire; at other times a mere garrison is left at home to mount guard in their strong hold at the grove, while the rest roam abroad to enjoy the fine weather. About sunset the garrison gives notice of their return; their faint cawing will be heard from a great distance, and they will be seen far off, like a sable cloud, and then, nearer and nearer, until they all come soaring home. Then they perform several grand circuits in the air, over the hall and garden, wheeling closer, until they gradually settle down

upon the grove, when a prodigious cawing takes place, as though they were relating their day's adventures.

I like at such times to walk about these dusky groves, and hear the various sounds of these airy people roosted so high above me. As the gloom increases, their conversation subsides, and they seem to be gradually dropping asleep; but every now and then there is a querulous note, as if some one was quarrelling for a pillow, or a little more of the blanket. It is late in the evening before they completely sink to repose; and then their old anchorite neighbour, the owl, begins his lonely hooting from his bachelor's hall, in the wood.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ATHENS.

THOSE who expect to see at Athens only the more splendid and obvious testimonies of its former state will find themselves agreeably mistaken in the reality of the scene. It may be acknowledged that the Parthenon, the Theseium, the Propylea, the temple of Minerva, Polias, &c. are individually the most striking of the objects occurring here; yet it may perhaps be added that they have been less interesting singly, than in their combined relation to that wonderful grouping together of nature and art, which gives its peculiarity to Athens, and renders the scenery of this spot something which is ever unique to the eye and recollection. Here, if any where, there is a certain genius of the place which unites

and gives a colouring to the whole ; and it is further worthy of remark, that this *genius loci* is one which most strikingly connects the modern Athens with the city of former days. Every part of the surrounding landscape may be recognised as harmonious and beautiful in itself ; and at the same time as furnishing those features which are consecrated by ancient description, by the history of heroic actions ; and still more as the scene of those celebrated schools of philosophy, which have transmitted their influence to every succeeding age. The stranger, who may be unable to appreciate all the architectural beauties of the temples of Athens, yet can admire the splendid assemblage they form in their position, outline, and colouring ; can trace out the pictures of the poets in the vale of Cephissus, the hills of Colonos, and the ridge of Hymettus ; can look on one side upon the sea of Salamis, on the other upon the heights of Phyle : and can tread upon the spots which have acquired sanctity from the genius and philosophy of which they were once the seats. The hill of the Areopagus, the Academy, the Lyceum, the Portico, the Pnyx, if not equally distinct in their situation, yet can admit of little error in this respect ; and the traveller may safely venture to assert to himself, that he is standing where Demosthenes spoke to the Athenians, and where Plato and Aristotle addressed themselves to their scholars. Nowhere is antiquity so well substantiated as at Athens, or its outline more completely filled up both to the eye and the imagination.

The impressions of this nature, which the tra-

veller obtains, derive much vividness from the number of minute vestiges surrounding him; and these are often even more striking to the fancy than the greater memorials of ancient art. Every point in and around Athens abounds with such vestiges; the fragments of columns, sculptured marbles, and Greek inscriptions. Scarcely a single house but affords some of these remains, more or less mutilated; yet all with some interest annexed to them, as the representatives of a past age. This familiarity and frequency with which classic names and images are brought before the eye cannot fail of interesting the attention; and it forms one of the most striking circumstances to the stranger in Athens.

The character of the landscape around the city is very peculiar, even without reference to any of the features that have been described. There is a certain simplicity of outline and colouring, combined with the magnificence of form and extent, which contributes much to this particular effect. It cannot be called a rich scenery, for the dry soil of Attica refuses any luxuriance of vegetation; and, excepting the great olive of the plain, little wood enters into the landscape.

Yet one of its most striking features is a sort of repose, which may be derived from the form of the hills, from their slopes into the plain, and from the termination of this plain in the placid surface of the gulf of Salamis; above all, perhaps, from the resting point which the eye finds in the height of the Acropolis, and in the splendid groups of ruins covering its summit. In this latter object there is a majestic tranquillity, the

effect of time and of its present state, which may not easily be described, so as to convey an idea of the reality of the spot. The stranger will find himself perplexed in fixing on the point of view whence the aspect of these ruins is most imposing, or their combination most perfect with the other groups which surround them.

DR. HOLLAND.

THE

SCENERY OF THE ISLAND OF LEWCHEW.

THE island of Lewchew is situated on the happiest climate of the globe. Refreshed by the sea-breezes, which, from its geographical position, blow over it at every period of the year, it is free from the extremes of heat and cold, which oppress many other countries; whilst from the general configuration of the land, being more adapted to the production of rivers and streams than of bogs and marshes, one great source of disease in the warmer latitudes, has no existence: and the people seemed to enjoy robust health; for we observed no diseased object, nor beggars of any description among them.

The verdant lawns and romantic scenery of Tinian and Juan Fernandes, so well described in Anson's voyage, are here displayed in higher perfection, and on a much more magnificent scale; for cultivation is added to the most enchanting beauties of nature. From a commanding height above the ships, the view is, in all directions, picturesque and delightful. On one hand are

seen the distant islands, rising from a wide expanse of ocean, whilst the clearness of the water enables the eye to trace all the coral reefs, which protect the anchorage immediately below. To the south is the city of Nafoo, the vessels at anchor in the harbour, with their streamers flying; and in the intermediate space appear numerous hamlets scattered about on the banks of the rivers, which meander in the valley beneath; the eye being, in every direction, charmed by the varied hues of the luxuriant foliage around their habitations. Turning to the east, the houses of Kint-ching, the capital city, built in their peculiar style, are observed here and there, opening from among the lofty trees which surround and shade them, rising one above the other in gentle ascent to the summit of a hill, which is crowned by the king's palace; the intervening grounds between Napafoo and Kint-ching, a distance of some miles, being ornamented by a continuation of villas and country houses. To the north, as far as the eye can reach, the higher land is covered with extensive forests.

At a short distance from this eminence, the traveller is led by a foot path to what seems only a little wood; on entering which, under an archway formed by the intermingling branches of the opposite trees, he passes along a serpentine labyrinth, every here and there intersected by others. Not far from each other, on either side of these walks, small wicker doors are observed, on opening any of which, he is surprised by the appearance of a court-yard and house, with the children and all the usual cottage train generally gambol-

ling about; so that, whilst a man fancies himself in some lonely and sequestered retreat, he is, in fact, in the middle of a populous, but invisible, village.

Nature has been bountiful in all her gifts to Lewchew; for such is the felicity of its soil and climate, that productions of the vegetable kingdom, very distinct in their nature, and generally found in regions far distant from each other, grow here side by side. It is not merely, as might be expected, the country of the orange and lime, but the banyan of India, and the Norwegian fir, the tea plant and the sugar-cane, all flourish together. In addition to many good qualities, not often found combined, this island can also boast its rivers and secure harbours; and last, though not least, a worthy, a happy, and a friendly race of people.

MACLEOD.

DISCOVERY OF FIRE ON BOARD THE KENT, EAST INDIAMAN.

THE activity of the officers and seamen of the Kent appeared to keep ample pace with that of the gale. Our larger sails were speedily taken in, or closely reefed; and about ten o'clock on the morning of the first of March, after having struck our topgallant yards, we were lying to, under a triple reefed main topsail only, with our dead lights in, and with the whole watch of soldiers attached to the lifelines, that were run along the deck for this purpose.

The rolling of the ship, which was vastly increased by a dead weight of some hundred tons of shot and shells that formed a part of its lading, became so great about half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, that our main chains were thrown by every lurch considerably under water; and the best cleated articles of furniture in the cabins and the *cuddy** were dashed about with so much noise and violence, as to excite the liveliest apprehensions of individual danger.

It was a little before this period that one of the officers of the ship, with the well meant intention of ascertaining that all was fast below; descended with two of the sailors into the hold, where they carried with them, for safety, a light in the patent lantern; and seeing that the lamp burned dimly, the officer took the precaution to hand it up to the orlop deck to be trimmed. Having afterwards discovered one of the spirit casks to be adrift, he sent the sailors for some billets of wood to secure it; but the ship, in their absence, having made a heavy lurch, the officer unfortunately dropped the light; and letting go his hold of the cask, in his eagerness to recover the lantern, it suddenly stove, and, the spirits communicating with the lamp, the whole place was instantly in a blaze.

I know not what steps were then taken. I myself had been engaged during the greater part of the morning in double lashing and otherwise securing the furniture in my cabin, and in occasionally going to the *cuddy*, where the marine

* The *cuddy* in an East Indiaman is the large cabin or dining apartment, which is on a level with the quarter deck.

barometers were suspended, to mark their varying indications during the gale in my journal; and it was on one of those occasions, after having read to Mrs. ———, at her request, the twelfth chapter of St. Luke, which so beautifully declares and illustrates the minute and tender providence of God, and so solemnly urges on all the necessity of continual watchfulness and readiness for the "coming of the Son of Man," that I received from Captain Spence, the captain of the day, the alarming information that the ship was on fire in the after-hold; on hastening to the hatchway, whence smoke was slowly ascending, I found Captain Cobb and other officers already giving orders, which seemed to be promptly obeyed by the seamen and troops, who were using every exertion, by means of the pumps, buckets of water, wet sails, hammocks, &c. to extinguish the flames.

With a view to excite amongst the ladies as little alarm as possible, in conveying this intelligence to Colonel Fearon, the commanding officer of the troops, I knocked gently at his cabin door, and expressed a wish to speak with him; but whether my countenance betrayed the state of my feelings, or the increasing noise and confusion upon deck created apprehensions amongst them that the storm was assuming a more serious aspect, I found it difficult to pacify some of the ladies by repeated assurances that no danger whatever was to be apprehended from the gale. As long as the devouring element appeared to be confined to the spot where the fire originated, and which we were assured was surrounded on

all sides by the water-casks, we ventured to cherish hopes that it might be subdued; but no sooner was the light blue vapour, that first arose, succeeded by volumes of thick dingy smoke, which speedily ascending through all the four hatchways, rolled over every part of the ship, than all farther concealment became impossible, and almost all hope of preserving the vessel was abandoned. "The flames have reached the cable tier," was exclaimed by some individuals, and the strong pitchy smell that pervaded the deck confirmed the truth of the exclamation.

In these awful circumstances, Captain Cobb, with an ability and decision of character that seemed to increase with the imminence of the danger, resorted to the only alternative now left him, of ordering the lower decks to be scuttled, the combings of the hatches to be cut, and the lower ports to be opened, for the free admission of the waves.

These instructions were speedily executed by the united efforts of the troops and seamen; but not before some of the sick soldiers, one woman, and several children, unable to gain the upper deck, had perished. On descending to the gun deck with Colonel Fearon, Captain Bray, and one or two other officers of the thirty-first regiment, to assist in opening the ports, I met, staggering towards the hatchway, in an exhausted and nearly senseless state, one of the mates, who informed us that he had just stumbled over the dead bodies of some individuals who must have died from suffocation, to which it was evident that he himself had almost fallen a victim. So

dense and oppressive was the smoke, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could remain long enough below to fulfil Captain Cobb's wishes; which were no sooner accomplished, than the sea rushing in with extraordinary force, carrying away, in its resistless progress to the hold, the largest chests, bulk-heads, &c.

Such a sight, under any other conceivable circumstances, was well calculated to have filled us with horror; but in our natural solicitude to avoid the more immediate peril of explosion, we endeavoured to cheer each other, as we stood up to our knees in water, with a faint hope that by these violent means we might be speedily restored to safety. The immense quantity of water that was thus introduced into the hold, had indeed the effect, for a time, of checking the fury of the flames; but the danger of sinking having increased as the risk of explosion was diminished, the ship became water-logged, and presented other indications of settling, previous to her going down.

Death, in two of its most awful forms, now encompassed us, and we seemed left to choose the terrible alternative. But always preferring the more remote, though equally certain crisis, we tried to shut the ports again, to close the hatches, and to exclude the external air, in order if possible to prolong our existence, the near and certain termination of which appeared inevitable.

The scene of horror that now presented itself baffles all description—

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave.

The upper deck was covered with between six and seven hundred human beings, many of whom; from previous sea-sickness, were forced on the first alarm to flee from below in a state of absolute nakedness, and were now running about in quest of husbands, children, or parents. While some were standing in silent resignation, or in stupid insensibility to their impending fate, others were yielding themselves up to the most frantic despair. Some on their knees were earnestly imploring with significant gesticulations and in noisy supplications, the mercy of Him, whose arm, they exclaimed, was at length outstretched to smite them; others were to be seen hastily crossing themselves, and performing the various external acts required by their peculiar persuasion, while a number of the older and more stout-hearted soldiers and sailors sullenly took their seats directly over the magazine, hoping, as they stated, that, by means of the explosion, which they every instant expected, a speedier termination might thereby be put to their sufferings.

ANONYMOUS.

TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS FROM THE KENT TO THE CAMBRIA.

It was at this appalling instant, when "all hope that we should be saved was now taken away," and when the letter referred to was about being committed to the waves, that it occurred to Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate, to send a man to the foretop, rather with the ardent wish, than the expectation, that some friendly sail might be dis-

covered on the face of the waters. The sailor, on mounting, threw his eyes round the horizon for a moment,—a moment of unutterable suspense,—and, waving his hat, exclaimed, “a sail on the lee bow!”—The joyful announcement was received with deep-felt thanksgivings, and with three cheers upon deck. Our flags of distress were instantly hoisted, and our minute guns fired; and we endeavoured to bear down under our three topsails and foresail upon the stranger, which afterwards proved to be the *Cambria*, a small brig of two hundred tons burden—Cook—bound to Vera Cruz, having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners, and other agents of the Anglo-Mexican Company.

For ten or fifteen minutes we were left in doubt whether the brig perceived our signals, or, perceiving them, was either disposed or able to lend us any assistance. From the violence of the gale, it seems that the report of our guns was not heard; but the ascending volumes of smoke from the ship sufficiently announced the dreadful nature of our distress; and we had the satisfaction, after a short period of dark suspense, to see the brig hoist British colours, and crowd all sail to hasten to our relief.

Although it was impossible, and would have been improper to repress the rising hopes that were pretty generally diffused amongst us by the unexpected sight of the *Cambria*, yet I confess, that when I reflected on the long period our ship had been already burning—on the tremendous sea that was running—on the extreme smallness of the brig, and the immense number of human

beings to be saved,—I could only venture to hope that a few might be spared; but I durst not for a moment contemplate the possibility of my own preservation.

While Captain Cobb, Colonel Fearon, and Major Macgregor of the thirty-first regiment, were consulting together, as the brig was approaching us, on the necessary preparations for getting out the boats, &c. one of the officers asked Major M. in what order it was intended the officers should move off; to which the other replied, “Of course in funeral order?” which injunction was instantly confirmed by Colonel Fearon, who said, “Most undoubtedly the juniors first—but see that any man is cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the means of escape are presented to the women and children.”

To prevent the rush to the boats, as they were being lowered, which, from certain symptoms of impatience manifested both by soldiers and sailors, there was reason to fear; some of the military officers were stationed over them with drawn swords. But from the firm determination which these exhibited, and the great subordination observed, with few exceptions, by the troops, this proper precaution was afterwards rendered unnecessary.

Arrangements having been considerably made by Captain Cobb for placing in the first boat, previous to letting it down, all the ladies, and as many of the soldiers’ wives as it could safely contain, they hurriedly wrapt themselves up in whatever articles of clothing could be most conveniently found; and I think about two, or half

past two o'clock a most mournful procession advanced from the after-cabins to the starboard cuddy port, outside of which the cutter was suspended. Scarcely a word was uttered—not a scream was heard—even the infants ceased to cry, as if conscious of the unspoken and unspeakable anguish that was at that instant rending the hearts of their parting parents—nor was the silence of voices in any way broken, except in one or two cases, where the ladies plaintively entreated permission to be left behind with their husbands. But being assured that every moment's delay might occasion the sacrifice of a human life, they successively suffered themselves to be torn from the tender embrace, and with the fortitude which never fails to characterise and adorn their sex on occasions of overwhelming trial, were placed, without a murmur, in the boat, which was immediately lowered into a sea so tempestuous, as to leave us only “to hope against hope” that it should live in it for a single moment. Twice the cry was heard from those on the chains that the boat was swamping. But He who enabled the Apostle Peter to walk on the face of the deep, and was graciously attending to the silent but earnest aspirations of those on board, had decreed its safety.

Although Captain Cobb had used every precaution to diminish the danger of the boat's descent, and for this purpose stationed a man with an axe to cut away the tackle from either extremity, should the slightest difficulty occur in unhooking it; yet the peril attending the whole operation, which can only be adequately estimated

by nautical men, had very nearly proved fatal to its numerous inmates.

After one or two unsuccessful attempts to place the little frail bark fairly upon the surface of the water, the command was at length given to unhook; the tackle at the stern was in consequence immediately cleared; but the ropes at the bow having got foul, the sailor there found it impossible to obey the order. In vain was the axe applied to the entangled tackle. The moment was inconceivably critical; as the boat, which necessarily followed the motion of the ship, was gradually rising out of the water, and must, in another instant, have been hanging perpendicularly by the bow, and its helpless passengers launched into the deep, had not a most providential wave suddenly struck and lifted up the stern, so as to enable the seamen to disengage the tackle; and the boat, being dexterously cleared from the ship, was seen, after a little while, from the poop, battling with the billows; now raised, in its progress to the brig, like a speck on their summit, and then disappearing for several seconds, as if engulfed "in the horrid vale" between them*.

The *Cambria* having prudently lain to at some distance from the *Kent*, lest she should be involved in her explosion, or exposed to the fire from our guns, which, being all shotted, after-

* I was afterwards informed, by one of the passengers on board the *Cambria*,—for, from the great height of the *Indiaman*, we had not the opportunity of making a similar observation,—that when both vessels happened to be at the same time in the trough of the sea, the *Kent* was entirely concealed by the intervening waves from the deck of the *Cambria*.

wards went off as the flames successively reached them, the men had a considerable way to row ; and the success of this first experiment seeming to be the measure of our future hopes, the movements of this precious boat—incalculably precious, without doubt, to the agonized husbands and fathers immediately connected with it—were watched with intense anxiety by all on board. The better to balance the boat in the raging sea, through which it had to pass, and to enable the seamen to ply their oars, the women and children were stowed promiscuously under the seats ; and consequently exposed to the risk of being drowned by the continual dashing of the spray over their heads, which so filled the boat during the passage, that, before their arrival at the brig, the poor females were sitting up to the breast in water, and their children kept with the greatest difficulty above it.

However, in the course of twenty minutes, or half an hour, the little cutter was seen alongside the “ark of refuge ;” and the first human being that happened to be admitted, out of the vast assemblage that ultimately found shelter there, was the infant son of Major Macgregor, a child of only a few weeks, who was caught from his mother’s arms, and lifted into the brig by Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate of the Kent, the officer who had been ordered to take the charge of the ladies’ boat.

But the extreme difficulty and danger presented to the women and children in getting into the Cambria seemed scarcely less imminent than that which they had previously encountered ; for, to prevent the boat from swamping, or being stove

against the side of the brig, while its passengers were disembarking from it, required no ordinary exercise of skill and perseverance on the part of the sailors, nor of self-possession and effort on that of the females themselves. On coming alongside the Cambria, Captain Cook very judiciously called out first for the children, who were successively thrown or handed up from the boat. The women were then urged to avail themselves of every favourable heave of the sea, by springing towards the many friendly arms that were extended from the vessel to receive them; and, notwithstanding the deplorable consequence of making a false step under such critical circumstances, not a single accident occurred to any individual belonging to this first boat. Indeed, the only one whose life appears to have been placed in extreme jeopardy alongside, was one of the ladies, who, in attempting to spring from the boat, came short of the hand that was held out to her, and would certainly have perished, had she not most happily caught hold at the instant of a rope that happened to be hanging over the Cambria's side, to which she clung for some moments, until she was dragged into the vessel.

ANONYMOUS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, AND THE APPROACH TO IT FROM THE BLACK SEA.

As we entered the Straits, a miserable lantern placed upon a tower on either side, presented to us all that was intended to serve as a guidance for seamen during the night. Never were light-houses of more importance, or to which less at-

tention has been paid. An officer of the customs put off from the shore in his boat, but contented himself with merely asking the name of the captain, and did not come on board. After passing the lighthouses there appeared fortresses, the works of French engineers; and their situation, on rugged rocks, had a striking effect. Presently such a succession of splendid objects was displayed, that, in all the remembrance of my former travels, I can recall nothing to which it can be compared. A rapid current, flowing at the rate of a league an hour, conveyed us from the Black Sea. Then, while we were ruminating upon the sudden discharge of such accumulated waters by so narrow an aqueduct, and meditating the causes which first produced the wonderful channel through which they are conveyed, we found ourselves transported, as it were, in an instant, to a new world. Scarcely had we time to admire the extraordinary beauty of the villages, scattered up and down the mouth of this canal, when the palaces and gardens of European and Asiatic Turks, the villas of foreign ambassadors, mosques, minarets, mouldering towers, and ivy-mantled walls of ancient edifices, made their appearance. Among these we beheld an endless variety of objects, which seemed to realize tales of enchantment; fountains and cemeteries, hills, mountains, terraces, groves, quays, painted gondolas, and harbours, presented themselves to the eye, in such rapid succession, that, as one picture disappeared, it was succeeded by a second, more gratifying than the first. To the pleasure thus afforded, was added the joy of

having escaped the dangers of an inhospitable sea; and it may be readily conceived, that a combination of circumstances more calculated to affect the heart could seldom occur. All the apprehensions and prejudices, with which our minds had been stored, respecting the pestilence, barbarity, vices, and numberless perils of Turkey, vanished as ideal phantoms. Unmindful of the inward deformities of the country, we considered only the splendid exterior; which, as a vesture, she puts on; eagerly waiting the opportunity which might enable us to mingle with the splendid and lively scene before our eyes.

* * * * *

The Bosphorus of Thrace, in whatever point of view it is considered, is unequalled in the interest it excites; whether with reference to the surprising nature of its origin; the number of local circumstances attached to its ancient history; the matchless beauty of its scenery; its extraordinary animal productions; the number of rare plants blooming among its towering precipices; its fleets and gondolas, towns, villages, groves, and gardens; the cemeteries of the dead, and the busy walks of the living; its painted villas, virandas, flowery terraces, domes, towers, quays, and mouldering edifices; all these in their turn excite and gratify curiosity; while the dress and manner of the inhabitants, contrasting the splendid costume and indolence of the east, with the plainer garb and activity of the west, offer to the stranger an endless source of reflection and amusement.

It was near midnight when we returned from

this excursion. On the following morning we determined to leave the *Moderato*, and proceed to Constantinople in one of the gondolas that ply on the canal for hire. These are more beautiful than the gondolas of Venice, and are often richly ornamented, though destitute of any covering. They are swifter than any of our boats upon the Thames; and this fact, I am told, has been ascertained by an actual contest between a party of Turkish gondoliers in their own boat, and a set of Thames watermen in one of their wherries. We passed the gorge of the canal, remarkable as the site of the bridge constructed by Darius for the passage of his numerous army; the grandeur of the scenery increasing as we approached the capital. The sides of the canal appeared covered with magnificent pavilions, whose porticoes, reaching to the water's edge, were supported by pillars of marble; when, all at once, the prospect of Constantinople, with the towns of Scutari and Pera opened upon us, and filled our minds with such astonishment and admiration, that the impression can never be effaced. Would only, that the effect produced upon the mind could receive expression from the pen! As nothing in the whole world can equal such a scene, it is impossible, by any comparison, to convey an idea of what we saw. Le Bruyn, one of the oldest European travellers, before the close of the seventeenth century, apologized for introducing a description of this astonishing sight, after the number of relations which other authors had afforded. What must then be the nature of an apology used by an author, who, at the be-

VOL. III. K K

ginning of the nineteenth, should presume to add one to the number; especially when it is added, that more has been written on the subject since the days of Le Bruyn, than in all the ages which had preceded him, from the earliest establishment of the Byzantian colonies, to the time in which he lived. In the long catalogue thus afforded, no one has been more happy in his description than an author (Gibbon), who had himself no ocular demonstration of the veracity of his remarks. The Turkish squadron, returned from a summer cruize, were, when we arrived, at anchor off the point of the seraglio. One of the ships, a three decker, the construction of a French engineer of the name of Le Brun, surprised us by its extraordinary beauty, and the splendour of its appearance. Its guns were all of polished brass; and the immense ensign, reaching to the surface of the water, was entirely of silk.

After what has been said of the external magnificence of this wonderful city, the reader is perhaps ill prepared for a view of the interior; the horror, the wretchedness, and filth of which are not to be conceived. Its streets are narrow, dark, ill paved, and at the same time full of holes and ordure. In the most abominable alleys of London, or Paris, there is nothing so disgusting. They more resemble the interior of common sewers than public streets. The putrifying carcasses of dead dogs, with immense heaps of dung and mud, obstruct a passage through them. From the inequalities and holes in the narrow causeway it is almost impossible to proceed without

danger of putting an ankle out of joint. We landed at Galata, in the midst of dunghills; on which a number of large, lean, mangy dogs, some with whelps, wallowing in mire, and all covered with filth or slime, were sprawling or feeding. The appearance of a *Frank* instantly raises an alarm among these animals, who never bark at the Turks; and, as they were roused by our coming on shore, the noise was so great that we could not hear others speak. To this clamour were added the bawlings of a dozen porters, vociferously proffering their services, and beginning to squabble with each other as fast as any of them obtained a burden. At length we were able to move on, but in such confined, stinking, and yet crowded lanes, that we almost despaired of being able to proceed. The swarm of dogs, howling and barking, continually accompanied us, and some of the largest attempted to bite. When we reached the little inn at Pera, where a few small rooms, like the divisions in a rabbit hutch, had been prepared for our reception, we saw at least fifty of these mongrels collected round the door in the yard, like wolves disappointed of their prey. The late storms had unroofed several of the houses in Pera; that in which we lodged was among the number; one corner of it had been carried away by the wind, so that, without climbing to the top for a view of the city, we commanded a fine prospect of the *Golden Horn*, and part of Constantinople, through the walls of our bedrooms, which were open to the air. Pera had recently suffered in consequence of a conflagration which had nearly consumed every house

in the place. There was reason to believe some improvement would take place during its restoration; but we found it rising from its ashes like a new phoenix, without the slightest deviation from the form and appearance of its parent. The exception only of one or two houses formerly of wood and rebuilt with stone might be noticed; but all the rest were as ugly, inconvenient, and liable to danger, as before, and were it not for a few workmen employed in fronting the houses of the merchants, no stranger could discover that any accident had taken place.

Considering the surprising extent of the city and suburbs of Constantinople, the notions entertained of its commerce, and the figure it has long made in history; all the conveniences, if not the luxuries, of life, might be there expected. Previous to an arrival, if any inquiry is made of merchants, and other persons who have visited the place, as to the commodities of its markets; the answer is almost always characterized by exaggeration. They will affirm that every thing a stranger can require may be purchased in Constantinople, as in London, Paris, or Vienna; whereas, if truth be told, hardly any one article good in its kind can be procured. Let a foreigner visit the bazaars, properly so called; he will see nothing but slippers, clumsy boots of bad leather, coarse muslins, pipes, tobacco, coffee, cooks' shops, drugs, flower roots, second-hand pistols, poniards, and the worst manufactured wares in the world. In Pera, where Greeks and Italians are supposed to supply all the necessities of the Franks, a few pitiful stalls are seen, in which

every thing is dear and bad. Suppose a stranger to arrive from a long journey, in want of clothes for his body ; furniture for his lodgings ; books or maps for his instruction and amusement ; paper, pens, ink, cutlery, shoes, hats ; in short, those articles which are found in almost every city in the world ; he will find few or none of them in Constantinople ; except of a quality so inferior as to render them incapable of answering any purpose for which they were intended. The few commodities exposed for sale are either exports from England, unfit for any other market, or, which is worse, German and Dutch imitations of English manufacture. The woollen cloths are hardly suited to cover the floor of their own counting houses ; every article of cutlery and hardware is detestable ; the leather used for shoes and boots so bad that it can scarcely be wrought ; hats, hosiery, linen, buttons, buckles, are all of the same character ; of the worst quality, and yet of the highest price. But there are other articles of merchandise, to which we have been accustomed to annex the very name of Turkey, as if they were the peculiar produce of that country ; and these at least a foreigner expects to find ; but not one of them can be had. Ask for a Turkish carpet, you are told you must send for it to Smyrna ; for Greek vines, to the Archipelago ; for a Turkish sabre, to Damascus ; for the sort of stone expressly denominated *turquoise*, they know not what you mean ; for red leather, they import it themselves from Russia or from Africa ; still you are said to be in the centre of the commerce of the world : and this may be true enough with reference to the freight of vessels

passing the Straits, which is never landed. View the exterior of Constantinople, and it seems the most opulent and flourishing city in Europe; examine its interior, and its miseries and deficiencies are so striking, that it must be considered the meanest and poorest metropolis of the world. The ships which crowd its ports have no connection with its welfare: they are for the most part French, Venetian, Ragusan, Sclavonian, and Grecian vessels, to or from the Mediterranean, exchanging the produce of their own countries for the rich harvest of Poland; the salt, honey, and butter of the Ukraine; the hides, tallow, hemp, furs, and metals of Russia and Siberia; the whole of which exchange is transacted in other ports, without any interference on the part of Turkey. Never was there a people in possession of such advantages, who either knew or cared so little for their enjoyment. Under a wise government the inhabitants of Constantinople might obtain the riches of all the empires of the earth. Situated as they are, it cannot be long before other nations, depriving them of such important sources of wealth, will convert to better purposes the advantages they have so long neglected.

DR. CLARKE.

THE VICINITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE AT THE RETURN OF SPRING.

STERN winter had breathed his last: his churlish progeny had fled. The waves were no longer lashed by storms, nor was the earth fettered by frost. Constantinople hailed the day, revered alike by

Turks and Greeks, when St. George opens in state the gaudy portals of the spring. The north wind had ceased to howl through Stamboul's thin habitations. Mild zephyr reigned alone; and as his fragrant breath went forth in gentle sighs, the white winding sheet of snow retired gradually from the rugged mountain's brow, while a verdant carpet of tender herbage spread along the hollow valley. The taller trees of the forest might still slumber awhile; the lesser shrubs and plants of the garden were all waking, to resume their summer robes of rich and varied dye. Blushing blossoms crowned their heads; and every transient gale was loaded with their fragrance. Over fields enamelled with the crimson anemone fluttered millions of azure butterflies, just broke from their shells with the flowers on which they fed, and hardly yet able to unfurl their wings in air: while on every bough was heard some feathered songster, hailing the new season of joy and of love. The very steeds of the imperial stables, liberated that day from their dark winter stalls, measured with mad delight Kiadhané's verdant meads, while their joyful neighing reechoed from the hills around. Under each dazzling portico reflected in the Bosphorus were seen groups of Ich Oglans and pages, sporting their new spring suits, like gilded beetles, in the sun. All eyes seemed riveted on the Ottoman fleet, which, in gay and gallant trim, majestically issued forth from the deep mouth of the harbour, and, with every snowy sail swelling in the breeze, advanced towards Marmora's wider bason, there to commence its yearly cruise through the mazy Archipelago.

Of the immense population of Constantinople a part was skimming, in barges glittering like gold-fish, the scarce ruffled surface of the channel, while the remainder sauntered in gay parties on the fringed terraces that overhang its mirror, and in the woody vales that branch out from its banks. On all sides resounded the tuneful lyre and the noisy cymbal, animating the steps of the joyous dancers. Nature and art, the human race and the brute creation, seemed alike to enjoy in every form of diversified festivity, the epoch when recommences the hopes, the labours, and the delights of summer.

HOPE.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

I do not recollect to have witnessed, during the whole course of my military career, a more striking warlike spectacle than that which was now before me. Besides my own corps, three battalions of infantry lay stretched in a single green field round their watch-fires, amounting in all to about a hundred. Immediately behind them stood their arms, piled up in regular order, and glancing in the flames, which threw a dark red light across the common, upon the bare branches beyond; about twenty yards in the rear, two regiments of cavalry were similarly disposed of, their horses being piqueted in line, and the men seated or lying on the ground. Looking farther back again, and towards the opposite side of the road, the fires of the whole of the fifth and first divisions met the eye; darkened ever and anon, as the soldiers passed between them, or a heap of wood

was cast on to feed their brightness. By the light of these fires, I could farther perceive, that the road itself was thronged with artillery and tumbrils; whilst the glaring atmosphere above the wood showed that it too was fully tenanted, and that its occupants were, like ourselves, reposing in an attitude of watchfulness. To complete the picture, the night chanced to be uncommonly dark. Neither moon nor stars were out, and though no rain fell, a considerable fog was in the air, which, hindering the flames from ascending beyond a certain height, caused them to shed a stronger colouring upon the surrounding objects. Then the knowledge that the enemy was at hand, and that we only waited for the dawn of to-morrow, to renew the combat; the whole of these circumstances combined, gave so deep an interest to our situation, that it was long ere I was able to follow the example of my comrades, and lie down. Fatigue, however, at length prevailed over enthusiasm; and having heartily partaken of the meal which our faithful Francisco brought up, I wrapped my cloak about me, and taking my station, like the rest, with my feet towards the fire, I soon fell fast asleep. ANON.

A FOX CHASE ON THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

ON their return to the house, where the good wife presided over an ample breakfast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. "Dand!

ye're the auld man yet—naething will make ye take warning till ye're brought hame some day wi' your feet foremost."

"Tut, lass! ye ken yoursell, I am never a prin the waur o' my rambles."

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in dispatching his breakfast, as "the frost having given way, the scent would lie this morning primely."

Out they sallied, accordingly, for Otterscopescours, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rains, the torrents descended in great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills, the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets, or rills descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making towards the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among hills, where it was barely possible for a pony, accustomed to the ground, to trot along, but where quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged, or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was

not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain-ridge overhanging a glen of great depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an apparatus which would have shocked a member of the Pychely Hunt; for the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth, and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scattered brush-wood, or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves; almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal, and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of fox hounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Pep-

per and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp, and cur of low degree filled up the burthen of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash, in readiness to slip them at the fox, as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, though uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain-ridge, having the sky for their background, appeared to move in the air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its rude and solitary dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent; the whole so diminished by depth and distance, that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertions are the halloos of the men, and the clamours of the hounds, ascending, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one strong hold to another, was at

length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in swiftness, and equalling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the principal sports of India, and ridden a tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the nabob of Arcot, professed to have received a morning's excellent amusement. When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlies-hope. SIR W. SCOTT.

NICE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

LA LUC and his little party travelled slowly on, sunk in pensive silence—a silence too pleasingly sad to be soon relinquished, and which they indulged without fear of interruption. The solitary grandeur of the scenes through which they passed, and the soothing murmur of the pines that waved above, aided this soft luxury of meditation.

They proceeded by easy stages; and, after travelling for some days among the romantic mountains and green valleys of Piedmont, they

entered the rich country of Nice. The gay and luxuriant views which now opened upon the travellers as they wound among the hills appeared like scenes of fairy enchantment, or those produced by the lonely visions of the poets. While the spiral summits of the mountains exhibited the snowy severity of winter, the pine, the cypress, the olive, and the myrtle shaded their sides with the green tints of spring, and groves of orange, lemon, and citron spread over their feet the full glow of autumn. As they advanced, the scenery became still more diversified; and at length, between the receding heights, Adeline caught a glimpse of the distant waters of the Mediterranean, fading into the blue and cloudless horizon. She had never till now seen the ocean; and this transient view of it roused her imagination, and made her watch impatiently for a nearer prospect.

It was towards the close of day when the travellers, winding round an abrupt projection of that range of Alps which crowns the amphitheatre that environs Nice, looked down upon the green hills that stretch to the shores, on the city, and its ancient castle, and on the wide waters of the Mediterranean; with the mountains of Corsica in the farthest distance. Such a sweep of sea and land, so varied with the gay, the magnificent, and the awful, would have fixed any eye in admiration:—for Adeline and Clara novelty and enthusiasm added their charms to the prospect. The soft and salubrious air seemed to welcome La Luc to this smiling region, and the serene atmosphere to promise invariable summer. They at length descended upon the little plain where

stands the city of Nice, and which was the most extensive piece of level ground they had passed since they entered the country. Here, in the bosom of the mountains, sheltered from the north and the east, where the western gales alone seemed to breathe, all the blooms of spring and the riches of autumn were united. Trees of myrtle bordered the road, which wound among groves of orange, lemon, and bergamot, whose delicious fragrance came to the sense mingled with the breath of roses and carnations that blossomed in their shade. The gently swelling hills that rose from the plain were covered with vines, and crowned with cypresses, olives, and date trees; beyond, there appeared the sweep of lofty mountains whence the travellers had descended, and whence rose the little river Paglion, swoln by the snows that melt on their summits, and which, after meandering through the plain, washes the walls of Nice, where it falls into the Mediterranean. In this blooming region Adeline observed that the countenances of the peasants, meagre and discontented, formed a melancholy contrast to the face of the country, and she lamented again the effects of an arbitrary government, where the bounties of nature, which were designed for all, are monopolized by a few, and the many are suffered to starve, tantalized by surrounding plenty.

The city lost much of its enchantment on a nearer approach; its narrow streets and shabby houses but ill answered the expectations which a distant view of its ramparts and its harbour, gay with vessels, seemed to authorize. The ap-

pearance of the inn at which La Luc now alighted did not contribute to soften his disappointment ; but if he was surprised to find such indifferent accommodation at the inn of a town celebrated as the resort of valetudinarians, he was still more so when he learned the difficulty of procuring furnished lodgings.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

LALLA ROOKH'S DEPARTURE FOR CASHMERE.

THE day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry ; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water ; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses ; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Khoran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Faakirs, who kept up the perpetual lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her ; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade

so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver rimmed kettledrums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiveness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples on the tops of the palankeens; the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing;—and the lovely troop of the Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young king had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, great nazir or chamberlain of the haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

T. MOORE.

THE

MASSACRE OF THE GREEKS AT SCIO.

THE unfortunate Sciotes were the most effeminate and irresolute of all the Greeks. The merchants lived in a style of great luxury, and the houses of many of them were splendidly furnished. From the commencement of the revolution they continued to preserve a strict neutrality; and, though often implored and menaced by their countrymen, refused to fight for the liberties of Greece, or risk the drawing on themselves the vengeance of the Turks. So well had they kept up appearances, that the Ottoman fleet never molested them: till, unfortunately, one day a Greek leader entered the harbour with some ships, having a body of troops on board, who were landed to attack the citadel, in which was a small Turkish garrison; and the Sciotes, fancying the hour of freedom was come, passed from one extreme to the other, rose tumultuously, and joined the troops. The fort was soon taken, and the garrison, together with the Turks who were in the town, was put to the sword. This was scarcely accomplished, when the Ottoman fleet entered the harbour; and the Greek forces, who had come from Samos, too inferior in number to cope with them, instantly embarked, and took to flight, leaving the island to its fate. Those islanders who had taken part with them consisted chiefly of the lower orders, and two hundred of the chief merchants and magistrates repaired on board the ship of the capitan pacha,

and made the most solemn protestations of innocence, and unqualified submission to the Porte. The admiral received them with great civility, expressed himself willing to forget all that had passed, and ordered coffee and a variety of refreshments. But no sooner had the pacha landed his forces, about six thousand men, than he gave the signal for the massacre. The details given to me afterwards, by the Sciotes who had escaped, were enough to harrow up the soul. During the massacre, the Turks, exhausted, sheathed at times their bloody sabres and ataghans, and, seated beneath the trees on the shore, took their pipes and coffee, chatted, or fell asleep in the shade. In the course of a few hours they rose refreshed, and began to slay indiscriminately all who came in their way. It was vain to implore mercy; the young and gay Sciotes, but a few days before the pride of the islands, found their loveliness no shield to them, but fell stabbed before their mothers' eyes, or, flying into the gardens, were caught by their long and braided tresses, and quickly despatched. The wild and confused cries of pain and death were mingled with the fierce shouts of "Mahomet and vengeance!" the Greek was seen kneeling for pity, or flying with desperate speed, and the Turkish soldier rushing by with his reeking weapon, or holding in his hand some head dropping with blood. The close of the day brought little reprieve; the moonlight spreading vividly over the town, the shores, and the rich groves of fruit trees, rendered escape or concealment almost impossible. But, as the work of death paused at intervals from very

weariness, the loud sounds of horror and carnage sunk into those of more hushed and bitter wee. The heartbroken wail of parents over their dying and violated child—the hurried and shuddering tones of despair of those to whom a few hours would bring inevitable death—the cry of the orphan and widowed around the mangled forms of their dearest relatives, mingled with curses on the murderer, went up to heaven! But the pause for mourning was short—the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by the clash of arms and the dismal war cry of the Ottoman soldiery, “Death!—death to the Greeks—to the enemies of the Prophet—Allah il Allah!” and the capitán pacha in the midst, with furious gestures, urged on his troops to the slaughter. Every house and garden were strewn with corpses; beneath the orange trees, by the fountain side, on the rich carpet, and the marble pavement, lay the young, the beautiful, and the aged, in the midst of their loved and luxurious retreats. Day after day passed; and lying as they fell, alone, or in groups, no hand bore them to their grave while survivors yet remained to perish. At last, when all was over, they were thrown in promiscuous heaps, the senator and the delicate and richly attired woman of rank mingled with the lowest of the populace, into large pits dug for the purpose, which served as universal sepulchres.

Twenty thousand are computed to have perished during the few days that the massacre lasted. Happy were the few who could pass the barrier of rocky mountains, beyond which they were for the time secure, or were received into some of the

boats or vessels on the coast, and thus snatched from their fate. It was my fortune afterwards to meet several times with these wretched fugitives, wandering in search of an asylum ; so pale, worn, and despairing, they presented a picture of exquisite misery—girls of a tender age on foot, sinking beneath the heat and toil of the way, yet striving to keep up with the horses that bore the sick and disabled of the party : and mothers with their infants whom they had saved, while their husbands and sons had perished. One who had been a lady in her own land, weeping bitterly, related to me the murder of all her children, who were five young men. Many a young Sciote woman was to be seen, her indulgent home lost for ever, her beauty and vivacity quite gone, with haggard and fearful looks, seeking in other lands for friends whom she might never find.

ANONYMOUS.

THE REMAINS OF POMPEII.

POMPEII is only three miles from Stabiae, but on the very side itself of Vesuvius, and only about five miles from its crater. The bed of ashes was in some places scarce three feet in depth, so that it must appear wonderful that the town had not been discovered long before the middle of the last century, or rather that the ashes were not removed, and the city restored immediately after its catastrophe. We may therefore conclude, that the far greater part of the inhabitants of Pompeii had time to escape, and that those whose

skeletons remain were either decrepid slaves, or criminals in a state of confinement. Of the latter, indeed, some were found in chains, and as for the former, when we consider the immense number employed in Roman villas, we shall wonder that so few have been hitherto discovered. However, it must be admitted, that during the course of the eruption, and taking in the whole range of its devastations, many persons perished, and among them some of distinction, as may be collected not only from Dio but from Suetonius, who relates that Titus, then emperor, devoted the property of those who lost their lives on that occasion, and had no heirs, to the relief of the survivors. Though the catastrophe took place within the space of twelve hours at the utmost, yet time was found to remove most portable articles of value, such as plate, silver, and gold ornaments, &c. as very little of this description has been discovered. The furniture which remains is to moderns of equal, perhaps greater value, as it is better calculated to give a clear and accurate idea of Roman manners, as far as they are connected with such objects.

It has been often regretted that the pictures, furniture, and even skeletons should have been removed, and not rather left and carefully preserved in the very places and attitudes where they were originally discovered. Without doubt, if articles so easily damaged, or stolen, could with any prudence have been left in their respective places, it would have heightened the charm, and contributed in a much greater degree to the satisfaction of the spectator. Pictures, statues,

and pillars, or other decorations, can never produce the same effect, or excite the same interest, when ranged methodically in a gallery at Portici or Naples, as they would when occupying the very spot and standing in the very point of view for which they were originally destined. But independently even of this advantage, and stripped as it is of almost all its moveable ornaments, Pompeii possesses a secret power that captivates and fixes, I had almost said melts, the soul. In other times and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that has escaped the wreck of ages, would have enchanted us; nay, an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column was beheld with veneration; but to discover a single ancient house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond but hopeless longing. Here, not a temple, not a theatre, nor a house, but a whole city rises before us untouched, unaltered, the very same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets, tread the very same pavement, behold the same walls, enter the same doors, and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects, and out of the same windows contemplate the same scenery. While you are wandering through the abandoned rooms you may, without any great effort of imagination, expect to meet some of the former inhabitants, or perhaps the master of the house himself, and almost feel like intruders who dread the appearance of any of the family. In the streets you are afraid of turning a corner, lest you should jostle a passenger; and on entering a

house, the least sound startles, as if the proprietor was coming out of the back apartments. The traveller may long indulge the illusion, for not a voice is heard, not even the sound of a foot to disturb the loneliness of the place, or interrupt his reflections. All around is silence, not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation, the silence of a great city without one single inhabitant :—

Horror ubique animus, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

Immediately above the buildings the ground rises, not into a cliff, casting gloom, as the sides of a grave, or the hollow below, but as a gentle swell formed by nature to shelter the houses at its base. It is clothed with corn, poplars, mulberries, and vines in their most luxuriant graces, waving from tree to tree, still covering the greater part of the city with vegetation, and forming with the dark brown masses half buried below, a singular and most affecting contrast. This scene of a city, raised as it were from the grave, where it had lain forgotten during the long night of eighteen centuries, when once beheld, must remain for ever pictured on the imagination, and whenever it presents itself to the fancy, it comes, like the recollection of an awful apparition, accompanied by thoughts and emotions solemn and melancholy.

EUSTACE.

* * * * *

The remains of this town afford a truly interesting spectacle. It is like a resurrection from the dead ;—the progress of time and decay is arrested, and you are admitted to the temples,

the theatres, and the domestic privacy of a people who have ceased to exist for seventeen centuries. Nothing is wanting but the inhabitants. Still a morning's walk through the solemn silent streets of Pompeii will give you a livelier idea of their modes of life, than all the books in the world. They seem, like the French of the present day, to have existed only *in public*.

Their theatres, temples, basilica, forums, are on the most splendid scale, but in their private dwellings, we discover little or no attention to comfort. The houses in general have a small court, round which the rooms are built, which are rather cells than rooms;—the greater part are without windows, receiving light only from the door.

There are no chimneys;—the smoke of the kitchen, which is usually low and dark, must have found its way through a hole in the ceiling. The doors are so low, that you are obliged to stoop to pass through them. There are some traces of Mosaic flooring, and the stucco paintings, with which all the walls are covered, are but little injured; and upon being wetted they appear as fresh as ever. Brown, red, yellow, and blue, are the prevailing colours. It is pity that the contents of the houses could not have been allowed to remain in the state in which they were found;—but this would have been impossible. Travellers are the greatest thieves in the world. As it is, they will tear down, without scruple, the whole side of a room, to cut out a favourite specimen of the stucco painting. If it were not for this pilfering propensity, we

might have seen every thing as it really was left at the time of this great calamity, even to the skeleton, which was found with a purse of gold in its hand, trying to run away from the impending destruction, and exhibiting "the ruling passion strong in death" in the last object of its anxiety. In the stocks of the guardroom, which were used as a military punishment, the skeletons of four soldiers were found sitting; but these poor fellows have now been released from their ignominious situation, and the stocks, with every thing else that was moveable, have been placed in the Museum; the bones being consigned to their parent clay.

Pompeii, therefore, exhibits nothing but bare walls, and the walls are without roofs; for these have been broken in, by the weight of the shower of ashes and pumice stones that caused the destruction of the town.

The amphitheatre is very perfect, as indeed are the other two theatres, intended for dramatic representations; though it is evident that they had sustained some injury from the earthquake, which, as we learn from Tacitus, had already much damaged this devoted town, before its final destruction by the eruption of Vesuvius.

The paintings on the walls of the amphitheatre represent the combats of gladiators and wild beasts, the dens of which remain just as they were seventeen hundred years ago.

The two theatres for dramatic entertainments are as close together as our own Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The larger one, which might have contained five thousand persons, like the

amphitheatres, had no roof, but was open to the light of day. The stage is very much circumscribed—there is no depth, and there are consequently no side scenes : the form and appearance are like that of our own theatres when the drop scene is down, and forms the extent of the stage. In this back scene of the Roman stage, which, instead of canvas, is composed of unchangeable brick and marble, are three doors ; and there are two others on the sides, answering to our own stage doors. It seems that it was the theatrical etiquette that the *premiers roles* should have their exits and entrances through the doors of the back scene, and the inferior ones through those on the sides.

The little theatre is covered, and in better preservation than the other ; and, it is supposed, that this was intended for musical entertainments.

The Temple of Isis has suffered little injury. The statues alone have been taken away. You see the very altar on which the victims were offered ;—and you may now ascend without ceremony the private stairs which led to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the goddess ; where those mysterious rites were celebrated, the nature of which may be shrewdly guessed, from the curiosities discovered there, which are now to be seen in the Museo Borbonico. In a niche, on the outside of the temple, was a statue of Harpocrates, appropriately placed, as a warning not to kiss and tell, but—

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the world o'erwhelm them, to man's eyes.

The streets are very narrow, the marks of wheels on the pavement show that carriages were in use ; but there must have been some regulation to prevent their meeting each other, for one carriage would have occupied the whole of the street, except the narrow trottoir raised on each side for foot passengers, for whose accommodation there are also raised stepping-stones, in order to cross from one side to the other. The distance between the wheel-tracks is four feet three inches.

There is often an emblem, over the door of a house, that determines the profession of its former owner.—The word “Salve” on one, seems to denote that it was an inn, as we have, in our days, the sign of “The Salutation.” In the outer brick work of another is carved an emblem which shocks the refinement of modern taste : but which has been an object even of religious adoration, in many countries, probably as a symbol of creative power. The same device is found on the stucco of the inner court of another house, with this intimation, *Hic habitat felicitas*, which is a sufficient explanation of the character of its inhabitants.

Many of the paintings on the walls are very elegant in the taste and design, and they often assist us in ascertaining the uses for which the different rooms were intended. For example,—in the baths, we find Tritons and Naiads ; in the bedchamber, Morpheus scatters his poppies, and in the eating-rooms, a sacrifice to *Æsculapius* teaches us that we should eat to live, and not live to eat. In one of these rooms are the remains of a *triclinium*.

A baker's shop is as plainly indicated as if the loaves were now at his window. There is a mill for grinding the corn, and the oven for baking; and the surgeon and the druggist have also been traced, by the quality of the articles found in their respective dwellings.

But the most complete specimen that we have of an ancient residence is the villa which has been discovered at a small distance without the gate. It is on a more splendid scale than any of the houses in the town itself, and it has been preserved with scarcely any injury.

Some have imagined that this was the *Pompeianum*,—the Pompeian villa of Cicero. Be this as it may, it must have belonged to a man of taste. Situated on a sloping bank, the front entrance opens, as it were, into the first floor; below which, on the garden side, into which the house looks (for the door is the only aperture on the road side), is a ground floor, with spacious arcades, and open rooms, all facing the garden; and above, are the sleeping rooms. The walls and ceilings of this villa are ornamented with paintings of very elegant design, all which have a relation to the uses of the apartments in which they are placed. In the middle of the garden there is a reservoir of water, surrounded by columns, and the ancient well still remains. Though we have many specimens of Roman glass, in their drinking vessels, it has been doubted whether they were acquainted with the use of it for windows. Swinburne, however, in describing Pompeii, says "in the window of a bed-chamber some panes of glass are still remaining." This

would seem to decide the question,—they remain no longer. The host was fond of conviviality, if we may judge from the dimensions of his cellar, which extends under the whole of the house and the arcades also; and many of the *amphoræ* remain, in which the wine was stowed. It was here that the skeletons of seven and twenty poor wretches were found, who took refuge in this place, from the fiery shower that would have killed them at once, to suffer the lingering torments of being starved to death.

It was in one of the porticos, leading to the outward entrance, that the skeleton, supposed to be that of the master of the house, was found, with a key in one hand, and a purse of gold in the other. So much for Pompeii.—I lingered amongst its ruins, till the close of evening; and have seldom passed a day, with feelings of interest so strongly excited, or with impressions of the transient nature of all human possessions so strongly enforced, as by the solemn solitudes of this resuscitated town.

MATTHEWS.

ÆTNA AT SUNRISE.

AFTER getting a comfortable nap on our bed of leaves in the Speloncadel Capriole, we awoke about eleven o'clock; and, melting down a sufficient quantity of snow, we boiled our tea-kettle, and made a hearty meal to prepare us for the remaining part of our expedition.

We were nine in number, for we had our three servants, the Cyclops (our conductor), and two

men to take care of our mules. The Cyclops began now to display his great knowledge of the mountain, and we followed him with implicit confidence. He conducted us over "antres vast, and deserts wild," where scarce human feet had ever trod, sometimes through gloomy forests, which by daylight were delightful; but now, from the universal darkness, the rustling of the trees, the heavy dull bellowing of the mountain, the vast expanse of ocean stretched at an immense distance below us, inspired a kind of awful horror. Sometimes we found ourselves ascending great rocks of lava, where, if our mules should make but a false step, we might be thrown headlong over the precipice. However, by the assistance of the Cyclops, we overcame all these difficulties; and he managed matters so well, that in the space of two hours we found we had got above the regions of vegetation; and had left the forests of *Ætna* far behind. These appeared now like a dark and gloomy gulf below us, that surrounded the mountain.

The prospect before us was of a very different nature; we beheld an expanse of snow and ice that alarmed us exceedingly, and almost staggered our resolution. In the centre of this, but still at a great distance, we descried the high summit of the mountain rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke. It indeed appeared all together inaccessible, from the vast extent of the fields of snow and ice that surrounded it. Our diffidence was still increased by the sentiments of the Cyclops. He told us, it often happened, that the surface of the moun-

tain being hot below melted the snow in particular spots, and formed pools of water, where it was impossible to foresee our danger ; that it likewise happened that the surface of the water, as well as the snow, was sometimes covered with black ashes, that rendered it exceedingly deceitful ; that, however, if we thought proper, he would lead us on with as much caution as possible. Accordingly, after holding a council of war, which you know people generally do when they are very much afraid, we detached our cavalry to the forests below, and prepared to climb the snows. The Cyclops, after taking a great draught of brandy, desired us to be of good cheer ; that we had plenty of time, and might take as many rests as we pleased ; that the snow could be little more than seven miles, and that we certainly should be able to pass it before sunrise. Accordingly, taking each of us a dram of liquor, which soon removed every objection, we began our march.

The ascent for some time was not steep ; and as the surface of the snow sunk a little, we had tolerable good footing ; but as it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labour greatly increased ; however, we determined to persevere, calling to mind in the midst of our labour, that the Emperor Adrian, and the philosopher Plato had undergone the same ; and from the same motive too—to see the rising sun from the top of *Ætna*. After incredible labour and fatigue, but at the same time mixed with a great deal of pleasure, we arrived before dawn at the ruins of an ancient structure, called *Il Torre del Filosofo*,

supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, who took up his habitation here, the better to study the nature of Mount *Ætna*. By others it is supposed to be the ruins of a temple of Vulcan, whose shop all the world knows (where he used to make excellent thunderbolts and celestial armour, as well as nets to catch his wife when she went astray) was ever kept in Mount *Ætna*. Here we rested ourselves for some time, and made a fresh application to our liquor bottle, which, I am persuaded, both Vulcan and Empedocles, had they been here, would have greatly approved of after such a march.

I found the mercury had fallen to 20 6. We had now time to pay our adorations in a silent contemplation of the sublime objects of nature. The sky was clear, and the immense vault of the heavens appeared in awful majesty and splendour. We found ourselves more struck with veneration than below, and at first were at a loss to know the cause; till we observed with astonishment, that the number of the stars seemed to be infinitely increased, and the light of each of them appeared brighter than usual. The whiteness of the milky way was like a pure flame that shot across the heavens; and with the naked eye we could observe clusters of stars that were invisible in the regions below. We did not at first attend to the cause, nor recollect that we had now passed through ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapour, that blunts and confuses every ray before it reaches the surface of the earth. We were amazed at the distinctness of vision,

and exclaimed together, "What a glorious situation for an observatory! Had Empedocles had the eyes of Galileo, what discoveries must he not have made!" We regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as I am persuaded we might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or at least with a small glass which I had in my pocket. We observed a light a great way below us on the mountain, which seemed to move amongst the forests; but whether an ignis fatuus, or what it was, I shall not pretend to say. We likewise took notice of several of those meteors called falling stars, which still appeared to be as much elevated above us as when seen from the plain; so that, in all probability, those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that some philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

After contemplating these objects for some time, we set off, and soon after arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure, and rises equally on all sides. It is composed solely of ashes and other burnt materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano, which is in its centre. This conical mountain is of a very great size: its circumference cannot be less than ten miles. Here we took a second rest, as the greatest part of our fatigue still remained. The mercury had fallen to $20\frac{1}{2}$. We found this mountain excessively steep; and although it had appeared black, yet it was likewise covered with snow; but the surface (luckily for us) was spread over with a pretty thick layer of ashes, thrown out from the crater. Had it not been for this, we never should have been able to

get to the top; as the snow was every where frozen hard and solid from the piercing cold of the air.

In about an hour's climbing, we arrived at a place where there was no snow; and where a warm and comfortable vapour issued from the mountain, which induced us to make another halt. Here I found the mercury at $19\ 6\frac{1}{2}$. The thermometer was fallen three degrees below the point of congelation; and before we left the summit of *Ætna*, it fell two degrees more, viz. to 17. From this spot it was only about three hundred yards to the highest summit of the mountain, where we arrived in full time to see the most wonderful and most sublime sight in nature.

But here description must ever fall short; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun, advancing in the east, to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up; and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos, and light and darkness seemed still undivided; till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected to show their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment; and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panari, Aliendi, Strombolo, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map; and can trace every river through all its windings from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity: and I am persuaded

it is only from the imperfection of our organs, that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon on the top of *Ætna* cannot be less than two thousand miles. At Malta, which is near two hundred miles distant, they perceive all the eruptions from the second region; and that island is often discovered from about one half the elevation of the mountain; so that at the whole elevation of the mountain, the horizon must extend to near double that distance, or four hundred miles, which makes eight hundred for the diameter of the circle, and two thousand four hundred for the circumference. But this is by much too vast for our senses, not intended to grasp so boundless a scene. I find, indeed, by some of the Sicilian authors, particularly Massa, that the African coast, as well as that of Naples, with many of its islands, have been discovered from the top of *Ætna*. Of this, however, we cannot boast, though we can very well believe it. Indeed, if we knew the height of the mountain, it would be easy to calculate the extent of its visible horizon; and, *vice versa*, if its visible horizon was exactly ascertained, it would be an easy matter to calculate the height of the mountain.—But the most beautiful part of the scene is certainly the mountain itself, the island of Sicily, and the numerous islands lying round it. All these, by a kind of magic in vision, that I am at a loss to account for, seem as if they were brought close round the skirts of *Ætna*; the distances appearing reduced to nothing. Perhaps this singular effect is pro-

duced by the rays of light passing from a rarer medium into a denser, which (from a well known law in optics) to an observer in the rare medium, appears to lift up the objects that are at bottom of the dense one, as a piece of money placed in a bason appears lifted up as soon as the bason is filled with water.

The Regione Deserta, or the frigid zone of *Ætna*, is the first object that calls your attention. It is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the centre of this circle, the great crater of the mountain rears its burning head; and the regions of intense cold and of intense heat seem for ever to be united in the same point.—On the north side of the snowy regions, they assure us, there are several small lakes that are never thawed; and that in many places the snow, mixed with the ashes and salts of the mountain, is accumulated to a vast depth: and indeed I suppose the quantity of salts contained in this mountain, is one great reason of the preservation of its snows.—The Regione Deserta is immediately succeeded by the *Sylvæ*, or the woody region, which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, which surrounds the mountain on all sides, and is certainly one of the most delightful spots on earth. This presents a remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even, like the greatest part of the latter; but it is finely variegated by an infinite number of those beautiful little mountains that have been formed by the different eruptions of *Ætna*. All these have now acquired a wonderful

degree of fertility, except a very few that are but newly formed, that is, within these two or three hundred years: for it certainly requires some thousands to bring them to their greatest degree of perfection. We looked down into the craters of these, and attempted, but in vain, to number them.

The circumference of this zone or great circle of *Ætna* is not less than seventy or eighty miles. It is every where succeeded by the vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields, that compose the *Regione Culta*, or the fertile region. This last zone is much broader than the others, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Its whole circumference, according to *Recupero*, is one hundred and eighty-three miles. It is likewise covered with a number of little conical and spherical mountains, and exhibits a wonderful variety of forms and colours, and makes a delightful contrast with the other two regions. It is bounded by the sea to the south and south-east, and on all its other sides by the rivers *Semetus* and *Alcantara*, which run almost round it. The whole course of these rivers is seen at once, and all their beautiful windings through these fertile valleys, looked upon as the favourite possession of *Ceres* herself, and the very scene of the rape of her daughter *Proserpine*.

Cast your eyes a little further, and you embrace the whole island, and see all its cities, rivers, and mountains, delineated in the great chart of nature: all the adjacent islands, the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach, for it is nowhere bounded, but every where lost in the space. On

the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large track visible even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and in a little time is confined only to the neighbourhood of *Ætna*.

We now had time to examine a fourth region of this wonderful mountain, very different indeed from the others, and productive of very different sensations; but which has, undoubtedly, given being to all the rest; I mean the region of fire.

The present crater of this immense volcano is a circle of about three miles and a half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow like a vast amphitheatre. From many places of this space issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which, being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, as smoke generally does, immediately on its getting out of the crater, rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent, till, coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, according to the direction of the wind; which, happily for us, carried it exactly to the side opposite to that where we were placed. The crater is so hot, that it is very dangerous, if not impossible, to go down into it; besides, the smoke is very incommodious; and, in many places, the surface is so soft, there have been instances of people sinking down in it, and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the centre of the crater is the great mouth of the volcano. That tremendous gulf, so celebrated in all ages, looked upon as

the terror and scourge of this and another life ; and equally useful both to ancient poets, or to modern divines, when the Muse, or when the Spirit inspires. We beheld it with awe and with horror, and were not surprised that it had been considered as the place of the damned. When we reflect on the immensity of its depth, the vast cells and caverns whence so many lavas have issued ; the force of its internal fire, to raise up those lavas to so vast a height, to support as it were in the air, and even to force it over the very summit of the crater, with all the dreadful accompaniments ; the boiling of the matter, the shaking of the mountains, the explosions of flaming rocks, &c. we must allow that the most enthusiastic imagination, in the midst of all its terrors, hardly ever formed an idea of a hell more dreadful.

It was with a mixture both of pleasure and pain that we quitted this awful scene. But the wind had risen very high, and clouds began to gather round the mountain. In a short time they formed like another heaven below us ; and we were in hopes of seeing a thunder storm under our feet—a scene that is not uncommon in these exalted regions, and which I have already seen on the top of the high Alps ; but the clouds were soon dispelled again by the force of the wind, and we were disappointed in our expectations.

BRYDONE.

CHARACTER OF GRECIAN SCENERY.

THE character of this sort of scenery is impressive to a degree, that can scarcely be fancied by those who have not had opportunities of beholding it. The features of nature in these climates are broad, reposing, and dignified : an image of power is displayed in her attitudes : she seems to reject the tampering of man, and to lie satiating herself with the glory of a pure and burning heaven. No appearance of patchwork disfigures her, no prettiness adorns her : her barrenness is grand ; her cultivation is careless and irregular. Every line of every object cuts clear and distinct against the sky ; and a sense of the *perfect presence* of all objects, producing an indescribable emotion in the mind of the stranger, is the consequence of the pellucidness of the medium through which they are viewed. Every thing *tells* ; every thing appears complete and independent. The shifting, hiding, and uncertain effects of northern scenery are unknown here : the shadows are defined and massy ; the mist lies, like a solid substance, against the sides of the hill, whose summit springs up as from a magic base, delineating its sharp, bold outline upon the bright surface of the air. The towns lie heavy, insulated, and lifeless, freckling the vast expanse of country : castles and towers shine like crowns on the abrupt eminences that detach themselves from the great mountain-chain ; the lakes lie still and deep in rocky basins ; the rivers sparkle in their beds ; the ocean comes up quiet and blue upon the land ; silence and

heat are in the air by day; and at night a rosy hue, of unspeakable beauty, colours the freshness which is then felt undulating about the eyelids, and calming the senses: myriads of fireflies dart here and there fantastic coruscations; and, along the height of the great vault, the host of stars look forth, pure, large, and watchful:—

As if their silent company were charged
With peaceful admonitions for the heart
Of all-beholding man, earth's thoughtful lord.

ANONYMOUS.

THE ABBEY OF ST. RUTH.

It frequently happens that the most beautiful points of Scottish scenery lie hidden in some sequestered dell, and that you may travel through the country in every direction without being aware of your vicinity to what is well worth seeing, unless intention or accident carry you to the very spot. This is particularly the case with the country around Fairport, which is, generally speaking, open, unenclosed, and bare. But here and there the progress of rills, or small rivers, has formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially called, *dens*, on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find shelter, and grow with a luxuriant profusion, which is more gratifying, as it forms an unexpected contrast with the general face of the country. This was eminently the case with the approach to the ruins of Saint Ruth, which was for some time merely a sheep-track, along the side of a steep

and bare hill. By degrees, however, as this path descended, and winded round the hill-side, trees began to appear, at first singly, stunted, and blighted, with locks of wool upon their trunks, and their roots hollowed out into recesses, in which the sheep love to repose themselves—a sight much more gratifying to the eye of an admirer of the picturesque than to that of a planter or forester. By and by the trees formed groups, fringed on the edges, and filled up in the middle by thorns and hazel bushes; and at length these groups closed so much together, that, although a broad glade opened here and there under their boughs, or a small patch of bog or heath occurred which had refused nourishment to the seed which they sprinkled round, and consequently remained open and waste; the scene might, on the whole, be termed decidedly woodland. The sides of the valley began to approach each other more closely; the rush of a brook was heard below, and between the intervals afforded by openings in the natural wood, its waters were seen hurling clear and rapid under their silver canopy.

Oldbuck now took upon himself the full authority of Ciceroné, and anxiously directed the company not to go a foot-breadth off the track which he pointed out to them, if they wished to enjoy in full perfection what they came to see. “You are happy in me for a guide, Miss Wardour,” exclaimed the veteran; waving his hand and head in cadences, he repeated with emphasis—

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bower from side to side.

—Ah! deuce take it!—that spray of a bramble has demolished all Caxon's labours, and nearly canted my wig into the stream—so much for recitations, *hors de propos*.

“Never mind, my dear sir,” said Miss Wardour, “you have your faithful attendant ready to repair such a disaster when it happens; and when you appear with it, as restored to its original splendour, I will carry on the quotation:—

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames on the forehead.”—

“O, enough, enough!” answered Oldbuck; “I ought to have known what it was to give you the advantage over me—But here is what will stop your career of satire, for you are an admirer of nature, I know.” In fact, when they had followed him through a breach, in a low, ancient, and ruinous wall, they came suddenly upon a scene equally unexpected and interesting.

They stood pretty high upon the side of a glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort of amphitheatre to give room for a pure and profound lake of a few acres extent, and a space of level ground around it. The banks then rose every where steeply, and in some places were varied by rocks; in others, covered with the copse which run up, feathering their sides lightly and irregularly, and breaking the uniformity of the green pasture ground. Beneath, the lake discharged itself into the huddling and tumultuous brook, which had been their companion since they had entered

the glen. At the point at which it issued from "its parent lake," stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent; but the singular beauty, as well as wild and sequestered character of the spot on which they were situated, gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, but placed near to ordinary houses, and possessing less romantic accompaniments. The eastern window of the church remained entire, with all its ornaments and tracery work; and the sides, upheld by light flying buttresses, whose airy support, detached from the wall against which they were placed, and ornamented with pinnacles and carved work, gave a variety and lightness to the building. The roof and western end of the church were completely ruinous; but the latter appeared to have made one side of a square, of which the ruins of the conventual buildings formed other two, and the gardens a fourth. The side of these buildings, which overhung the brook, was partly founded on a steep and precipitous rock; for the place had been occasionally turned to military purposes, and had been taken with great slaughter during Montrose's wars. The ground formerly occupied by the garden was still marked by a few orchard trees. At a greater distance from the buildings were detached oaks, and elms, and chestnuts, growing singly, which had attained great size. The rest of the space between the ruins and the hill was a close-cropped sward, which the daily pasture of the sheep kept in much finer order than if it had been subjected to the

scythe and broom. The whole scene had a repose, which was still and affecting, without being monotonous. The dark deep basin, in which the clear blue lake reposed, reflecting the water-lilies which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, was finely contrasted with the haste and tumult of the brook, which broke away from the outlet, as if escaping from confinement, and hurried down the glen, wheeling around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and brawling in foam and fury with every shelf and stone which obstructed its passage. A similar contrast was seen between the level green meadow, in which the ruins were situated, and the large timber trees which were scattered over it, compared with the precipitous banks which arose at a short distance around, partly fringed with light and feathery underwood, partly rising in steeps clothed with purple heath, and partly more abruptly elevated into fronts of gray rock, chequered with lichen, and with those hardy plants which find root even in the most arid crevices of the crags.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA AND DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

THE preparations for embarking were completed on the morning of the sixteenth, and the general gave notice, that he intended; if the French did not move, to begin embarking the reserve at four in the afternoon. This was about mid-day. He

mounted his horse, and set off to visit the out-posts : before he had proceeded far, a messenger came to tell him that the enemy's line were getting under arms ; and a deserter arriving at the same moment confirmed the intelligence. He spurred forward. Their light troops were pouring rapidly down the hill on the right wing of the British, and the advanced picquets were already beginning to fire. Lord William Bentinck's brigade, consisting of the fourth, forty-second, and fiftieth regiments, maintained this post. It was a bad position, and yet, if the troops gave way on that point, the ruin of the army was inevitable. The guards were in their rear. General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve, and support Lord William. The enemy opened a cannonade from eleven heavy guns, advantageously planted on the hills. Two strong columns, one advancing from a wood, the other skirting its edge, directed their march towards the right wing. A third column approached the centre : a fourth advanced slowly upon the left : a fifth remained half way down the hill, in the same direction. Both in number and weight of guns they had a decided superiority ; and they fired with such effect from the commanding situation which they had chosen, that the balls in their bounding reached the British reserve, and occasioned some loss there.

Sir David Baird had his arm shattered with a grape-shot as he was leading on his division. The two lines of infantry advanced against each other : they were separated by stone walls and hedges which intersected the ground : but as they

closed, it was perceived that the French line extended beyond the right flank of the British, and a body of the enemy was observed moving up the valley to turn it. Marshal Soult's intention was to force the right of the British, and thus to interpose between Corunna and the army, and cut it off from the place of embarkation. Failing in this attempt, he was now endeavouring to outflank it. Half of the fourth regiment was therefore ordered to fall back, forming an obtuse angle with the other half. This manœuvre was excellently performed, and they commenced a heavy flanking fire: Sir John Moore called out to them, that this was exactly what he wanted to be done, and rode on to the fiftieth, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope. They got over an enclosure in their front, charged the enemy most gallantly, and drove them out of the village of Elvina; but Major Napier, advancing too far in the pursuit, received several wounds, and was made prisoner, and Major Stanhope was killed*.

The general now proceeded to the forty-second. "Highlanders!" said he, "remember Egypt!"—they rushed on, and drove the French before them, till they were stopped by a wall: Sir John

* He was shot through the heart, and died so instantaneously, that the smile with which he was regarding the conduct of his men was fixed upon his cheek. They buried him at the entrance of the bivouac which he had occupied the preceding night; and as his brother leant forward to look upon the body for the last time, a rifle-shot passed through his cloak, and struck his side; its force was broken by the folds of the cloak, otherwise the blow must have been fatal, and he would have fallen into the grave upon his brother's corpse.

accompanied them in this charge. He now sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of guards to the left flank of the forty-second. The officer commanding the light infantry conceived, at this, that they were to be relieved by the guards, because their ammunition was nearly expended, and he began to fall back. The general, discovering the mistake, said to them, "My brave forty-second, join your comrades: ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets!" Upon this, they instantly moved forward. Captain Hardinge returned, and pointed out to the general where the guards were advancing. The enemy kept up a hot fire, and their artillery played incessantly on the spot where they were standing. A cannon shot struck Sir John, and carried away his left shoulder, and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. He fell from his horse on his back, his countenance did not change, neither did he betray the least sensation of pain. Captain Hardinge, who dismounted, and took him by the hand, observed him anxiously watching the forty-second, which was warmly engaged, and told him they were advancing; and upon that intelligence his countenance brightened. Colonel Graham, who now came up to assist him, seeing the composure of his features, began to hope that he was not wounded, till he perceived the dreadful laceration. From the size of the wound, it was in vain to make any attempt at stopping the blood; and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him up, his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched

his arm, and became entangled between his legs: Captain Hardinge began to unbuckle it; but the general said, in his usual tone and manner, and in a distinct voice, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me." Six soldiers of the forty-second and the guards bore him. Hardinge, observing his composure, began to hope that the wound might not be mortal, and said to him, he trusted he might be spared to the army, and recover. Moore turned his head, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible."

As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might see the field of battle, and listen to the firing; and he was well pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring-waggon came up, bearing Colonel Wynch, who was wounded: the colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed in the waggon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the waggon or the blanket was best? and the man said the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step, and carry him easy. So they proceeded with him to his quarters at Corunna, weeping as they went.

General Paget, meantime, hastened with the reserve to support the right wing. Colonel Beckwith dashed on with the rifle corps, repelled the enemy, and advanced so far as nearly to carry off one of their cannon; but a corps greatly superior moved up the valley, and forced him to

retire. Paget, however, attacked this body of the enemy, repulsed it, and pressed on, dispersing every thing before him, till the enemy, perceiving their left wing was now quite exposed, drew it entirely back. The French then advanced upon Generals Manningham and Leith, in the centre, and there they were more easily repelled, the ground being more elevated, and favourable for artillery. The position on the left was strong, and their effort there was unavailing : but a body of them took possession of a village on the road to Betanzos, and continued to fire from it, till Lieutenant Colonel Nicholls attacked it, and beat them out. Night was now closing in, and the French had fallen back in all parts of the field. The firing, however, was not discontinued till it was dark.

SOUTHEY.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

I HAD ridden towards the front one morning, for the purpose of visiting a friend in the fifth division, when I learned, that three men had been seized a few days before, half-way between the two chains of posts, and that one of them had confessed that their intention was to desert. A court-martial was immediately ordered; the prisoners were condemned to be shot; and this was the day on which the sentence was to be carried into execution. I consequently found the division, on my arrival, getting under arms; and being informed of the circumstances, I determined, after a short struggle with my weaker feelings, to witness the proceeding:

It was, altogether, a most solemn and impressive spectacle. The soldiers took their stations, and formed their ranks, without speaking a word; and they looked at one another with that peculiar expression, which, without seeming to imply any suspicion of the impropriety of the measure, indicated great reluctance to become spectators of it. The same feeling evidently pervaded the minds of the officers; indeed you could almost perceive the sort of shudder which ran through the frames of all who were on parade.

The place appointed for the execution was a little elevated plain, a few hundred yards in front of the camp, and near the piquet from which the culprits had deserted. Hither the different battalions directed their steps, and the whole division being formed into three sides of a hollow square, the men grounded their arms, and stood still. At the vacant side of this square, a grave was dug, the earth, which had been excavated, being piled up on its opposite bank; and this, as the event proved, was the spot to be occupied by the prisoners.

We had stood thus about five minutes, when the muffled drums of the corps to which the culprits belonged were heard beating the dead march; and they themselves, handcuffed and surrounded by their guards, made their appearance. One was a fine young man, tall, and well made; another was a dark, thick-set, little man, about forty years of age; and the third had nothing remarkable in his countenance, except an expression of deep cunning and treachery. They all moved forward with considerable firm-

ness, and took their stations on the mound, when, attention being ordered, a staff-officer advanced into the centre of the square, and read aloud the proceedings of the court. By these, sentence of death was passed upon all three, but the most villanous-looking among them was recommended to mercy, on the score of his having added the guilt of treachery to his other crimes.

As soon as the reading was finished, the prisoners were commanded to kneel down upon the ground, and a handkerchief was tied over the eyes of each. Whilst this was doing, I looked round, not so much from curiosity as to give a momentary relief to my own excited feelings, upon the countenances of the soldiers. They were, one and all of them, deadly pale, whilst the teeth of many were set closely together, and their very breaths seemed to be repressed. It was altogether a most harrowing moment.

The eyes of the prisoners being now tied up, the guard was withdrawn from around them, and took post about ten yards in their front. As soon as this was done, the same staff-officer who had read the proceedings of the trial, calling to the informer by name, ordered him to rise, for that the commander of the forces had attended to the recommendation of his judges, and spared his life. But the poor wretch paid no attention to the order; I question, indeed, whether he heard it; for he knelt there as if rooted to the spot, till a file of men removed him in a state of insensibility. What the feelings of his companions in crime must have been at this moment I know not, but their miseries were of short dura-

tion; for, a signal being given, about sixteen soldiers fired, and they were instantly numbered with the dead. The little man, I observed, sprang into the air when he received his wounds, the other fell flat upon his face; but neither gave the slightest symptom of vitality after.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BAY OF NAPLES, SEEN FROM THE CITY.

Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me when I awoke next morning. In front and under my windows the bay of Naples spread its azure surface, smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided in different directions over its shining bosom: on the right, the town extending along the semicircular shore, and Posilipo rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines scattered in confusion along its sides, and on its ridge, till sloping as it advanced, the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay and skirts the sea, the Castel dell Novo, standing on an insulated rock, caught the eye for a moment; while beyond it, over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages, and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices; and at length terminated in the Cape of Minerva, now of Surrentum. Opposite, and full in view, rose the island of Caprea with its white cliffs and ridgy summit, placed as a barrier to

check the tempest and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition which nature perhaps presents to the human eye, and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration that borders on enthusiasm. Nor are the charms of recollection that are capable of improving even the loveliest features of nature here wanting to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic achievements, or the stage of grand and unusual incidents; but they have been the residence of the great and the wise; they have aided the meditations of the sage, and awakened the rapture of the poet; and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct mankind, so long will travellers visit with delight the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birthplace of Tasso.

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Naples, seated on the bosom of a capacious haven, spreads her greatness and her population along its shores; and covers its shelving coasts and bordering mountains, with her villas, her gardens, and her retreats. Containing within her own walls more than four hundred thousand inhabitants, she sees one hundred thousand enliven her suburbs, that stretch in a magnificent and most extensive sweep from Portici to the promontory of Misenum, and fill a spacious line of sixteen miles along the shore with life and

activity. In size and number of inhabitants she ranks as the third city in Europe, and from her situation and superb show may justly be considered as the queen of the Mediterranean. The internal appearance of Naples is in general pleasing; the edifices are lofty and solid; the streets as wide as in any continental city; the Strada Toledo is a mile in length, and with the quay, which is very extensive and well built, forms the grand and distinguishing feature of the city. In fact the Chiaia, with the royal garden, Mergyllina and Sta. Lucca, which spread along the coast for so considerable a space, and present such an immense line of lofty edifices, are sufficient to give an appearance of grandeur to any city.

EUSTACE.

THE PONTINE MARSHES SEEN AT TWILIGHT.

WE have looked over the extent of the Pontine Marshes from the height of Velletri, and at the hour, too, when their waste assumes the most touching appearance. Walking round by the old ramparts of the above wretched town, while the day was declining, the view towards the sea, and down on the vast flat below, suddenly caught an aspect of poetical grandeur, the image of which can scarcely flash feebly across the conception of those who have not realized it for themselves. The islands of the Mediterranean were lighted up by the setting rays, and looked like glorious shadows of some more glorious sub-

stances than it could be given to the eye of man to behold. The Volcian mountains, on the east, forsaken by the light, threw out their dark woods into the clear twilight air, as if in defiance: the line of water up to the southward, towards Circé's Promontory and the Elysian Fields, bore a gentle, gleaming, soft character, finely contrasting itself with the opposite black ridge of Apennines: then the Pontine Marshes, "stretching their huge length" between the mountains and the water, seemed lower than the latter, and sent up a mysterious steaming vapour, which, from its well known influence on the inhabitants, added a moral effect to the picture, striking the mind with horror, as if its pestilential congregation bore a living and demoniac character. The bells of the Ave Maria suddenly sounded from the churches of the town behind: at its signal there issued from the narrow and wild paths, that run down into the fens, and up into the mountains, groups of men, and women, and children, the labouring peasants of the country, who with their asses and dogs soon covered the great road that led towards the gate. Their picturesque dress was strictly in keeping with every thing around. The sun sunk entirely: the marshes confounded themselves in a misty equality with the water: the moon took an ascendancy in the deepening blue of the sky,—and its familiar face seemed the only sympathy the scene afforded with the ties and recollections of the spectator come from another and a bleaker climate, where all natural objects wear so very different a look.

ANONYMOUS.

MOSCOW, BEFORE THE CONFLAGRATION.

THERE is nothing more extraordinary in this country than the transition of the seasons. The people of Moscow have no spring. Winter *vanishes* and summer *is*! This is not the work of a week, or a day, but of one instant; and the manner of it exceeds belief. We came from Petersburg to Moscow in sledges. The next day snow was gone. On the eighth of April, at mid-day, snow beat in at our carriage windows. On the same day, at sunset, arriving in Moscow, we had difficulty in being dragged through the mud to the commandant's. The next morning the streets were dry, the double windows had been removed from the houses, the casements thrown open, all the carriages were upon wheels, and the balconies filled with spectators. Another day brought with it twenty-three degrees of heat of Celsius, when the thermometer was placed in the shade at noon.

We arrived at the season of the year when this city is most interesting to strangers. Moscow is in every thing extraordinary; as well in disappointing expectation, as in surpassing it; in causing wonder and derision, pleasure and regret. Let me conduct the reader back with me again to the gate by which we entered, and thence through the streets. Numerous spires, glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain, for several versts before you reach this

gate. Having passed, you look about, and wonder what is become of the city, or where you are; and are ready to ask once more, How far is it to Moscow? They will tell you, "This is Moscow!" and you behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb, huts, gardens, pig-sties, brick walls, churches, dunghills, palaces, timber-yards, warehouses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials sufficient to stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages. One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow; and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress: timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the Tyrol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharía; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas, from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons, and public offices, from France; architectural ruins from Rome; terraces and trellises from Naples; and warehouses from Wapping.

Having heard accounts of its immense population, you wander through deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated, you might walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense, that, unable to force a passage through it, or assign any motive that might convene such a multitude, you ask the cause; and are told that it is always the same. Nor is the costume less various than the aspect of the build-

ings: Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Poles, Germans, all parade in the habits of their respective countries..

DR. CLARKE.

A SCENE ON THE RIVER SPEY.

IN the narrow part of the valley through which the Spey makes its way from the parish of Laggan downwards to that of Kugussie there is some scenery of a very singular character. To the south the Spey is seen making some fine bends round the foot of wooded hills. It is bordered by a narrow stripe of meadow, of the richest verdure, and fringed with an edging of beautiful shrubbery. On the north side rises with precipitate boldness, Craigow, or the Black Rock, the symbol and boundary of the clan who inhabit the valley. It is very black indeed; yet glitters in the sun, from the many little streams which descend from its steep, indeed perpendicular, surface. In the face of this lofty rock are many apertures, occasioned by the rolling down of portions of the stone, from which echoing noises are often heard. This scene of terror overlooks the soft features of a landscape below, that is sufficient, with this association, to remind us of what has been said of "Beauty sleeping in the lap of Horror." An eminence, as you approach towards the entrance of the strait, appears covered with regularly formed hillocks, of a conical form, and of different sizes, clothed with a kind of dwarf birch, extremely light-looking, and fan-

ciful, sighing and trembling to every gale, and breathing odours after a calm evening shower, or rich dewy morning. In the depth of the valley, there is a lochan (the diminutive of loch) of superlative beauty. It is a round, clear, and shallow bason, richly fringed with water lilies, and presenting the clearest mirror to the steep woody banks on the south, and the rugged face of the lofty and solemn rock which frowns darkly to the north. On the summit, scarce approachable by human foot, is the only nest of the goshawk now known to remain in Scotland; and, in the memory of the author, the nearest farm to this awful precipice was held by the tenure of taking down, every year, one of the young of this rare bird for the lord of the soil.

The screaming of the birds of prey on the summit, the roaring of petty waterfalls down its sides, and the frequent falls of shivered stone from the surface, made a melancholy confusion of sounds, very awful and incomprehensible to the travellers below, who could only proceed on a very narrow path on the edge of the lake, and under the side of this gloomy rock.—It did not require a belief in fairies to look round for them in this romantic scene. If one had merely heard of them, an involuntary operation of fancy would summon them to a place so suited for their habitation.

MRS. GRANT.

A HIGHLAND INN OF FORMER TIMES.

THE exterior of our inn was certainly none of the most inviting. The walls, composed of turf and loose stones, were too low to prevent me from plucking the harebells which grew on the top of them; and the thatch, varied with every hue of moss and lichen, was more to be admired for picturesque effect than for any more useful quality of a roof. The chimney crag seemed composed of the wreck of what had once been a tub; the hoops of which having yielded to the influence of time and the seasons, were rather imperfectly supplied by bands of twisted heath. The hut was, however, distinguished from its fellow hovels by a sashed window on one side of the door, a most incondite picture of a bottle and glass on the other, and a stone lintel, bearing, in characters of no modern shape, the following inscription:—

16...W. M. T. Pilgrims we be ilk ane, M. M. B...07
That passen and are gane;
Then here sall pilgrim be
Welcomed wi courtesie.

Before we could draw up to the door of this superb hotel, it poured forth a swarm of children more numerous than I could have thought it possible for such a place to contain. I was prepared to expect the savage nakedness of legs and feet, which was universal among these little barbarians. For the rest, their attire was rather ludicrous than mean. The boys, even though

still in their infancy, were helmed in the martial bonnet of their countrymen ; and their short tartan petticoats were appended to a certain scarlet or blue *juste au corps*, laced up the back as if to prevent these children of nature from asserting a primeval contempt of clothing. With the girls, however, this point seemed intrusted to feminine sense of propriety, for their upper garment consisted either of a loose jacket, or a square piece of woollen cloth thrown round the shoulders, and fastened under the chin only by a huge brass pin, or a wooden skewer. The absurdity of their appearance was heightened by the premature gravity of their countenances, which were more like the grim-visaged babes in an old family picture, than the animation of youthful life. In profound silence they stood courtesying as we passed, while the boys remained cap in hand till we entered the hut.

It consisted of two apartments ; one of which I dimly discerned through the smoke to be occupied by a group of peasants, collected round some embers which lay in the middle of the floor. Into the other, which was the state chamber, Miss Graham and I made our way. It appeared to have been hastily cleared for our reception ; for the earthen floor, as well as the oaken table, which stood in the middle of it, was covered with *débris* of cheese, oat cakes, and raw onions, intermixed with slops of whisky. The good woman, however, who was doing the honours, rectified the disorder seemingly to her own satisfaction, by taking up the corner of her apron and sweeping the rubbish from the table to the floor. Mean-

while she entered into a conversation with Miss Graham, in which every possible question was directly or indirectly asked, except the only one which on such occasions I was accustomed to hear, namely, what we would choose to have for dinner. But, as it proved, this question would have been the most unnecessary of all ; for, upon inquiry, we learnt that our choice was limited to a fowl, or, as the landlady termed it, " a hen."

While this point was settling the head waiter and chambermaid appeared, in the person of a square-built wench, naked up to the middle of a scarlet leg, and without any head-dress except a bandeau of blue worsted tape. Having tossed a lapfull of brushwood into the chimney (for the state chamber had a chimney), she next brought upon a piece of slate some embers which she added to the heap ; then squatting herself upon the hearth, she took hold of her petticoat with both hands at the hem, tightening it by her elbows ; and, moving her arms quickly up and down, she soon fanned the fire into a blaze.

Next came our landlord, in the full garb of his country ; and great was my astonishment to see him hold out his hand to Miss Graham, as to a familiar acquaintance. Nor was my surprise at all lessened when he coolly took his seat between us, and began to favour us with his opinions upon continental politics. Provoked by this impertinence, and by the courtesy with which Miss Graham received it, I interrupted his remarks, by desiring he would get me a glass of water. Without moving from his chair, he communicated my demand to the maid, and went on with his

conversation. I took the first opportunity of reproving Charlotte's tame endurance of all this. "What would you have me do?" said she, "He is a discreet, sensible man, and a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" repeated I.

"Yes," resumed Charlotte, "I assure you he is my father's third cousin, and can count kindred, besides, with the best in Perthshire."

It was plain that Miss Graham and I affixed somewhat different ideas to the word "gentleman;" however, upon the claims of his ancestors, I was obliged to admit this *gentleman* to our dinner-table; when, after a violent commotion among the poultry had announced mortal preparation for our repast, it at last appeared. Our unhappy "hen," whose dying limbs no civilized hand had composed, was reinforced by a dish of salmon (large enough to satisfy ten dragoons), which Miss Graham, with some difficulty, persuaded the landlady that the stranger might condescend to taste.

Towards the close of our meal, our attendant pushed aside the panel of a large wooden bed, which occupied one side of our apartment; and, from a shelf within, produced a large cheese, and an earthen pitcher full of butter, which she placed upon the table. Then, from the coverlet, where they had been arranged to cool, she brought us a large supply of oat cakes. I fear I was not polite enough to suppress some natural signs of loathing; for the girl, with the quick observation of her countrymen, instantly apologized for the cause of my disgust. "It is just for sake of keeping them clean, with your leave;" said she,

“there’s so many soot drops fall through this house.” In spite of this apology, however, I was so thoroughly disgusted, that I heard with great joy the trampling of our horses at the door, and immediately ran out to survey the cavalcade which had been dispatched from Castle Eredine for our accommodation.

MRS. BRUNTON.

OSBALDISTONE HALL,

AND THE FAMILY OF THE OSBALDISTONES.

THE building afforded little to interest a stranger, had I been disposed to consider it attentively; the sides of the quadrangle were of various architecture, and with their stone-shafted latticed windows, projecting turrets, and massive architraves, resembled the inside of a convent, or of one of the older and less splendid colleges of Oxford. I called for a domestic, but was for some time totally unattended to; which was the more provoking, as I could perceive I was the object of curiosity to several servants, both male and female, from different parts of the building, who popped out their heads and withdrew them, like rabbits in a warren, before I could make a direct appeal to the attention of any individual. The return of the huntsmen and hounds relieved me from my embarrassment, and with some difficulty I got one clown to relieve me of the charge of the horses, and another stupid boor to guide me to the presence of Sir Hildebrand. This service he performed with much such grace and goodwill as a peasant who is compelled to act as

guide to a hostile patrol ; and in the same manner I was obliged to guard against his deserting me in the labyrinth of low vaulted passages, which conducted to " Stun Hall," as he called it, where I was to be introduced to the gracious presence of my uncle.

We did, however, at length reach a long vaulted room, floored with stone, where a range of oaken tables, of a weight and size too massive ever to be moved aside, were already covered for dinner. This venerable apartment, which had witnessed the feasts of several generations of the Osbaldistone family, bore also evidence of their success in field sports. Huge antlers of deer, which might have been the trophies of the hunting of Chevy Chase, were ranged round the walls, interspersed with the stuffed skins of badgers, otters, martins, and other animals of chase. Amidst some remnants of old armour, which had, perhaps, served against the Scotch, hung the more valued weapons of silvan war, cross-bows, guns of various device and construction, nets, fishing-rods, otter-spears, hunting-poles, with many other singular devices and engines for taking or killing game. A few old pictures, dimmed with smoke, and stained with March beer, hung on the walls, representing knights and ladies, honoured, doubtless, and renowned in their day ; those frowning fearfully from huge bushes of wig and of beard ; and these looking delightfully with all their might at the roses which they brandished in their hands.

I had just time to give a glance at these matters, when about twelve blue-coated servants

burst into the hall with much tumult and talk, each rather employed in directing his comrades than in discharging his own duty. Some brought blocks and billets to the fire, which roared, blazed, and ascended, half in smoke, half in flame, up a huge tunnel, with an opening wide enough to accommodate a stone seat within its ample vault, and which was fronted by way of a chimney-piece with a great piece of heavy architecture, where the monstery of heraldry, embodied by the art of some Northumbrian chisel, grinned and ramped in red freestone, now japanned by the smoke of centuries. Others of these old fashioned serving men bore huge smoking dishes, loaded with substantial fare ; others brought in cups, flagons, yea, barrels of liquor. All tramped, kicked, plunged, shouldered and jostled, doing as little service, with as much tumult, as could well be imagined. At length, after the dinner was, after various efforts, in the act of being arranged upon the board, " the clamour much of men and dogs," the cracking of whips, calculated for the intimidation of the latter, voices loud and high, steps which, impressed by the heavy heeled boots of the period, clattered like those in the statue of the *Festin de pierre**, announced the arrival of those for whose benefit the preparations were made. The hubbub among the servants rather increased than diminished as this crisis approached,—some called to make haste,—others to take time,—some exhorted to stand out of the way, and make room for Sir

* Now called Don Juan.

Hildebrand and the young squires,—some to close round the table, and be in the way,—some to open, some to shut a pair of folding-doors, which divided the hall from a sort of gallery, as I afterward learned, or withdrawing-room, fitted up with black wainscot. Opened the doors were at length, and in rushed curs and men,—eight dogs, the domestic chaplain, the village doctor, my six cousins, and my uncle.

If Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was in no hurry to greet his nephew, of whose arrival he must have been informed for some time, he had important avocations to allege in excuse. “Had seen thee sooner, lad,” he exclaimed, after a rough shake of the hand, and a hearty welcome to Osbaldistone Hall, “but had to see the hounds kennelled first. Thou art welcome to the Hall, lad—here is thy cousin Percie,—thy cousin Thornie,—and thy cousin John,—your cousin Dick,—your cousin Wiltred, and,—stay, where’s Rashleigh?—ay, here’s Rashleigh—take thy long body aside, Thornie, and let’s see thy brother a bit—your cousin Rashleigh.—So, thy father has thought on the old Hall, and old Sir Hildebrand at last—better late than never.—Thou art welcome, lad, and there’s enough.—Where’s my little Die?—ay, here she comes—this is my niece Die, my wife’s brother’s daughter—the prettiest girl in our dales, be the other who she may—and so now let’s to the sirloin.”

To gain some idea of the person who held this language, you must suppose, my dear Tresham, a man, aged about sixty, in a hunting suit, which had once been richly laced, a splendour that had

been tarnished by many a November and December storm. Sir Hildebrand, notwithstanding the abruptness of his present manner, had, at one period of life, known courts and camps ; had held a commission in the army which encamped on Hounslow Heath previous to the Revolution, and, recommended perhaps by his religion, had been knighted about the same period by the unfortunate and ill advised James II. But his dreams of further preferment, if ever he had entertained any, had died away at the crisis which drove his patron from the throne, and since that period he had spent a sequestered life upon his native domains. Notwithstanding his rusticity, however, Sir Hildebrand retained much of the exterior of a gentleman, and appeared among his sons as the remains of a Corinthian pillar, defaced and overgrown with moss and lichen, might have looked, if contrasted with the rough, unhewn masses of upright stones in Stonehenge, or any other Druidical temple. The sons were indeed heavy unadorned blocks as the eye would desire to look upon. Tall, stout, and comely, all and each of the five eldest seemed to want alike the Promethean fire of intellect, and the exterior grace and manner which, in the polished world, sometimes supply mental deficiency. Their most valuable moral quality seemed to be the good humour and content which was expressed in their heavy features, and their only pretence to accomplishment was their dexterity in the field sports, for which alone they lived. The strong Gyas, and the strong Cloanthus, are not less distinguished by the poet, than the strong

Percival, the strong Thorncliff, the strong John, Richard, Wilfred Osbaldistones were by outward appearance.

But, as if to indemnify herself for a uniformity so uncommon in her productions, Dame Nature had rendered Rashleigh Osbaldistone a striking contrast in person and manner, and, as I afterwards learned, in temper and talents, not only to his brothers, but to most men whom I have hitherto met with. When Percie, Thornie, and Co. had respectively nodded, grinned, and presented their shoulder rather than their hand, as their father named them to their new kinsman, Rashleigh stepped forward and welcomed me to Osbaldistone Hall, with the air and manner of a man of this world. His appearance was not in itself prepossessing. He was of low stature, whereas all his brethren seemed to be descendants of Anak ; and while they were handsomely formed, Rashleigh, though strong in person, was bull-necked and cross-made, and, from some early injury in his youth, had an imperfection in his gait, so much resembling an absolute halt, that many alleged that it formed the obstacle to his taking orders ; the church of Rome, as is well known, admitting none to the clerical profession who labours under any personal deformity. Others, however, ascribed this unsightly defect to a mere awkward habit, and contended that it did not amount to a personal disqualification from holy orders.

The features of Rashleigh were such, as, having looked upon, we in vain wish to banish from our memory, to which they recur as objects of pain-

ful curiosity, although we dwell upon them with a feeling of dislike, and even of disgust. It was not the actual plainness of his face, taken separately from the meaning, which made this strong impression. His features were, indeed, irregular, but they were by no means vulgar; and his keen dark eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, redeemed his face from the charge of common-place ugliness. But there was in those eyes an expression of art and design, and, on provocation, a ferocity tempered with caution, which nature had made obvious to the most ordinary physiognomist, perhaps with the same intention that she has given a rattle to the poisonous snake. As if to compensate him for these disadvantages of exterior, Rashleigh Osbaldistone was possessed of a voice the most soft, mellow, and rich in its tones that I ever heard, and was at no loss for language of every sort suited to so fine an organ.

SIR W. SCOTT.

A FIRE IN DUBLIN.

It was the dreadful fire that broke out at the druggist's stores in Castle Street; crammed with combustibles, and as closely crammed on every side with buildings, whose every room contained a family. The best of it was that it was not yet eleven o'clock; the watch were all awake; the police on the alert; the military in the neighbourhood, so near the Castle; and the families in the street were not retired to rest. All was life, though it was the hour of repose; and all

was light, terrible light, though the sky was as dark as December midnight. They attempted to ascend Cork-hill ; that was rendered impassable by the crowd ; and winding another way through lanes, of which the reader may be spared the names, they got into Fishamble Street. Many fearful intimations of the danger struck them there.—The hollow rolling of the fire-engines, so distinct in their sound ; the cries of “clear the way !” from the crowd, who opened their dense tumultuous mass for the passage, and instantly closed again ; the trampling of the cavalry on the wet pavement, threatening, backing, facing among the crowd ; the terrible hollow knocking on the pavement, to break open the pipes for water, which was but imperfectly supplied ; the bells of all the neighbouring churches, St. John’s, St. Werburgh’s, St. Bride’s, and the deep tremendous toll of Christ Church, mingled with, but heard above all, as if it summoned the sufferers to prepare, not for life but for death, and poured a kind of defiance on the very efforts it was rung to invite them to. All this came at once on them as they entered Fishamble Street, from a wretched lane, through which they had been feeling their way. They emerged from it ; *and when they did*, the horrors of the conflagration burst on them at once. The fire, confined within the sphere of its action, amidst warehouses thickly enclosed, burst in terrible volumes above the tops of the houses, and seemed like a volcano, of which no one could see the crater.

On the steps of St. John’s church, a number were collected. They had snatched the furni-

ture from their miserable lodgings ; piled it up in the street, where the guard were watching it, and now sat patiently in the open air to see their habitations reduced to ashes, unknowing where they were to rest their heads that night.

All the buildings in the neighbourhood were strongly illuminated by the fire, and still more strongly (though partially from time time) by lights held out by the inhabitants from their windows, from the shops to the attics, six stories high ; and the groups below flashing out in the light, and disappearing in the darkness, their upturned faces, marked with the shifting traces of fear, horror, defiance, and despair, presented a subject for Salvator. No banditti in the darkest woods of the Apennines, illuminated only by lightning, ever showed more fearful wildness of expression, or picturesque distortion of attitude. Just then the flame sunk for a moment, but, rising again, instantly poured forth a volume of light, that set the whole horizon in a blaze. There was a shriek from the crowd, that seemed rather like the cry of triumph than despair. It is certain that a people like the Irish, whose imagination is stronger than any other of their intellectual faculties, can utter cries of delight at the sight of a splendid conflagration that is consuming their dwellings.

The last burst of flames produced a singular effect. The buildings in Castle Street (below the range of the illumination) lay in complete darkness—darkness more intense from the surrounding light, and the tower and spire of St. Werburgh's,

(it had *then* a fantastically elegant spire), by their height in the horizon, caught the whole effect of the fire, and appeared like a fairy palace of flame, blazing and built among the clouds.

MATURIN.

SCENES IN THE APENNINES.

At length the travellers began to ascend among the Apennines. The immense pine forests which, at that period, overhung these mountains, and between which the road wound, excluded all view but of the cliffs aspiring above, except that, now and then, an opening through the dark woods allowed the eye a momentary glimpse of the country below. The gloom of these shades, their solitary silence, except when the breeze swept over their summits, the tremendous precipices of the mountains that came partially to the eye, each assisted to raise the solemnity of Emily's feelings into awe; she saw only images of gloomy grandeur, or of dreadful sublimity, around her; other images, equally gloomy and equally terrible, gleamed on her imagination. She was going she scarcely knew whither, under the dominion of a person from whose arbitrary disposition she had already suffered so much, to marry, perhaps, a man who possessed neither her affection nor esteem; or to endure, beyond the hope of succour, whatever punishment revenge, and that Italian revenge, might dictate.—The more she considered what might be the motive of the jour-

ney, the more she became convinced that it was for the purpose of concluding her nuptials with Count Morano, with the secrecy which her resolute resistance had made necessary to the honour, if not to the safety of Montoni. From the deep solitudes into which she was immersing, and from the gloomy castle, of which she had heard some mysterious hints, her sick heart recoiled in despair, and she experienced, that, though her mind was already occupied by peculiar distress, it was still alive to the influence of new and local circumstances; why else did she shudder at the image of this desolate castle?

As the travellers still ascended among the pine forests, steep rose over steep, the mountains seemed to multiply as they went, and what was the summit of one eminence proved to be only the base of another. At length they reached a little plain, where the drivers stopped to rest the mules, whence a scene of such extent and magnificence opened below, as drew even from Madame Montoni a note of admiration. Emily lost, for a moment, her sorrows in the immensity of nature. Beyond the amphitheatre of mountains that stretched below, whose tops appeared as numerous almost as the waves of the sea, and whose feet were concealed by the forests—extended the *campagna* of Italy, where cities, and rivers, and woods, and all the glow of cultivation, were mingled in gay confusion. The Adriatic bounded the horizon, into which the Po and the Brenta, after winding through the whole extent of the landscape, poured their fruitful waves. Emily gazed long on the splendours of the world she

was quitting, of which the whole magnificence seemed thus given to her sight only to increase her regret on leaving it; for her, Valancourt alone was in that world; to him alone her heart turned, and for him alone fell her bitter tears.

From this sublime scene the travellers continued to ascend among the pines, till they entered a narrow pass of the mountains, which shut out every feature of the distant country, and in its stead exhibited only tremendous crags, impending over the road, where no vestige of humanity, or even of vegetation, appeared, except here and there the trunk and scathed branches of an oak, that hung nearly headlong from the rock, into which its strong roots had fastened. This pass, which led into the heart of the Apennine, at length opened to day, and a scene of mountains stretched in long perspective, as wild as any the travellers had yet passed. Still vast pine forests hung upon their base, and crowned the ridgy precipice that rose perpendicularly from the vale, while, above, the rolling mists caught the sunbeams, and touched their cliffs with all the magical colouring of light and shade. The scene seemed perpetually changing, and its features to assume new forms, as the winding road brought them to the eye in different attitudes; while the shifting vapours, now partially concealing their minuter beauties, and now illuminating them with splendid tints, assisted the illusions of the sight.

Though the deep valleys between these mountains were, for the most part, clothed with pines, sometimes an abrupt opening presented a perspective of only barren rocks, with a cataract

flashing from their summit among broken cliffs, till its waters, reaching the bottom, foamed along with louder fury; and sometimes pastoral scenes exhibited their "green delights" in the narrow vales, smiling amid surrounding horror. There herds and flocks of goats and sheep, browsing under the shade of hanging woods, and the shepherd's little cabin, reared on the margin of a clear stream, presented a sweet picture of repose.

Wild and romantic as were these scenes, their character had far less of the sublime than had those of the Alps, which guard the entrance of Italy. Emily was often elevated, but seldom felt those emotions of indescribable awe, which she had so continually experienced in her passage over the Alps.

Towards the close of day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley, but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illu-

minated objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

There, said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, is Udolpho.

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

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Daylight dispelled from Emily's mind the glooms of superstition, but not those of apprehension. The Count Morano was the first image that occurred to her waking thoughts, and then came a train of anticipated evils which she could neither conquer nor avoid. She rose, and to relieve her mind from the busy ideas that tor-

mented it, compelled herself to notice external objects. From her casement she looked out upon the wild grandeur of the scene, closed nearly on all sides by alpine steeps, whose tops peeping over each other, faded from the eye in misty hues, while the promontories below were dark with woods, that swept down to their base, and stretched along the narrow valleys. The rich pomp of these woods was particularly delightful to Emily; and she viewed with astonishment the fortifications of the castle spreading along a vast extent of rock, and now partly in decay, the grandeur of the ramparts below, and the towers and battlements and various features of the fabric above. From these her sight wandered over the cliffs and woods into the valley, along which foamed a broad and rapid stream, seen falling among the crags of an opposite mountain, now flashing in the sunbeams, and now shadowed by overarching pines, till it was entirely concealed by their thick foliage. Again it burst from beneath this darkness in one broad sheet of foam, and fell thundering into the vale. Nearer, towards the west, opened the mountain vista, which Emily had viewed with such sublime emotion on her approach to the castle: a thin dusky vapour, that rose from the valley, overspread its features with a sweet obscurity. As this ascended and caught the sunbeams it kindled into a crimson tint, and touched with exquisite beauty the woods and cliffs, over which it passed to the summit of the mountains; then, as the veil drew up, it was delightful to watch the gleaming objects that progressively disclosed themselves in the valley

—the green turf—dark woods—little rocky recesses—a few peasants' huts—the foaming stream—a herd of cattle, and various images of pastoral beauty. Then, the pine forests brightened, and then the broad breast of the mountains, till, at length, the mist settled round their summit, touching them with a ruddy glow. The features of the vista now appeared distinctly, and the broad deep shadows, that fell from the lower cliffs, gave strong effect to the streaming splendour above; while the mountains, gradually sinking in the perspective, appeared to shelve into the Adriatic sea, for such Emily imagined to be the gleam of bluish light that terminated the view.

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The sun had now been set some time; heavy clouds, whose lower skirts were tinged with sulphureous crimson, lingered in the west, and threw a reddish tint upon the pine forests, which sent forth a solemn sound, as the breeze rolled over them. The hollow moan struck upon Emily's heart, and served to render more gloomy and terrific every object around her,—the mountains, shaded in twilight—the gleaming torrent hoarsely roaring—the black forests, and the deep glen, broken into rocky recesses, high overshadowed by cypress and sycamore, and winding into long obscurity. To this glen, Emily, as she sent forth her anxious eye, thought there was no end; no hamlet, or even cottage, was seen, and still no distant bark of watch-dog, or even faint, far off halloo, came on the wind. In a tremulous voice, she now ventured to remind the guides that it

was growing late, and to ask again how far they had to go : but they were too much occupied by their own discourse to attend to her question, which she forbore to repeat, lest it should provoke a surly answer. Having, however, soon after finished their supper, the men collected the fragments into their wallet, and proceeded along this winding glen in gloomy silence ; while Emily again mused upon her own situation, and concerning the motives of Montoni for involving her in it. That it was for some evil purpose towards herself, she could not doubt ; and it seemed, that if he did not intend to destroy her, with a view of immediately seizing her estates, he meant to reserve her awhile in concealment, for some more terrible design, for one that might equally gratify his avarice, and still more his deep revenge. At this moment, remembering Signor Brochio and his behaviour in the corridor, a few preceding nights, the latter supposition, horrible as it was, strengthened in her belief. Yet why remove her from the castle, where deeds of darkness had, she feared, been often executed with secrecy ?—from chambers, perhaps,

With many a foul and midnight murder stain'd.

The dread of what she might be going to encounter was now so excessive that it sometimes threatened her senses ; and often as she went, she thought of her late father and of all he would have suffered, could he have foreseen the strange and dreadful events of her future life ; and how anxiously he would have avoided that fatal confidence, which committed his daughter to the care of a woman so weak as Madame Montoni.

So romantic and improbable, indeed, did her present situation appear to Emily herself, particularly when she compared it with the repose and beauty of her early days, that there were moments when she could almost have believed herself the victim of frightful visions glaring upon a disordered fancy.

Restrained by the presence of her guides from expressing her terrors, their acuteness was, at length, lost in gloomy despair. The dreadful view of what might await her hereafter rendered her almost indifferent to the surrounding dangers. She now looked, with little emotion, on the wild dinges, and the gloomy road and mountains, whose outlines only were distinguishable through the dusk ;—objects, which but lately had affected her spirits so much as to awaken horrid views of the future, and to tinge these with their own gloom.

It was now so nearly dark that the travellers, who proceeded only by the slowest pace, could scarcely discern their way. The clouds, which seemed charged with thunder, passed slowly along the heavens, showing at intervals the trembling stars ; while the groves of cypress and sycamore, that overhung the rocks, waved high in the breeze as it swept over the glen, and then rushed among the distant woods. Emily shivered as it passed.

Where is the torch ? said Ugo ; it grows dark.

Not so dark yet, replied Bertrand, but we may find our way ; and 'tis best not light the torch before we can help, for it may betray us, if any straggling party of the enemy is abroad.

Ugo muttered something which Emily did not

understand, and they proceeded in darkness, while she almost wished that the enemy might discover them; for from change there was something to hope, since she could scarcely imagine any situation more dreadful than her present one.

As they moved slowly along, her attention was surprised by a thin tapering flame that appeared, by fits, at the point of the pike, which Bertrand carried, resembling what she had observed on the lance of the sentinel the night Madame Montoni died, and which he had said was an omen. The event immediately following, it appeared to justify the assertion, and a superstitious impression had remained on Emily's mind, which the present appearance confirmed. She thought it was an omen of her own fate, and watched it successively vanish and return, in gloomy silence, which was at length interrupted by Bertrand.

Let us light the torch, said he, and get under shelter of the woods;—a storm is coming on—look at my lance.

He held it forth, with the flame tapering at its point*.

Ay, said Ugo, you are not one of those that believe in omens: we have left cowards at the castle, who would turn pale at such a sight. I have often seen it before a thunderstorm, it is an omen of that, and one is coming now, sure enough. The clouds flash fast already.

Emily was relieved by this conversation from some of the terrors of superstition; but those of reason increased, as, waiting while Ugo searched for a flint to strike fire, she watched the pale

* See the Abbé Berthelon on Electricity.

lightning gleam over the woods they were about to enter, and illumine the harsh countenances of her companions. Ugo could not find a flint, and Bertrand became impatient, for the thunder sounded hollowly at a distance, and the lightning was more frequent. Sometimes it revealed the nearer recesses of the woods, or, displaying some opening in their summits, illumined the ground beneath with partial splendour, the thick foliage of the trees preserving the surrounding scene in deep shadow.

At length Ugo found a flint, and the torch was lighted. The men then dismounted, and, having assisted Emily, led the mules towards the woods, that skirted the glen on the left, over broken ground, frequently interrupted with brushwood and wild plants, which she was often obliged to make a circuit to avoid.

She could not approach these woods without experiencing keener sense of her danger. Their deep silence, except when the wind swept among their branches, and impenetrable glooms shown partially by the sudden flash, and then by the red glare of the torch, which served only to make darkness visible, were circumstances that contributed to renew all her most terrible apprehensions; she thought too, that, at this moment, the countenances of her conductors displayed more than their usual fierceness, mingled with a kind of lurking exultation, which they seemed endeavouring to disguise. To her affrighted fancy it occurred, that they were leading her into these woods to complete the will of Montoni by her murder. The horrid suggestion called a groan

from her heart, which surprised her companions, who turned round quickly towards her, and she demanded why they led her thither, beseeching them to continue their way along the open glen, which she represented to be less dangerous than the woods in a thunder-storm.

No, no, said Bertrand, we know best where the danger lies. See how the clouds open over our heads. Besides, we can glide under cover of the woods with less hazard of being seen, should any of the enemy be wandering this way. By holy St. Peter and all the rest of them, I've as stout a heart as the best, as many a poor devil could tell, if he were alive again—but what can we do against numbers?

What are you whining about? said Ugo contemptuously; who fears numbers? Let them come, though they were as many as the signor's castle could hold; I would show the knaves what fighting is. For you—I would lay you quietly in a dry ditch, where you might peep out, and see me put the rogues to flight.—Who talks of fear?

Bertrand replied, with a horrible oath, that he did not like such jesting, and a violent altercation ensued, which was, at length, silenced by the thunder, whose deep volley was heard afar, rolling onward till it burst over their heads in sounds that seemed to shake the earth to its centre. The ruffians paused, and looked upon each other. Between the boles of the tree, the blue lightning flashed and quivered along the ground, while, as Emily looked under the boughs, the mountains beyond frequently appeared to be

clothed in livid flame. At this moment, perhaps, she felt less fear of the storm, than did either of her companions, for other terrors occupied her mind.

The men now rested under an enormous chestnut-tree, and fixed their pikes in the ground at some distance ; on the iron points of which Emily repeatedly observed the lightning play, and then glide down them into the earth.

I would we were well in the signor's castle ! said Bertrand ; I know not why he should send us on this business. Hark ! how it rattles above, there ! I could almost find in my heart to turn priest and pray. Ugo, hast got a rosary ?

No, replied Ugo, I leave it to cowards like thee, to carry rosaries—I carry a sword.

And much good may it do thee in fighting against the storm ! said Bertrand.

Another peal, which was reverberated in tremendous echoes among the mountains, silenced them for a moment. As it rolled away, Ugo proposed going on. We are only losing time here, said he ; for the thick boughs of the wood will shelter us as well as this chestnut-tree.

They again led the mules forward, between the boles of the trees, and over pathless grass, that concealed their high knotted roots. The rising wind was now heard contending with the thunder, as it rushed furiously among the branches above, and brightened the red flame of the torch, which threw a stronger light forward among the woods, and showed their gloomy recesses to be suitable resorts for the wolves, of which Ugo had formerly spoken.

At length the strength of the wind seemed to drive the storm before it, for the thunder rolled away into distance, and was only faintly heard. After travelling through the woods for nearly an hour, during which the elements seemed to have returned to repose, the travellers, gradually ascending from the glen, found themselves upon the open brow of a mountain, with a wide valley extending in misty moonlight at their feet, and above, the blue sky trembling through the few thin clouds that lingered after the storm, and were sinking slowly to the verge of the horizon.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THE

UPLAND FARMS OF THE NORWEGIANS.

BETWEEN Melhuus and Leir we were delighted with the beauties of the country; and especially with the elegance of a bridge, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, of one arch; of which there are many in Norway, of surprising magnitude and boldness of design, cast across the most rapid cataracts. There is nothing in all Switzerland to surpass the grandeur of the prospects between Sognæs and Hoff: and if, in stating this circumstance, it should appear but as a repetition of former observations, it is because this kind of scenery, in the general survey of the globe, is by no means common: it is more prevalent in Europe than elsewhere, and most conspicuous in Switzerland, where "alps on alps arise." Consequently, the traveller who has enjoyed such

sights in Switzerland, when he finds any thing similar in other countries, cannot avoid making the comparison; being touched by a feeling of gladness at the recurrence of objects inspiring the utmost degree of sublimity, and affording, by their geological phenomena, something to gratify his curiosity respecting the original formation and structure of the earth.

The mercury in Farenheit's thermometer at Sognæs, at noon, stood at 51°. We shall be careful to note the changes of temperature, by observations made at the same hour, during our passage of the Dovrefield.

The farms upon these mountains, as in the Passes of the Alps, rise one above the other, until they reach the clouds. Sometimes, as in our journey from Roraas to Tronyem, we saw clouds skirting the sides of a mountain, upon which there appeared villages high above the clouds. These mountains rise to the height of three thousand two hundred English feet; which is the elevation assigned by Von Buch to the mountains eastward of Melhuus. The earth below is formed into a series of tabular eminences, whose shapes are probably owing to the subjacent masses of clay slate. They appear like the artificial ramparts of a fortification; their tops and sloping sides being covered with verdure. Upon these green mounds farms are also stationed: the cattle belonging to each appeared in herds, grazing all the way down, and sometimes in places so steep, that we wondered how they could find a footing. We dined at Hoff; and, for the first time, tasted the old Norwegian cheese, called

gammel orse, or **norske**, of which the inhabitants are very fond. It resembles very excellent old **Cheshire cheese**, without any rankness. This kind of cheese is sometimes sent in presents to **England**; but the **Norwegians** themselves prize it so highly, that it is difficult to purchase any of it. The **gammel orse** is sometimes kept for ten years before it is brought to table. In making it they use **butter-milk**, mixed with yeast. We observed, upon the circular tray in which the bread was served, an inscription, in the **Danish language**, to the following effect:—"Eat your bread with thanks to God."

In going from **Hoff** to **Birkager**, we ascended a lofty and steep hill, and from the summit had a prospect of the **Alps** covered with snow. The horses were entire, and without shoes. **Woollen caps**, made of red worsted knit, are universally worn by the men; these are imported from **Copenhagen**. Almost every other part of the dress of the peasants is of their own manufacture: it is, in general, very neat and tight; and we considered it as superior to the common dress of our **English labourers**. **Hoff** stands in the middle of the valley of the **Sogna**: it is only one thousand and five feet above the level of the sea. In this road, fields of the finest verdure are seen among the trees, in the midst of which the birch appears with peculiar softness and beauty. The country produces rich crops of **barley**: the soil consists of a dark vegetable earth, and is very rich. Proceeding to **Sundset**, we descended into a wide and beautiful valley watered by the **Oerkel**. Hence, leaving the valley, we had a long, winding, and

laborious ascent. The view below was in an eminent degree striking. The roads were stony, but our unshod stallions paced dauntlessly over them. Upon this ascent we found the *Pyrola uniflora* in seed. From the summit, the view below exhibits the grandest masses of rocks, descending perpendicularly towards the valley, forming precipices nearly a thousand feet high, with fir and birch trees sprouting from their crags and fissures: whole mountains rise in the most abrupt manner from the green pastures and corn-fields by the sides of the river, and, as they tower upwards, present upon their sides the noblest forests. High above the woods appear farm-houses and cultivated lands, and, at a still greater elevation, forests; then a fleecy rack of clouds; then upland farms and forests again; and in the upmost range, glittering in ether, snow-clad summits, of all else, except their icy mantle, denuded, bleak, and bare. As the view, after extending over all their tops and shining heights, descend amidst the aerial habitations of the upland farmers, it sees, with surprise, immense herds of cattle feeding at an elevation so extraordinary, that even the actual sight is scarcely to be credited. Every hanging meadow is pastured by cows and goats; the latter often browsing upon jutties so fearfully placed, that their destruction seems to be inevitable: below are heard the cheerful bleatings of the sheep, mingled, at intervals, with the tones of the herdsmen's trumpets resounding among the woods.

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We changed horses at Breiden. The river, which we passed in a boat, to get to the inn, was equal in breadth to the Thames at Richmond. The rocky fells are here in fine shapes, and there are some pleasing meadows about the place. Between Breiden and Viig, the country becomes more open, and it is more inhabited; but throughout the Passage of the Dovrefield there is no want of inhabitants. The mountains are peopled from their bases quite to their summits; farm-houses being every where visible, standing on little sloping terraces, above precipices so naked that they exhibit scarcely a mark of any vegetable produce; excepting where the pine and the birch occasionally sprout from fissures in the rocks. In looking up these precipices, if a spot appear not absolutely perpendicular, there may be seen a goat, and sometimes even a cow, browsing in places where it seems to be impossible that they should move without being dashed to atoms. Indeed, it sometimes happens, that the latter is altogether unable to quit the place to which it has ventured; and, in such cases, a peasant is let down with ropes to the spot, who fastens them about the animal, and both are drawn up by herdsmen above. Journeying through Wales, the appearance of sheep feeding in mountain pastures is a pleasing but no unusual sight; and in Switzerland, the exhibition of farms stationed in alpine solitudes delights the traveller by the singularity and pleasantness of the prospect: but in Norway the impression is not that of pleasure—it is a mixed sensation of amazement and of terror.

DR. CLARKE.

A SCENE,

NEARLY TWO CENTURIES AGO,

On the River Hudson.

WILDNESS and savage majesty reigned on the borders of this mighty river, the hand of cultivation had not as yet laid low the dark forests, and tamed the features of the landscape; nor had the frequent sail of commerce yet broken in upon the profound and awful solitude of ages. Here and there might be seen a rude wigwam perched among the cliffs of the mountains, with its curling column of smoke mounting in the transparent atmosphere; but so loftily situated, that the whoopings of the savage children, gamboling on the margin of the dizzy heights, fell almost as faintly on the ear, as do the notes of the lark, when lost in the azure vault of heaven. Now and then from the beetling brow of some rocky precipice, the wild deer would look timidly down upon the splendid pageant as it passed below; and then, tossing his branching antlers into the air, would bound away into the thickest of the forest.

Through such scenes did the stately vessel of Peter Stuyvesant pass. Now did they skirt the bases of the rocky heights of Jersey, which spring up like everlasting walls, reaching from the waves unto the heavens; and were fashioned, if tradition may be believed, in times long past, by the mighty spirit Manetho, to protect his favourite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. Now did they career it gaily across the vast expanse of Tappen Bay, whose wide extended

shores present a vast variety of delectable scenery—here the bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees, advancing into the bay—there the long woodland slope, sweeping up from the shore in rich luxuriance, and terminating in the upland precipice—while at a distance a long line of rocky heights threw gigantic shades across the water. Now would they pass where some modest little interval, opening among these stupendous scenes, yet retreating as it were for protection into the embraces of the neighbouring mountains, displayed a rural paradise, fraught with sweet and pastoral beauties; the velvet tufted lawn, the bushy copse, the tinkling rivulet, stealing through the fresh and vivid verdure, on whose banks were situated some little Indian village, or peradventure, the rude cabin of some solitary hunter.

The different periods of the revolving day seemed each with cunning magic to diffuse a different charm over the scene. Now would the jovial sun break gloriously from the east, blazing from the summits of the eastern hills, and sparkling the landscape with a thousand dewy gems; while along the borders of the river were seen heavy masses of mist, which, like caitiffs disturbed at his approach, made a sluggish retreat, rolling in sullen reluctance up the mountains. At such times all was brightness, and life, and gaiety; the atmosphere seemed of an indescribable pureness and transparency—the birds broke forth in wanton madrigals, and the freshening breezes wafted the vessel merrily on her course. But when the sun sunk amid a flood of glory in the west, mantling the heavens and the earth with a

thousand gorgeous dyes, then all was calm, and silent, and magnificent. The late swelling sail hung lifeless against the mast—the simple seaman with folded arms leaned against the shrouds, lost in that involuntary musing which the sober grandeur of nature commands in the rudest of her children. The vast bosom of the Hudson was like an unruffled mirror, reflecting the golden splendour of the heavens, excepting that now and then a bark canoe would steal across its surface, filled with painted savages, whose gay feathers glared brightly, as perchance a lingering ray of the setting sun gleamed on them from the western mountains.

But when the hour of twilight spread its magic mists around, then did the face of nature assume a thousand fugitive charms, which to the worthy heart that seeks enjoyment in the glorious works of its Maker, are inexpressibly captivating. The mellow dubious light that prevailed, just served to tinge with illusive colours the softened features of the scenery. The deceived but delighted eye sought vainly to discern in the broad masses of shade the separating line between land and water; or to distinguish the fading objects that seemed sinking into chaos. Now did the busy fancy supply the feebleness of vision, producing with industrious craft a fairy creation of her own. Under her plastic wand the barren rocks frowned upon the watery waste, in the semblance of lofty towers and high embattled castles—trees assumed the direful forms of mighty giants, and the inaccessible summits of the mountains seemed peopled with a thousand shadowy beings.

Now broke forth from the shores the notes of

an innumerable variety of insects, who filled the air with a strange but not inharmonious concert ; while ever and anon was heard the melancholy plaint of the Whip-poor-will, who, perched on some lone tree, wearied the ear of night with its incessant moanings. The mind, soothed into a hallowed melancholy by the solemn mystery of the scene, listened with pensive stillness to catch and distinguish each sound that vaguely echoed from the shore—now and then startled perchance by the whoop of some straggling savage, or the dreary howl of some caitiff wolf, stealing forth upon his NIGHTLY prowlings.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE PRIOR OF JOURVAULX AND THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR

ON THEIR WAY TO THE TOURNAMENT.

THEIR numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank ; his dress was that of a Cistercian monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungraceful folds around a handsome, though somewhat corpulent person. His countenance bore as little the marks of self-denial as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splen-

dour. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the penthouse of his eye, that sly epicurean twinkle which indicates the cautious voluptuary. In other respects, his profession and situation had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured social indulgence. In defiance of conventual rules, and the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dignitary were lined and turned up with rich furs, his mantle secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the whole dress proper to his order as much refined upon and ornamented, as that of a quaker beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect, continues to give to its simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of coquettish attraction, savouring but too much of the vanities of the world.

This worthy churchman rode upon a well fed ambling mule, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convent, but displayed the easy and habitual grace of a well trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that so humble a conveyance as a mule, in however good case, and however well broken to a pleasant and accommodating amble, was only used by the gallant monk for travelling on the road. A lay brother, one of those who followed in the train, had, for his use upon other occasions, one of the most handsome Spanish jennets

ever bred in Andalusia, which merchants used at that time to import, with great trouble and risk, for the use of persons of wealth and distinction. The saddle and housings of this superb palfrey were covered by a long footcloth, which reached nearly to the ground, and on which were richly embroidered, mitres, crosses, and other ecclesiastical emblems. Another lay brother led a sumpter mule, loaded probably with his superior's baggage; and two monks of his own order, of inferior station, rode together in the rear, laughing and conversing with each other, without taking much notice of the other members of the cavalcade.

The companion of the church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more. His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with fur, of that kind which the French call *mortier*, from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted mortar. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impress a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers. High features, naturally strong and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and might, in their ordinary state, be said to slumber after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the

forehead, the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick black mustachios quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly intimated that the tempest might be again and easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued, and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and of will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance, and a sinister expression to one of his eyes, which had been slightly injured upon the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was in a slight and partial degree distorted.

The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long monastic mantle, but the colour being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather inconsistent with its form, a shirt, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously plaited and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking loom, and of less obdurate materials. The fore part of his thighs, where the folds of his mantle permitted them to be seen, were also covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by splints, or thin plates of steel, ingeniously jointed upon each other; and mail hose reaching from the ankle to the knee, effec-

tually protected the legs, and completed the rider's defensive armour. In his girdle he wore a long and double edged dagger, which was the only offensive weapon about his person.

He rode not a mule, like his companion, but a strong hackney for the road, to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully accoutred for battle, with a chain from a plaited headpiece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On one side of the saddle hung a short battleaxe, richly inlaid with Damascene carving; on the other the rider's plumed headpiece and hood of mail, with a long two-handed sword, used by the chivalry of the period. A second squire held aloft his master's lance, from the extremity of which fluttered a small banderole, or streamer, bearing a cross of the same form with that embroidered upon his cloak. He also carried his small triangular shield, broad enough at the top to protect the breast, and from thence diminishing to a point. It was covered with a scarlet cloth, which prevented the device from being seen.

These two squires were followed by two attendants, whose dark visages, white turbans, and the oriental form of their garments, showed them to be natives of some distant eastern country. The whole appearance of this warrior and his retinue was wild and outlandish; the dress of his squires was gorgeous, and his eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy arms and legs, of which the former were naked from the elbow, and the latter from

mid-leg to ankle. Silk and embroidery distinguished their dresses, and marked the wealth and importance of their master; forming, at the same time, a striking contrast with the martial simplicity of his own attire. They were armed with crooked sabres, having the hilt and baldrick inlaid with gold, and matched with Turkish daggers of yet more costly workmanship. Each of them bore at his saddle bow a bundle of darts or javelins, about four feet in length, having sharp steel heads, a weapon much in use among the Saracens, and of which the memory is yet preserved in the martial exercise called *El Jerriid*, still practised in the eastern countries.

The singular appearance of this cavalcade not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even that of his less volatile companion. The monk he instantly knew to be the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey, well known for many miles around as a lover of the chase, of the banquet, and, if fame did him not wrong, of other worldly pleasures still more inconsistent with his monastic vows.

SIR W. SCOTT.

A

STORM IN THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

THE clouds, rising slowly above the Killina hills, soon spread far south; Bray-Head was enveloped from its summit to its base; and the long sweeping folds of leaden-coloured vapour passed from hill to hill southward, like giant spectres gliding over their summits, and leaving the folds of their

mysterious mantles lingering and darkening on the track of their progress. Sometimes they were suddenly withdrawn; and the startling gleam of sudden sun-light that broke on the green summits made even a frightful contrast to the darkness that was blackening and deepening in the background; the sugar-loaf hills, alternately covered and concealed for some time, were at last completely hid, and the ascending clouds hovered in a thick mass over the woods of the Dargle. The wind sunk; the trees were motionless; the birds flew low; and a few thick drops pattered among the upper leaves with a melancholy sound.

The moss-house of the Dargle afforded them shelter, till their carriages could be summoned; but at the first peal of thunder, the Miss Longwoods declared they would rather die, nay, they *would* die on the spot, sooner than encounter the short walk to the gate while there was thunder, or even a shadow of thunder in the air. So they all paused to learn their fate from the elements. The gentlemen looked grave and anxious; the ladies crowded together, pale, with up-glancing eyes, and murmurs of terror; among which the fate of pellisses, bonnets, and kid-leather shoes, had honourable mention and audible share.

Soon all these pretty murmurers were hushed. The thunder that rolled among the distant hills burst in peals over their shrinking heads, prolonged, redoubled, aggravated by the echoes of the mountains; the clouds that had flung their fairy picturesque shrouds over the surrounding hills, now formed a dense, livid-coloured mass

just above them, pausing in undischarged fury, more terrible from the suspension; and the rain came dashing in, in fierce oblique torrents, through the opening pillars of the hut, driving the shrinking females together, whose screams became more and more audible, as the strong red lightning flashed in broad sheets above and around them, giving a terrible tinge to the woods, which, a few moments before, slept in their dark brown solitary depths, which it appeared no light could penetrate.

MATURIN.

TOM CORDERY.

THERE are certain things and persons that seem as if they could never die: things of such vigour and hardiness, that they seem constituted for an interminable duration, a sort of immortality. An old pollard oak of my acquaintance used to give me this impression. Never was tree so gnarled, so knotted, so full of crooked life. Garlanded with ivy and woodbine, almost bending under the weight of its own rich leaves and acorns, tough, vigorous, lusty, concentrating as it were the very spirit of vitality into its own curtailed proportions,—could that tree ever die? I have asked myself twenty times as I stood looking on the deep water over which it hung, and in which it seemed to live again—would that strong dwarf ever fall? Alas! the question is answered. Walking by the spot to-day—this very day—there it lay prostrate; the ivy still clinging about it, the twigs swelling with sap and putting forth already

the early buds. There it lay a victim to the taste and skill of some admirer of British woods, who with the tact of Ugo Forcolo (that prince of amateurs) has discovered in the knots and gnarls of the exterior coat the leopardlike beauty which is concealed within the trunk. There it lies, a type of silvan instability, fallen like an emperor. Another piece of strong nature in a human form used to convey to me exactly the same feeling—and he is gone too! Tom Cordery is dead. The bell is tolling for him at this very moment. Tom Cordery dead! the words seem almost a contradiction. One is tempted to send for the sexton, and the undertaker, to undig the grave, to force open the coffin lid—there must be some mistake. But, alas! it is too true: typhus, that axe which levels the strong as the weak, has hewed him down at a blow. Poor Tom Cordery!

This human oak grew on the wild, north of Hampshire country, of which I have before made honourable mention; a country of heath, and hill, and forest, partly reclaimed, enclosed and planted by some of the greater proprietors, for the most part wholly uncultivated and uncivilized; a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilized men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he had followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would

undoubtedly have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still continued to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one “who, though he played no more, o’erlooked the cards.” Yet he kept to the windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M. Common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow-street. Indeed his especial crony, the head keeper, used sometimes to hint, when Tom, elevated by ale, had provoked him by overcrowding, “that a stump was no bad shield, and that to shoot off a hand and a bit of an arm for a blind, would be nothing to so daring a chap as Tom Cordery.” This conjecture, never broached till the keeper was warm with wrath and liquor, and Tom fairly out of hearing, always seemed to me a little super-subtle; but it is certain that Tom’s new professions did bear rather a suspicious analogy to the old, and the ferrets and terriers, and mongrels by whom he was surrounded, “did really look,” as the worthy keeper observed, “fitter to find Christian hares and pheasants, than rats and such vermin.” So in good truth did Tom himself. Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall

finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could outtire him. He had a bold undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too. His costume was generally a smock-frock of no doubtful complexion, dirt-coloured, which hung round him in tatters like fringe, rather augmenting than diminishing the freedom, and if I may so say, the gallantry of his bearing. This frock was furnished with a huge inside pocket, in which to deposit the game killed by his patrons—for of his three employments, that which consisted of finding hares for the great farmers and small gentry who were wont to course on the common

was by far the most profitable and most pleasing to him, and to them. Every body liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is almost certain to be repaid in kind—the very dogs knew him and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for his master. May, herself, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would almost as soon listen to Tom sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

Nor was his conversation less agreeable to the other part of the company. Servants and masters were equally desirous to secure Tom. Besides his general and professional familiarity with beasts and birds, their ways and doings, a knowledge so minute and accurate that it might have put to shame many a professed naturalist, he had no small acquaintance with the goings on of that unfeathered biped called man; in short, he was, next after Lucy, who recognised his rivalry by hating, decrying, and undervaluing him, by far the best newsgatherer of the country side. His news he of course picked up on the civilized side of the parish (there is no gossiping in the forest), partly at that well frequented inn the Red Lion, of which Tom was a regular and noted supporter—partly amongst his several employers, and partly by his own sagacity. In the matter of marriages (pairings he was wont to call them), he relied chiefly on his own skill in noting certain preliminary indications; and certainly, for a guesser by profession, and a very bold one, he was astonishingly often right. At the alehouse especially, he was of the very first authority. An air of

mild importance, a diplomatic reserve on some points, great smoothness of speech, and that gentleness which is so often the result of conscious power, made him there an absolute ruler. Perhaps the effect of these causes might be a little aided by the latent dread which that power inspired in others. Many an exploit had proved that Tom Cordery's one arm was fairly worth any two on the common. The pommeling of Bob Arlott, and the levelling of Jem Serle to the earth by one swing of a huge old hare (which unusual weapon was, by the way, the first slain of May-flower, on its way home to us in that walking cupboard, his pocket, when the unlucky rencontre with Jem Serle broke two heads, the dead and the living), arguments such as these might have some cogency at the Red Lion.

But he managed every body, as your gentle mannered person is apt to do. Even the rude squires and rough farmers, his temporary masters, he managed, particularly as far as concerned the beat, and was sure to bring them round to his own peculiar fancies or prejudices, however strongly their own wishes might turn them aside from the direction indicated, and however often Tom's sagacity in that instance might have been found at fault. Two spots in the large wild enclosures, into which the heath had been divided, were his special favourites; the Hundred Acres, alias the Poor Allotment, alias the Burnt Common.—Do any or all of these titles convey any notion of the real destination of that many-named place? A piece of moorland (portioned out to serve for fuel to the poor of the parish)—this

was one. Oh ! the barrenness of this miserable moor ! Flat, marshy, dingy bare. Here that piece of green treachery, a bog ; there, parched and pored, and shriveled, and black with smoke and ashes ; utterly desolate and wretched every where, except where, amidst the desolation, blossomed, as in mockery, the enameled gentianella. No hares ever came there ; they had too much taste. Yet thither would Tom lead his unwary employers ; thither, however warned, or cautioned, or experienced, would he by reasoning, or induction, or gentle persuasion, or actual fraud, entice the hapless gentleman ; and then to see him, with his rabble of finders, pacing up and down this precious " setting ground " (for so was Tom, thriftless liar, wont to call it), pretending to look for game, counterfeiting a meuse ; forging a form ; and telling a story some ten years old of a famous hare once killed in that spot by his honour's favourite bitch Marygold. I never could thoroughly understand whether it were design, a fear that too many hares might be killed, or a real or honest mistake, a genuine prejudice in favour of the place, that influenced Tom Cordery in this point. Half the one, perhaps, and half the other. Mixed motives, let Pope and his disciples say what they will, are by far the commonest in this particoloured world. Or he had shared the fate of greater men, and lied till he believed—a coursing Cromwell, beginning in hypocrisy and ending in fanaticism. Another pet spot was the Gallows-piece, an enclosure almost as large as the Hundred Acres, where a gibbet had once borne the bodies of two murderers, with the

chains and bones; even in my remembrance, clanking and creaking in the wind. The gibbet was gone now; but the name remained, and the feeling, deep, sad, and shuddering. The place, too, was wild, awful, fearful; a heathy, furzy spot, sinking into broken hollows, where murderers might lurk; a few withered pines at the upper end, and amongst them, half hidden by the brambles, the stone in which the gallows had been fixed;—the bones must have been mouldering beneath. All Tom's eloquence, seconded by two capital coursers, failed to drag me hither a second time.

Tom was not, however, without that strong sense of natural beauty which they who live amongst the wildnesses and fastnesses of nature so often exhibit. One spot, where the common trenches on the civilized world, was scarcely less his admiration than mine. It is a high hill, half covered with furze, and heath, and broom, and sinking abruptly down to a large pond, almost a lake, covered with wild water fowl. The ground, richly clothed with wood, oak and beech and elm, rises on the other side with equal abruptness, as if shutting in those glassy waters from all but the sky, which shines so brightly in their clear bosom: just in the bottom peeps a small sheltered farm, whose wreaths of light smoke, and the white glancing wings of the wild ducks, as they flit across the lake, are all that give tokens of motion or of life. I have stood there in utter oblivion of greyhound, or of hare, till moments have swelled to minutes, and minutes to hours; and so has Tom, conveying, by his ex-

clamations of delight at its "pleasantness," exactly the same feeling which a poet or a painter (for it breathes the very spirit of calm and sunshiny beauty that a master painter loves) would express by different, but not finer praise. He called his own home "pleasant" too; and there, though one loves to hear any home so called—there, I must confess, that favourite phrase, which I love almost as well as they who have no other, did seem rather misapplied. And yet it was finely placed, very finely. It stood in a sort of defile, where a road almost perpendicular wound from the top of a steep, abrupt hill, crowned with a tuft of old Scottish firs, into a dingle of fern and wild brushwood. A shallow, sullen stream oozed from the bank on one side, and after forming a rude channel across the road, sank into a dark, deep pool, half hidden amongst the willows. Behind these willows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand, almost sublime, and above all, eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one in a picture would take it for English. It might pass for one of the scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof, and the half broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the

usual signs of cottage habitation :—yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants ; pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild ducks, half tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements ; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half a dozen little hurdled enclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave token that it was but a forced and hollow truce, and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated, which is so often found in those whose sole avocation seems to be their destruction in the field ; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barnlike room, which served for kitchen, bedchamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions—the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sate Tom's wife (for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg, as he himself was minus an arm), now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend the keeper would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say : the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter,

killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kitted. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom was visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and his independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted, a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms, but the spirit of the man was departed: he talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of the new; complained of children and other bad company; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock pheasant might regard a barn door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hill side, or have lurked under the broken roof. The free touch of air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!

MISS MITFORD.

PORTRAIT OF A COUNTRY DOWAGER.

THOUGH the prevailing incidents of my latter part of life have fixed it almost constantly to a town, yet nobody is more enthusiastically fond of the country than I; and amidst all my banishment from it, I have contrived still to preserve a relish for its pleasures, and an enjoyment of its sports, which few who visit it so seldom are able to retain. I can still weave an angling-line, or dress a fly, am at least a hit-and-miss-man a shooting, and have not forgotten the tune of a *View holla*, or the encouraging *Hark forward!* to a cautious hound. But though these are a set of capacities which mark one's denizenship to the country, and which therefore I am proud to retain, yet I confess I am more delighted with its quieter and less turbulent pleasures. There is a sort of moral use of the country, which every man who has not lost the rural sentiment will feel; a certain purity of mind and imagination which its scenes inspire, a simplicity, a colouring of nature on the objects around us, which correct the artifice and interestedness of the world. There is in the country a pensive vacancy (if the expression may be allowed me) of mind, which stills the violence of passion and the tumult of desire. One can hardly dream on the bank of some nameless brook without making a better and a wiser man. I early took the liberty of boasting to my readers, that, as a *lounger*, I had learned to be idle without guilt, and indolent without indifference. In the country, methinks, I find

this disposition congenial to the place ; the air which breathes around me, like that which touches the Eolian harp, steals on my soul a tender but varied tone of feeling, that lulls while it elevates, that soothes while it inspires. Not a blade that whistles in the breeze, not a weed that spreads its speckled leaves to the sun, but may add something to the ideas of him who can lounge with all his mind open about him.

I am not sure if, in the regret which I feel for my absence from the country, I do not raise its enjoyments higher, and paint its landscapes in more glowing colours than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy chair, of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlour, to distant places and to absent friends, of drawing scenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance ; when I have returned from the coffeehouse, where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out for my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left, I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self), and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most elysian spot in the world.

It was at an old lady's, à relation and god-mother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive seasons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted by a few majestic elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others showed that they had once been more numerous. To the west a clump of firs covered a rugged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seigniory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress, and gurgling gently through a piece of meadow ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling enclosed a washing-green, and a wicker seat, fronting the south, was placed for the accommodation of the old lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden; and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When haymaking or harvest was going on, my godmother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers, though I believe there was little thrift in the

superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labour was little. In that department an old man servant was her minister, the father of my Peter, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my god-mother's hazel bank. This old butler (I call him by his title of honour, though, in truth, he had many subordinate offices) had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his servant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore a Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his master's, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw staircase, which had scarce been opened since his death; but her own library, for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book press in the parlour. It consisted, as far as I can remember, of several volumes of Sermons, a Concordance, Thomas à Kempis, Antoninus's Meditations, the Works of the author of the Whole Duty of Man, and a translation of Boethius; the original editions of the Spectator and Guardian, Cowley's Poems, Dryden's Works (of which I had lost a volume soon after I first came about her house), Baker's Chronicle, Burnet's History of his own Times, Lamb's Royal Cookery, Abercromby's Scots Warriors, and Nisbet's Heraldry.

The subject of the last mentioned book was my

godmother's strong ground ; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote ; and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome ; for she had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishment in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, " her beautiful, her brave," fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity ; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment ; a gentle shade only, like the flecked clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbours, and still fewer visitors ; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much perhaps : but there was so much of heart and goodwill in her importunity, as made

her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer any body to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my godmother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in gray, with a clean white hood, nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbowchair, which stood in a large window, scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass—the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle tree, which often threw its shade across her book, or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. “It has stood there many a day,” said she, “and we old inhabitants should

bear with one another." Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow, for a pause of explanation, their shagreen case laid between the leaves of a silver clasped family Bible. On one side, her bell and snuff-box ; on the other, her knitting apparatus, in a blue damask bag.—Between her and the fire, an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine.—All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure ; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

MACKENZIE.

THE

STORMING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE noblest of the Greeks, and the bravest of the allies, were summoned to the palace, to prepare them, on the evening of the twenty-eighth, for the duties and dangers of the general assault. The last speech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman empire : he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind. In this world all was comfortless and gloomy ; and neither the gospel nor the church have proposed any conspicuous recompense to the heroes who fall in the service of their country. But the

example of their prince, and the confinement of a siege, had armed these warriors with the courage of despair ; and the pathetic scene is described by the feelings of the historian Phranza, who was himself present at this mournful assembly. They wept, they embraced ; regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives ; and each commander, departing to his station, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the ramparts. The emperor, and some faithful companions, entered the dome of St. Saphia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosch ; and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations ; solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured ; and mounted on horseback to visit the guards, and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars.

In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed ; but in this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mahomet advised him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed : the troops, the cannon, and the fascines, were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the breach ; and his fourscore galleys almost touched with

the prows and their scaling ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbour. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined: but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labour of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamours, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers. At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onwards to the walls, the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet of the Christians, was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defence: the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Rumania were successively led to the charge: their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still

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maintained and improved their advantage ; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment the janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valour : he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasions ; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish ; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death was in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and attaballs ; and experience has proved, that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides ; and the camp and the city, the Greeks and the Turks were involved in a cloud of smoke, which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire. The single combats of the heroes of history or fable amuse our fancy and engage our affections : the skilful evolutions of war may inform the mind, and improve a necessary, though pernicious science. But in the uniform and odious picture of a general assault, all is blood, and horror, and confusion ;

nor shall I strive, at the distance of three centuries and a thousand miles, to delineate a scene of which there could be no spectators, and of which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea.

The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet, or arrow, which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood, and the exquisite pain, appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived by the indefatigable emperor. "Your wound," exclaimed Palæologus, "is slight; the danger is pressing; your presence is necessary; and whither will you retire?" "I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened to the Turks;" and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act, he stained the honours of a military life; and the few days which he survived in Galata, or the isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the Latin auxiliaries, and the defence began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigour. The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps an hundred, times superior to that of the Christians: the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins: in a circuit of several miles some places must be found more easy of access, or more feebly guarded; and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city

was irrecoverably lost. The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan, the janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimitar in one hand, and his buckler in the other, he ascended the outward fortification : of the thirty janizaries, who were emulous of his valour, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible : the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks ; and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes. Amidst these multitudes, the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles who fought round his person sustained till their last breath the honourable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzene : his mournful exclamation was heard,—“ Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head ?” and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple : amidst the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death, resistance and order were no more : the Greeks fled towards the city ; and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall ; and as they advanced into the

streets, they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbour. In the first heat of the pursuit, about two thousand Christians were put to the sword ; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty ; and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter if the valour of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the Caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins : her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.

GIBBON.

THE

ENDRIAGO, AND THE COMBAT OF AMADIS
DE GAUL WITH THE MONSTER.

THIS creature's face was all hairy, and its body covered with scales, one lying over the other so hard that no weapon can pierce them ; its legs and feet thick and strong, and from its shoulders there grew two wings so large that they covered it down to the feet, not of feathers but of a shaggy leather, black as pitch and shining, and so hard that they resist all arms, and with these wings the monster covers itself as with a shield, and from under them come its arms, which are as

strong as lions' paws, all covered with smaller scales, and its hands are like eagles' claws, and their five talons so sharp and strong that there is nothing in the world so hard that they cannot pierce it and tear it piecemeal. In each jaw it has two long teeth that grow out a cubit long, its eyes are round and huge, and red like fire, so that at night they can be seen far away, and all fly before it. It bounds and runs so fast that no game, how fleet soever, can escape ; it seldom eats or drinks, and sometimes goes without food feeling no pain of hunger ; all its delight is to kill men and living animals. When it finds any lion or bear who resists it, then it grows furious, and sends a smoke like flames of fire from its nostrils, and roars so horribly that all living things fly from it as from death, and its stench is rank poison ; and when it ruffles its scales, and gnashes its teeth, and shakes its wings, it is as if the earth shook. They call it endriago, said Master Helisabad, and it is such as I have described ; moreover, because of the sin of the giant and his daughter, the wicked enemy entered it, and hath greatly increased its force and cruelty.

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The endriago came on breathing smoke and flames of fire in its fury, and gnashing its teeth and foaming, and ruffling its scales and clapping its wings, that it was horrible to see it ; and when the knight saw it, and heard its dreadful voice, he thought all that had been told him was nothing to what the truth was, and the monster bounded towards them more eagerly because it was long

since it had seen living man. But the horses took fright at seeing it, and ran away in spite of all the knight and Gandalin could do, so the knight dismounted, and said, Brother, keep you aloof that we may not both perish, and see what success God will give me against this dreadful devil, and pray to him to help me that I may restore this island to his service, or if I am to die here, to have mercy upon my soul; for the rest, do as I have said before. But Gandalin could not answer for exceeding agony, for assuredly he thought his master's death was certain, unless it pleased God miraculously to deliver him. The Green Sword Knight then took his lance, and covered himself with his shield, and went against the endriago as a man already dead, but without fear. The devil seeing him come on, snorted out fire and smoke so black and thick that they could scarcely see one another, and he of the Green Sword went on through the smoke, and drove at the monster with his lance, and by great good fortune pierced it in the eye; it caught the lance with its talons, and bit it into pieces, and the iron and a fragment of the ~~stave~~ remained driven on through its tongue and the skin of the throat, for it had sprung on upon it, thinking to seize the knight; but he defended himself with good heart, seeing his exceeding peril; and the shock of this wound repelled the monster, and the blood ran fast, and with the shrieks it gave it ran down its throat and almost choked it, so that it could neither close its mouth nor bite with it; the knight then drew his green sword, and struck at

it, but the blow fell upon its scales, and felt as though it had fallen upon a rock, and it made no impression; the endriago thought then to grasp him, but only caught his shield, which it plucked so fiercely that he fell upon his hands, but he recovered, while with its talons the monster rent the shield to pieces. He then, seeing that his shield was gone and that his good sword availed him nothing, knew that he had no hope unless he could strike the other eye. Now the endriago was faint and weak with its wound, and our Lord, having wrath that the wicked one had so long had dominion over those who, sinners as they were, believed his holy catholic faith, was pleased to give the knight strength and especial grace to perform what else could not by course of nature have been done. He aimed his sword at the other eye, but God guided it to one of the nostrils, for they were large and spreading, and so hard he thrust that it reached the brain, the endriago itself forcing it on; for seeing him so near, it grappled with him, and plucked him towards itself, and with its dreadful talon rent away the arms from his back, and crushed the flesh and bones to the very entrails; ~~but~~ then being suffocated with its own blood, and the sword being in its brain, above all the sentence of God being passed upon it, its grasp relaxed, and it fell like one dead, and the knight plucked out his sword and thrust it down its throat till he killed the monster.

But before its soul departed the devil flew from its mouth and went through the air with a great thunderclap, and they of the castle heard it as if

close to them, and, though barred and bolted in as they were, they feared greatly for their lives, and if the sea had not been so stormy, they would have run to their ships, howbeit they prayed earnestly to God for the good knight who was engaged in so terrible a battle. SOUTHEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE,

AS APPROACHED FROM THE SEA OF MARMORA.

A most favourable wind continued to swell our sails. Our mighty keel shot rapidly through the waves of the Propontis, foaming before our prow. Every instant the vessel seemed to advance with accelerated speed, as if, become animated, it felt the near approach to its place of rest; and at last Constantinople rose, in all its grandeur, before us.

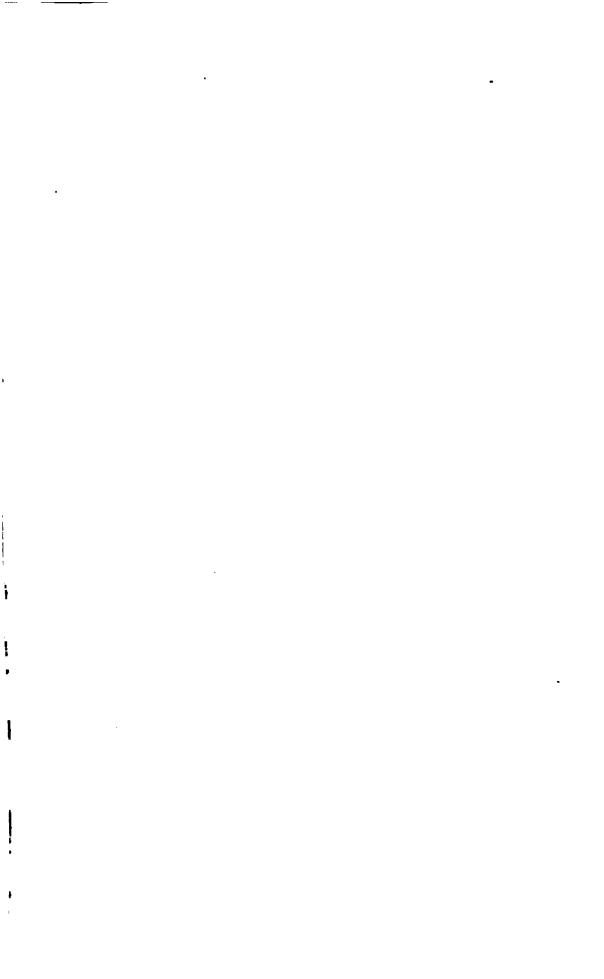
With eyes riveted on the opening splendours, I watched, as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, which, either stretching away along the winding shore, reflected their image in the wave, or creeping up the steep sides of the mountains, traced their outline on the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures, until at last the clusters, thus far still distantly connected, became transformed, as if by magic,

into three entirely different cities *, each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the others by a wide arm of that sea, whose silver tide encompassed their stupendous base, and made it rest half on Europe and half on Asia. Entranced by this magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe; and almost apprehended that in doing so, I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole fabric only a delusive dream!

HOPE.

* Constantinople, Galata, and Scutari.

END OF VOL. III.









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